

HYMNAL

WITH MUSIC

FOR CHILDREN

Words and Tunes Compiled and Arranged by

H. S. HOFFMAN.

Edited by

JAMES A. MOORE.

Harmonies Arranged and Revised by

PROF. HUGH A. CLARKE, Mus. Doc.

PHILADELPHIA:

Reformed Episcopal Publication Society (Limited),
1604 CHESTNUT STREET.

1888.

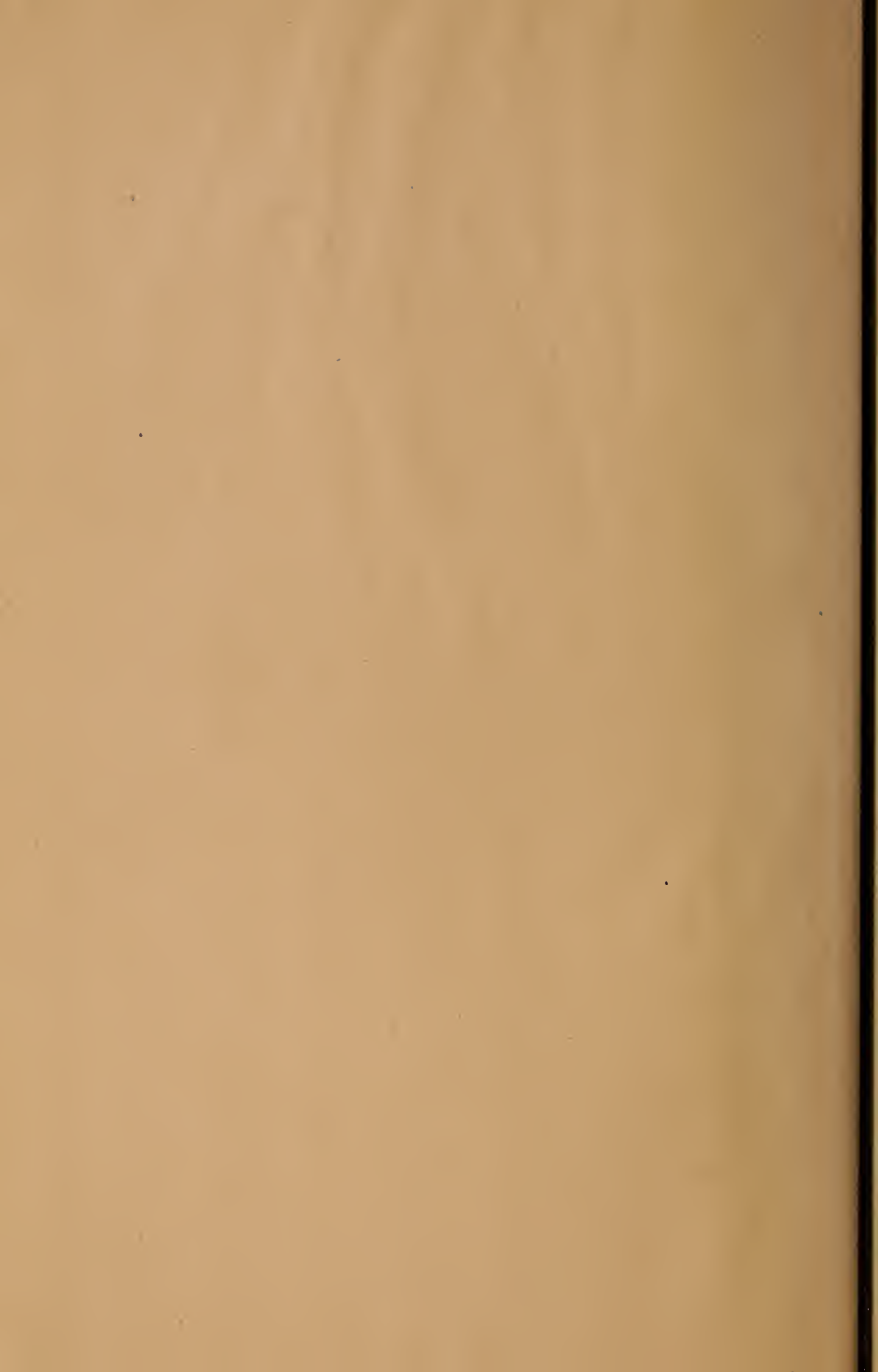
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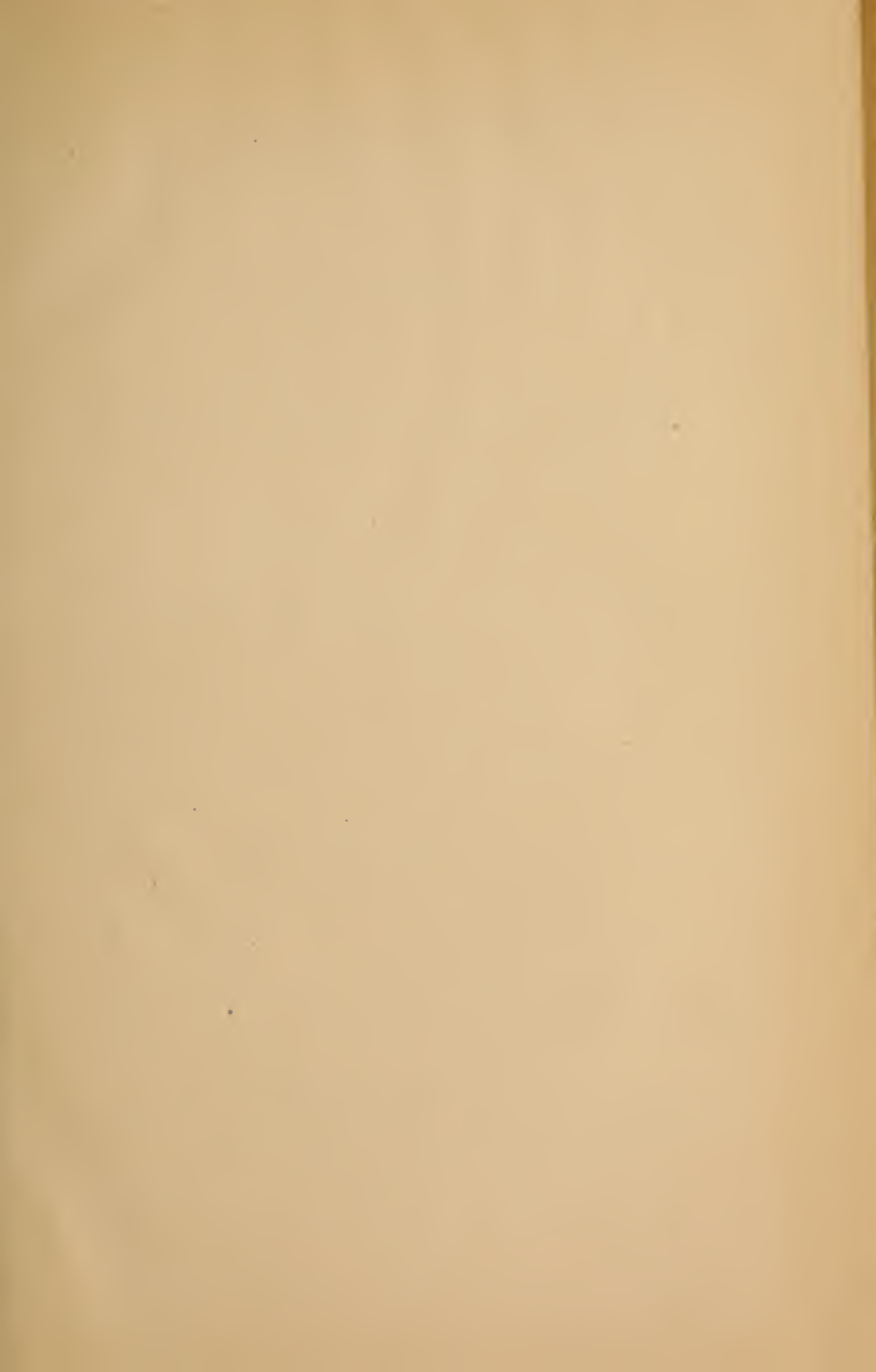
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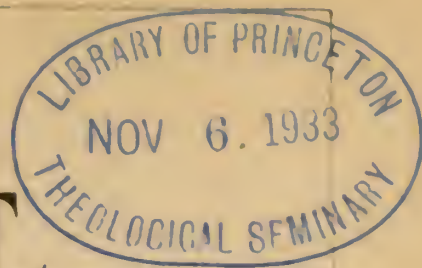
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MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS,
710 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

INTRODUCTION.

OF making musical books for children there would seem to be no end. Many never rise to notice. The few that prove popular are short-lived and soon forgotten. Very few tunes in the average Sunday School Song Book ever take a permanent place in Christian worship. This is owing, at least, partly to the fact that in poetry and music these books are trashy. We do not perhaps realize how such song-books create a taste in the youthful heart for the sentimental songs and ballads so at variance with the spiritual life. The taste that craves doggerel poetry and jig music will not be satisfied in this Hymnal for children. There will be found here a fine collection of simple, bright and flowing melodies set to words such as children under Christian instruction and influence can understand and appropriate. The uppermost object had in view by the compiler has been the bringing of the dear children to the Saviour, and the edification of their young and tender spiritual life. It was his purpose to select Hymns which were full of the Gospel which would win its way into the heart by the sweet power of holy song. How far he has succeeded in attaining his aim others must judge. He expects no more startling demand for this book than there is for the Gospel itself, which it contains.

As to the harmonization it is believed to be correct and of a high order, though simple, and never encumbering the melody.

The compiler desires hereby to express his grateful acknowledgements and appreciation to the following:

To Prof. Hugh A. Clarke, *Mus. Doc.*, for harmonizing and revising the entire book, and for the tunes which he composed for Hymns 66, 133, 155.

To Mr. James A. Moore, for having edited and superintended its publication.

To Mr. Adam Geibel, for many tunes and arrangements.

To the Rev. Alfred G. Mortimer, B. D., for the use of his excellent tunes to Hymns 14, 33, 34, 47, 53, 61 (first tune), 118, 128, 168, 185, 191.

To the American Tract Society, for the use of tunes to Hymns 113, 123, 134, 144, 150, 172 and words, 178, 182, 207, 215, from "Happy Voices," and "Echo to Happy Voices."

To the Rev. John H. Hopkins, D. D., for use of tunes to Hymns 135 and words, 206, 208 and words.

To Mr. Frank L. Armstrong, for use of tune to Hymn 28, and for many kind services rendered.

To Mr. F. A. North, for use of tunes and words of Hymns 188, by W. J. Kilpatrick, 251 by John R. Sweney, from "Crowning Triumph."

To the Rev. Chas. Hutchins, for use of tunes to Hymns 75, 203.

To Mr. Wm. G. Fischer, for use of tunes to Hymns 119, 176.

To the Rev. F. F. Hagen, for use of his Christmas Carol numbered 227.

To Mr. Austin M. Purves, for use of words of Hymn 87, tune to Hymn 46, and words and music of Hymn 164.

To the Wm. F. Shaw Company, for use of tunes to Hymns 1, 28.

To Messrs. Biglow & Main, for use of tune to Hymn 36.

To Prof. A. Bachman, for Carols numbered 214, 224.

To Mr. Harley Newcombe, for use of tunes to Hymns 13, 37, 60, 149.

To Miss L. Revere, for Christmas Carol numbered 229.

To the late I. J. Heffley, for tune to Hymn 217.

To Mr. W. T. Porter, for use of tunes to Hymn 65 and Carol 199.

To Mr. H. P. Danks, for use of Carol 209.

To Mr. J. P. Holbrook, for use of tune to Hymn 109.

A very large number of the tunes in this collection were expressly written for this book and cannot be used without permission. Should there be, unwittingly, a copyright used, the compiler will gladly make compensation and proper acknowledgement in future editions if informed.

May, 1887.

H. S. HOFFMAN.

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HYMNS AND TUNES FOR CHILDREN.

GOD THE FATHER.

1 *Arcadia.* 8787D.

Ho - ly Fa - ther, we a - dore Thee, And all hon - or to Thee give,

For the blessings, without number, Free - ly grant - ed while we live.

D.S.—And in rip - er years ne'er fail - ing As the sol - ace of our woes.

D.S.
In our youthful days Thy mer - cy, Like a riv - er calmly flows; A - MEN.

Holy Father, Thou didst love us,
E'en while wand'ring far from Thee,
And didst send the blessèd Saviour
For a sacrifice to be.
In a manger low they laid Him,
'Mid the beasts within the stall;
Angels guarding the Redeemer,
Who salvation brought to all.

Holy Father, send Thy Spirit
Into every waiting heart!
And let all receive with favor,
What will prove the better part!
While to Thee, with tuneful voices,
Sweetest praises we will sing,
Heav'n and earth, in one grand chorus,
Loudest hallelujahs ring.

God e - ter - nal, Lord of all, Low - ly at Thy feet we fall; All the world doth

wor - ship Thee : We a - midst the throng would be. All the ho - ly an - gels cry, Hail, thrice ho - ly

God most high ! Lord of all the heaven - ly powers, Be the same loud an - them ours. A - men.

Glorified apostles raise,
 Night and day, continual praise;
 Hast thou not a mission, too
 For thy children here to do?
 With the prophets' goodly line
 We in mystic bond combine;
 For Thou hast to babes revealed
 Things that to the wise were sealed.

Martyrs in a noble host,
 Of Thy cross are heard to boast;
 Since so bright the crown they wear,
 We with them Thy cross would bear,
 All Thy church, in heaven and earth,
 Jesus, hail Thy spotless birth:
 Seated on the judgment-throne,
 Number us among Thine own.

3 (First Tune.)

St. Agnes.

C. M.

Soon as I heard my Fa - ther say, "Ye chil-dren! seek My grace,"

My heart re-plied with-out de-lay, "I'll seek my Fa-ther's face." A - MEN.

Let not Thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life! I fly to Thee
In each distressing day.

My fainting flesh had died with grief
Had not my soul believed,
To see Thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.

Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life His care,
And all my need supply.

Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

3 (Second Tune.)

(Ambren.)

C. M.

Soon as I heard my Fa - ther say, "Ye chil-dren! seek My grace,"

My heart re-plied with-out de-lay, "I'll seek my Fa-ther's face." A - MEN.

4 (First Tune.) *Saveth* Beloved.

C. M.

To God who reigns a - bove the sky, Our Fa-ther and our Friend,

To Him let all our vows be paid, And all our prayers as-cend. A - MEN.

'Tis He who claims our youthful hearts,
He loves to hear us pray;
By night we'll think upon His love,
And praise Him every day.

When we offend against our God,
We'll ask His pardoning love;
'Twas for our sins the Saviour died,
He pleads for us above.

With all the love a father feels,
He pities and forgives;
And though our earthly parents die,
Our heavenly Father lives.

4 (Second Tune.)

Newbold.

C. M.

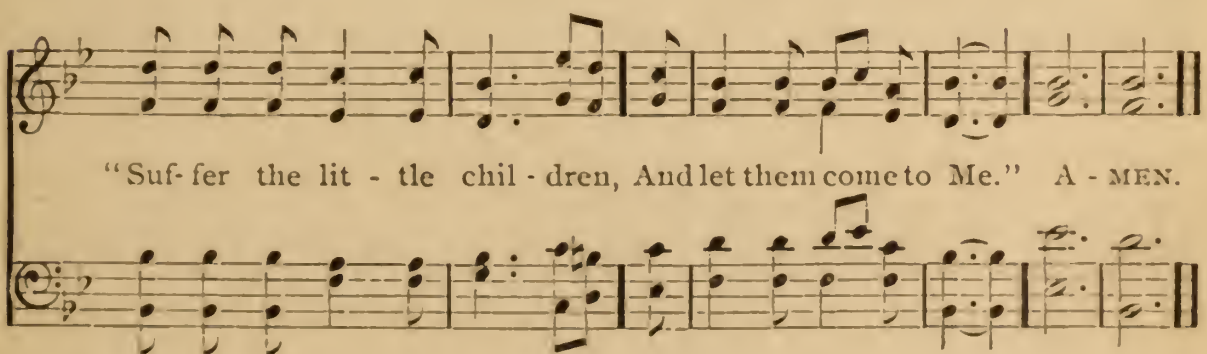
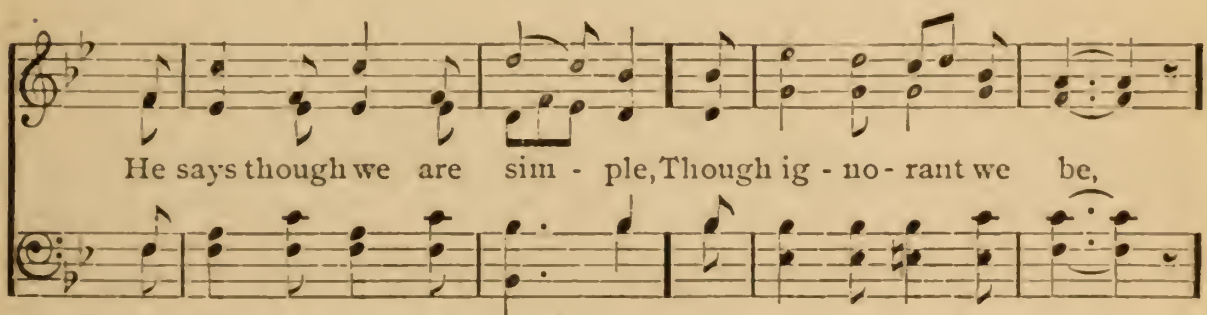
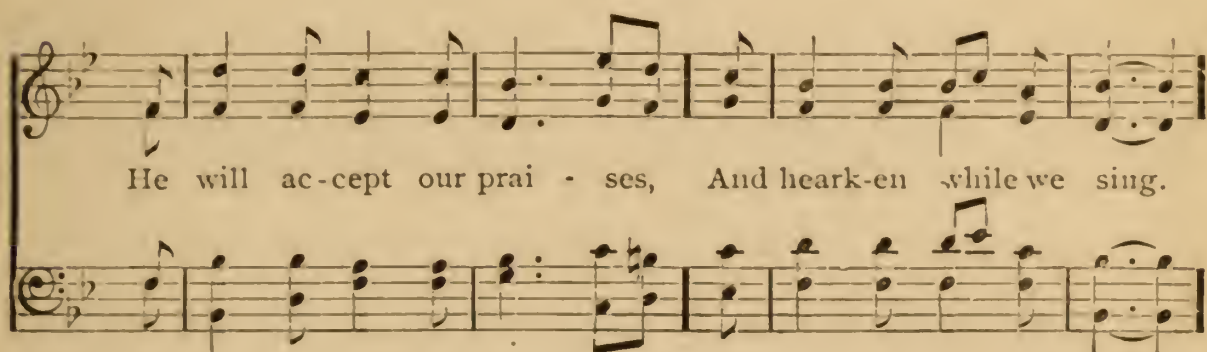
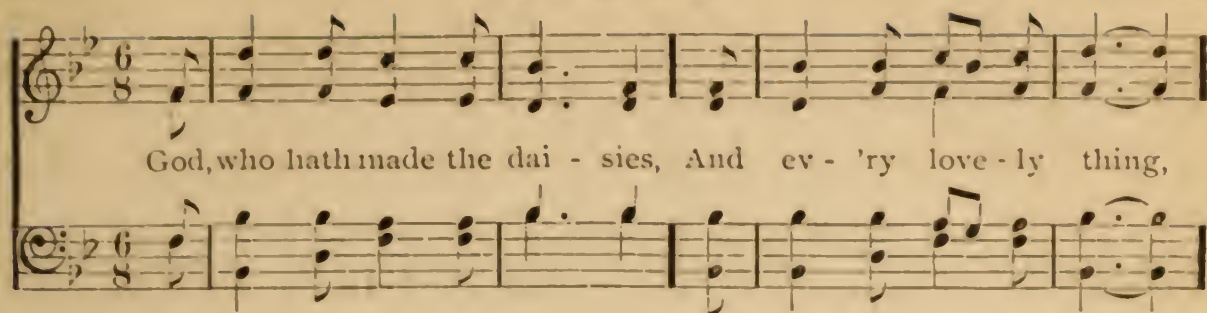
To God who reigns above the sky, Our Fa-ther and our Friend, To Him let all our vows be

paid, And all our prayers as - cend, And all our prayers as - cend. A - men.

5

Spring Time.

7676D.



Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold;
The children in the temple
He heard in days of old.
And if our hearts are humble,
He says to you and me,
“Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.”

He sees the bird that wingeth
Its way o'er earth and sky;
He hears the lark that singeth,
Up in the heaven so high:

But sees the heart's low breathings,
And says (well pleased to see),
“Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.”

Therefore we will come near Him,
And solemnly we'll sing;
No cause to shrink or fear Him,
We'll make our voices ring;
For in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
“Suffer the little children.
And let them come to Me.”

6

Grismold.

8787D.

Take me, O my Fa-ther, take me! Take me, save me, through Thy Son;

That which Thou wouldst have me make me; Let Thy will in me be done.

Long from Thee my foot-steps stray-ing, Thorn-y proved the way I trod;

Wea-ry come I now, and pray-ing: Take me to Thy love, my God. A - MEN.

Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin;
 At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To Thy household take me in.
 Freely now to Thee I proffer
 This relenting heart of mine;
 Freely life and soul I offer—
 Gift unworthy love like Thine.

Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
 Bare our sins upon the tree;
 On that sacrifice relying,
 Now I look in hope to Thee.
 Father, take me, all forgiving,
 Fold me to Thy loving breast!
 In Thy love for ever living,
 I must be for ever blest.

7

Evelyn.

7776.

God the Fa - ther, seen of none, God the sole-be - got - ten Son,
Fa - ther, hear Thy chil-dren's call; Hum-bly at Thy feet we fall,

God the Spir - it, with Them One : We be-seech Thee, hear us.
Prod - i - gals, con- fess - ing all : We be-seech Thee, hear us. A - MEN.

Christ, beneath Thy Cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent, we breathe Thy name;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Heavenly Father, Spirit, Son,
Glorious God-head, Three in One,
Thou canst hear, and Thou alone;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

S God the Father, throned on high;
Saviour, Who didst come to die;
Spirit, Who dost sanctify:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Heavenly Father, from Thy Throne
Look in love and pity down,
On each kneeling little one;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Jesus, Saviour undefiled,
Once on earth a helpless Child,
Thou on little ones hast smiled;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Blessèd Spirit, gentle Dove,
From Thy home in heaven above,
Come and fill our hearts with love;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Heavenly Father, Spirit, Son,
Glorious God-head, Three in One,
Thou canst hear, and Thou alone;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

9 (First Tune.)

Croyte. No. 1.

Our Father God, who art in heaven, All hallowed be Thy name!

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, In earth and heaven the same! A - MEN.

Give us this day our daily bread;
And, as we those forgive
Who sin against us so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the power
And glory ever be.

9 (Second Tune.)

Evan.

C. M.

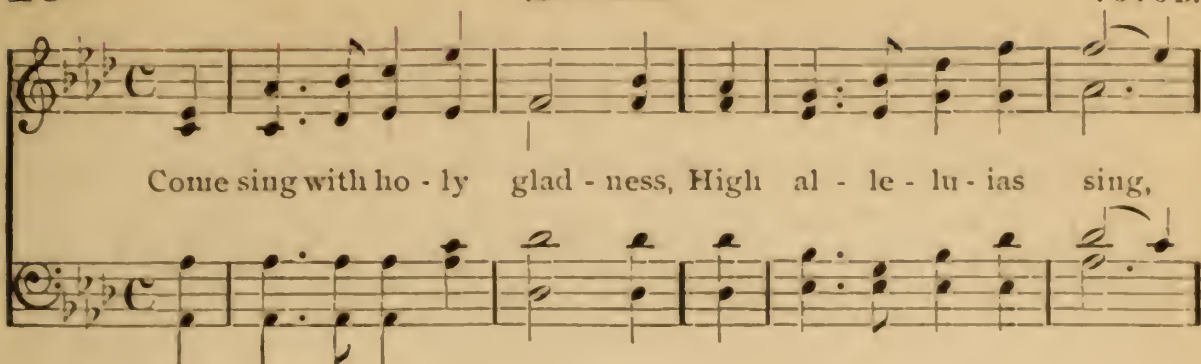
Our Fa-ther God, who art in heaven, All hal-lowed be Thy name!

Thy king-dom come, Thy will be done, In earth and heaven the same! A - MEN.

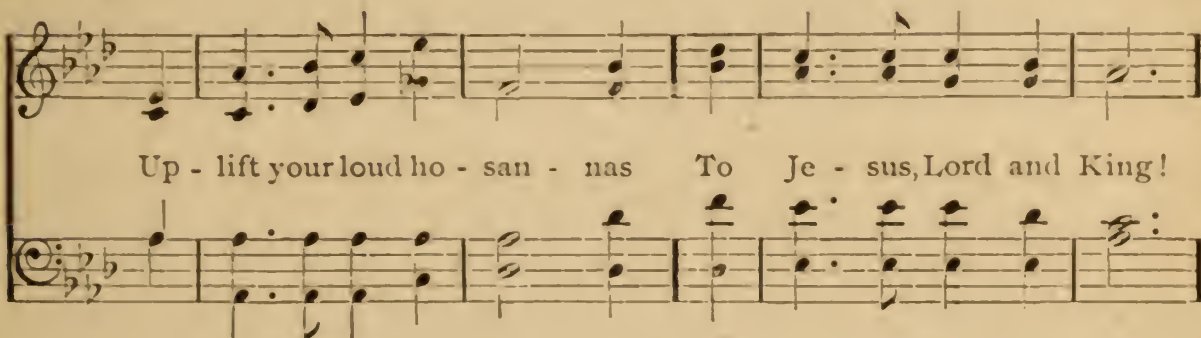
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Belmont.

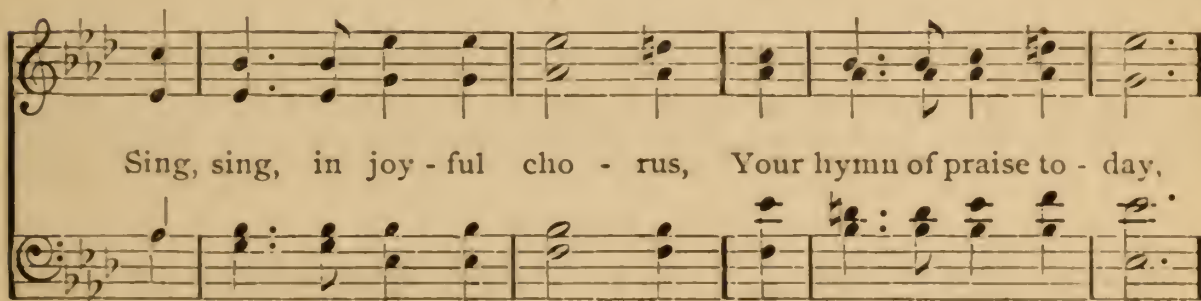
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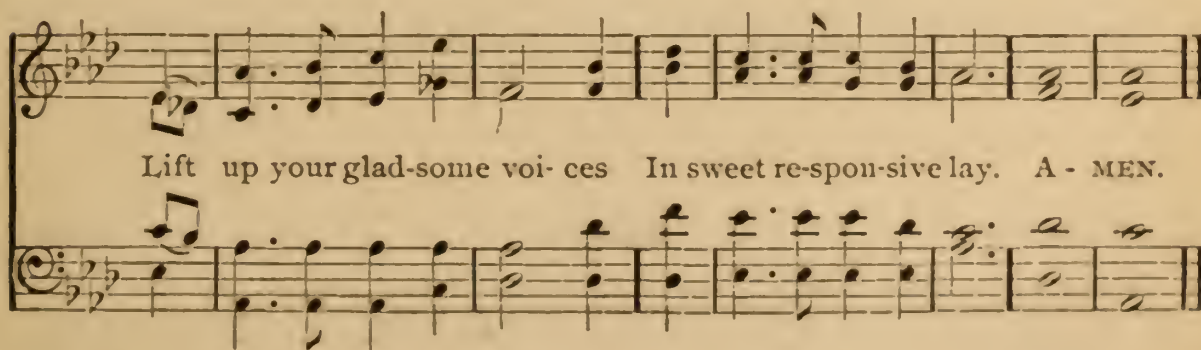
Come sing with ho - ly glad - ness, High al - le - lu - ias sing,



Up - lift your loud ho - san - nas To Je - sus, Lord and King!



Sing, sing, in joy - ful cho - rus, Your hymn of praise to - day,



Lift up your glad-some voi - ces In sweet re-spon-sive lay. A - MEN.

We'll gladly work for Jesus,
To toil for Him is gain,
For Jesus wrought with Joseph,
With chisel, saw, and plane;
In hymns recount His wonders,
Our Saviour, Lord and King,
Who left the realms of glory,
Salvation full to bring.

Soon in the golden city
On harps of gold to play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day;
O Christ, prepare Thy children,
With that triumphant throng,
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing th' eternal song.

I love the name of Je-sus, That name the an-gels sing, And with their loud ho-

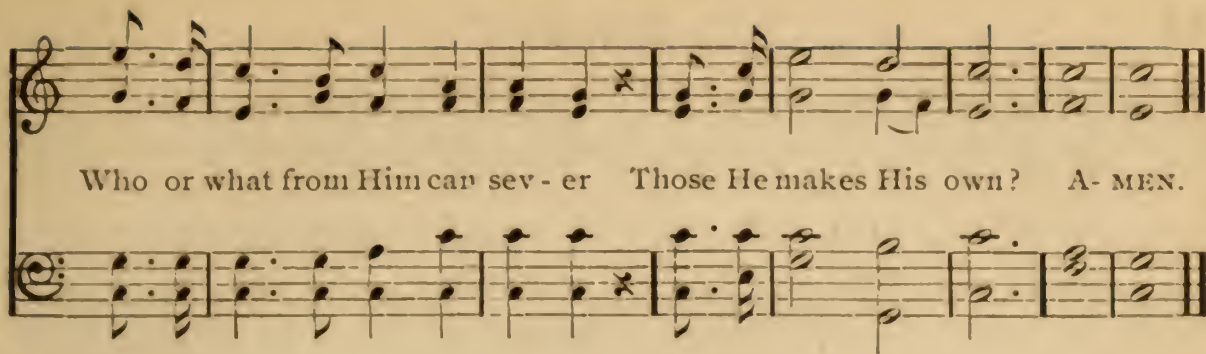
san-nas The heaven-ly port-als ring. To Him my all con - fid - ing, In

Him my joy com-plete, I learn, with Chris-tian meek-ness, My du-ty at His feet. A - men.

I love to think of Jesus
When all is calm and still,
When pure and holy feelings
My grateful bosom fill.
I love to think of Jesus,
Whose mercy crowns my days;
How just are all His counsels,
And true are all His ways!

I love to work for Jesus,
And worship at His throne;
Oh, may His Spirit help me
To live for Him alone!
To labor for my Saviour
My greatest joy shall be;
I know that Jesus loves me,
Because He died for me.

Sing of Je-sus, sing for ev - er Of the love that chang-es nev - er:



With His blood the Lord has bought them ;
 When they knew Him not, He sought them,
 And from all their wanderings brought them ;
 His the praise alone.

Through the desert Jesus leads them,
 With the bread of heaven He feeds them,
 And through all the way He speeds them
 To their home above.

There they see the Lord who bought them,
 Him who came from heaven, and sought them,
 Him who by His Spirit taught them,
 Him they serve and love.

Let His people sing with gladness,
 Other mirth than this is madness,
 Mirth it is that ends in sadness,
 Be it far away.

'Tis the saints have solid treasure,
 They can sing with holy pleasure,
 And their joy will know no measure,
 In the final day.

12 (Second Tune.)

Minster.

8885.

Sing of Je - sus, sing for ev - er Of the love that chang-es nev- er:

Who or what from Him can sev - er Those He makes His own? A - MEN.

B

Sweet - er sounds than mu - sic knows Charm me in Em -

man - uel's name; All her hopes my spir - it

owes To His birth, and cross, and shame. A - MEN.

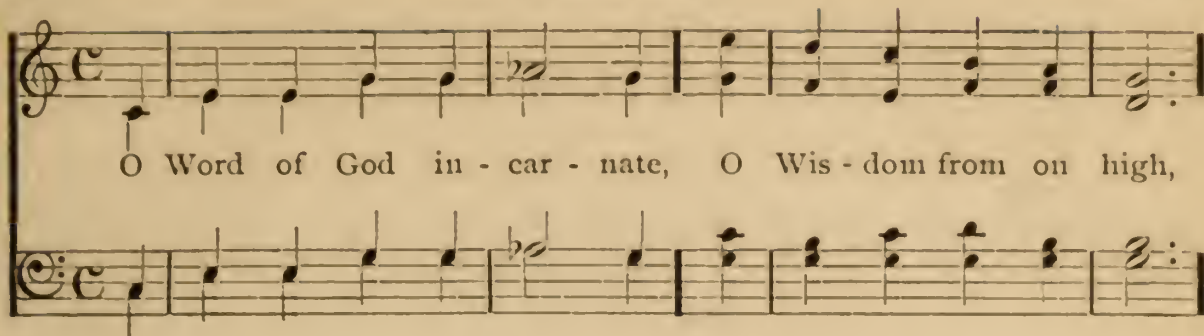
When He came the angels sung,
 "Glory be to God on high!"
 Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
 Who should louder sing than I?

Did the Lord a man become
 That He might the law fulfill,
 Bleed and suffer in my room,
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

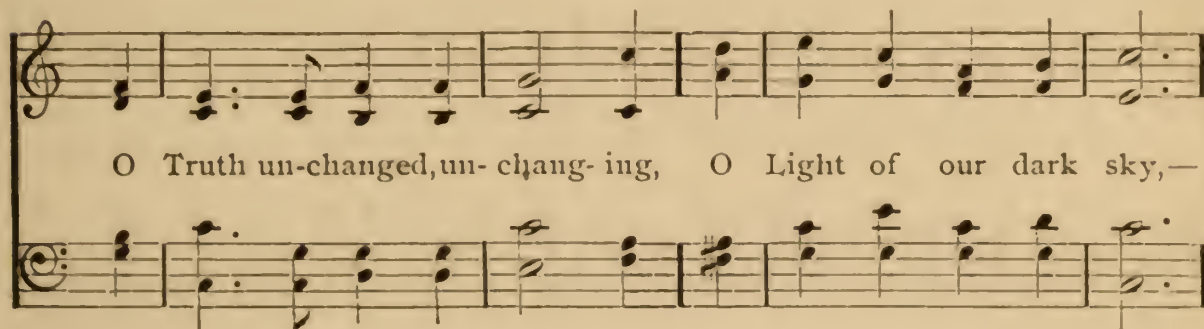
No; I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are and weak;
 For should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.

O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
 Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend—
 Every precious name in One!
 I will love Thee without end!

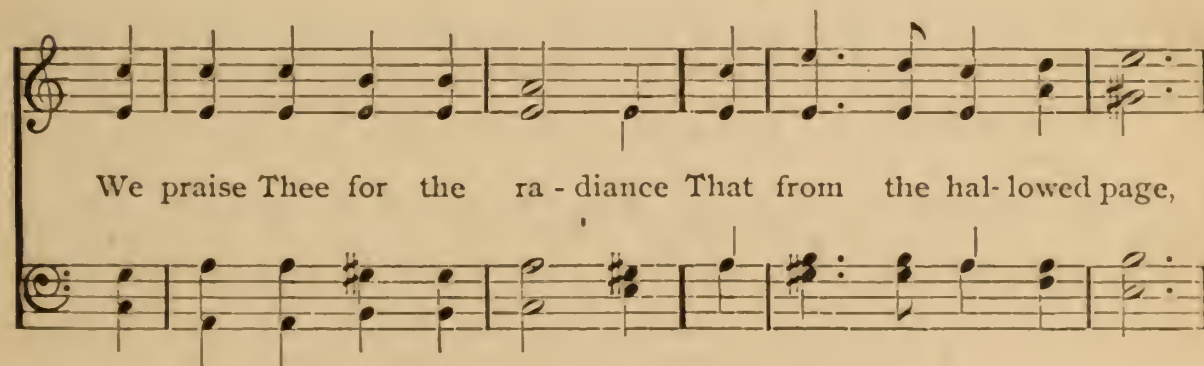
Praise the name of God most high,
 Praise Him, all below the sky;
 Praise Him, all the heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



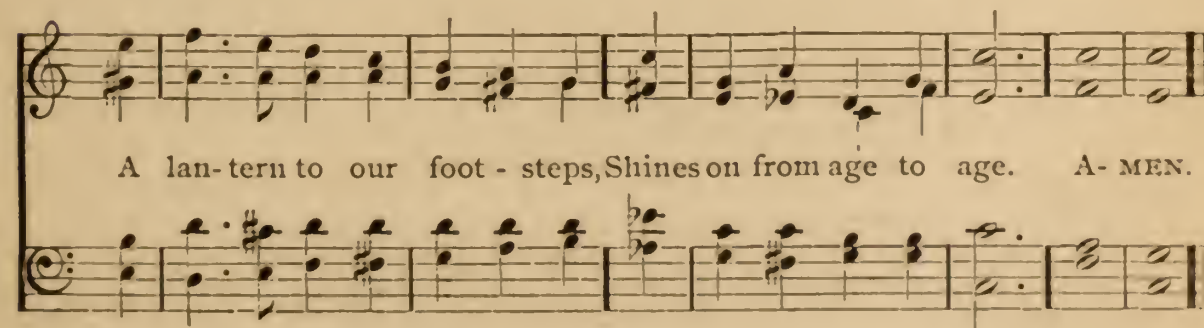
O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,



O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky,—



We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,



A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - MEN.

The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she listeth,
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
Oh, teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When

Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil-dren as

lambsto His fold: I should like to have been with them then. A - MEN.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head;
 That His arm had been thrown around me;
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
 "Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in His love;
 And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above.

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
 For all that are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children are gathering there;
 "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

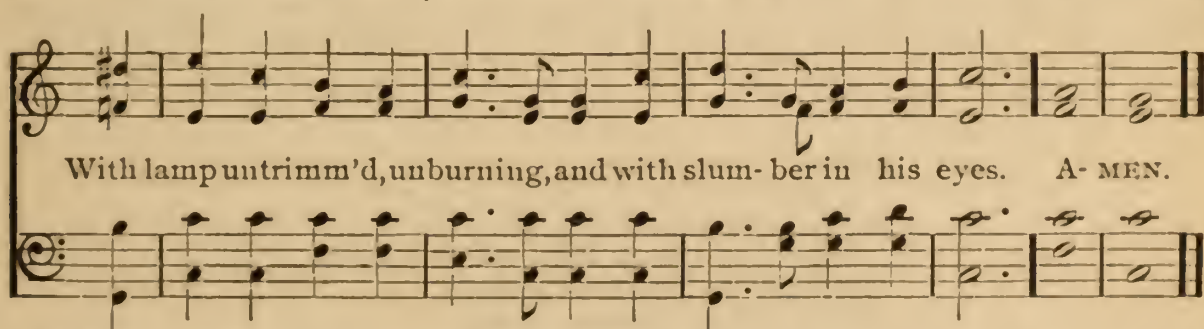
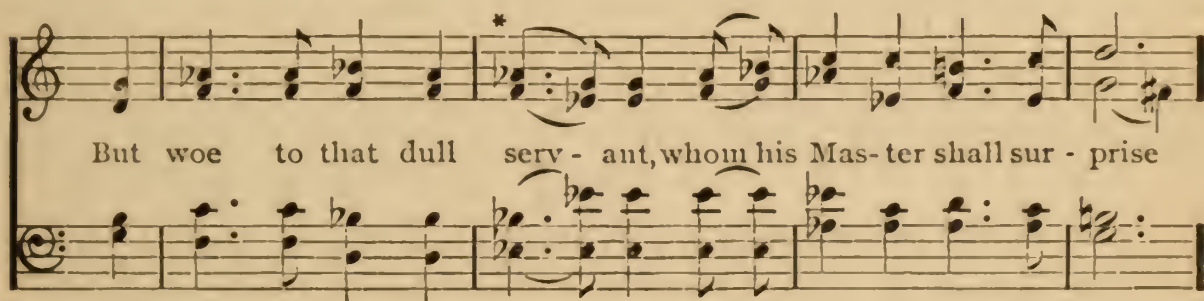
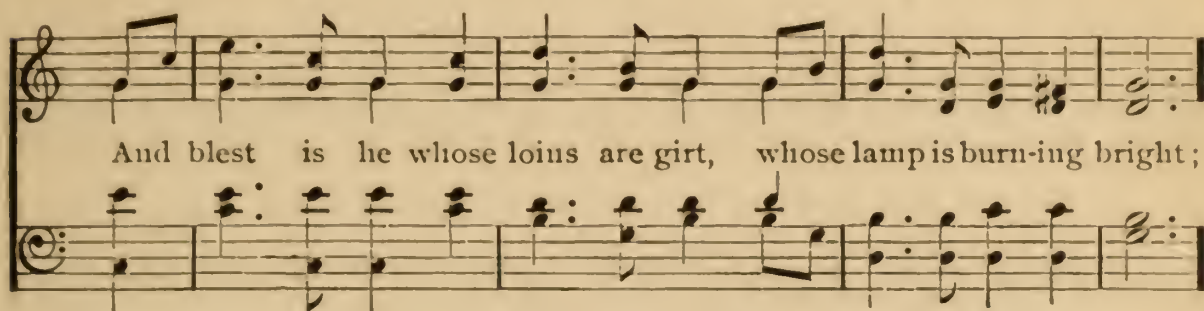
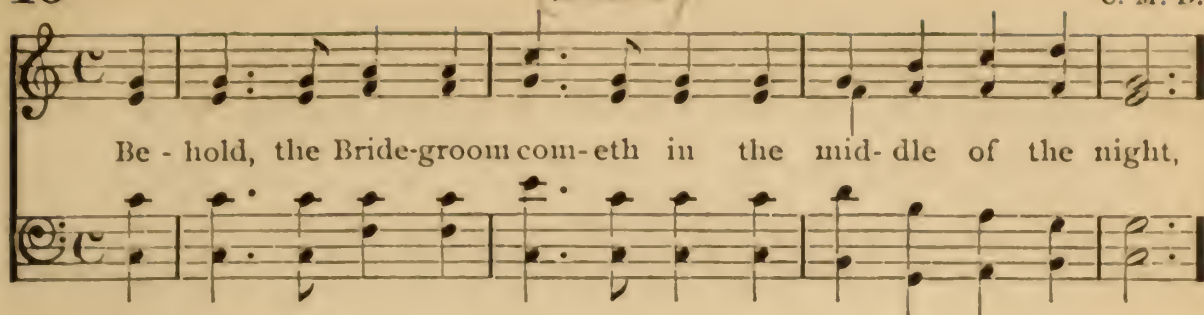
But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
 Never heard of that heavenly home:
 I should like them to know there is room for them all,
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that glorious time,
 The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
 When the dear little children of every clime
 Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

16

Bacon.

C. M. D.



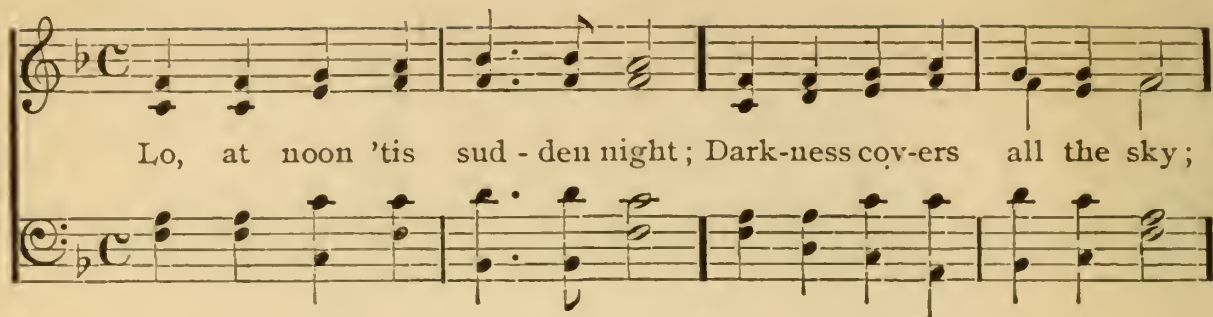
* For the 3d, 4th, and 5th stanzas, the *first* slur in this measure must be omitted, and the *second* substituted.

Do thou, my soul, keep watch, beware lest thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;
But see that thou be sober, with a watchful eye, and thus
Cry—"Holy! Holy! Holy God! have mercy upon us!"

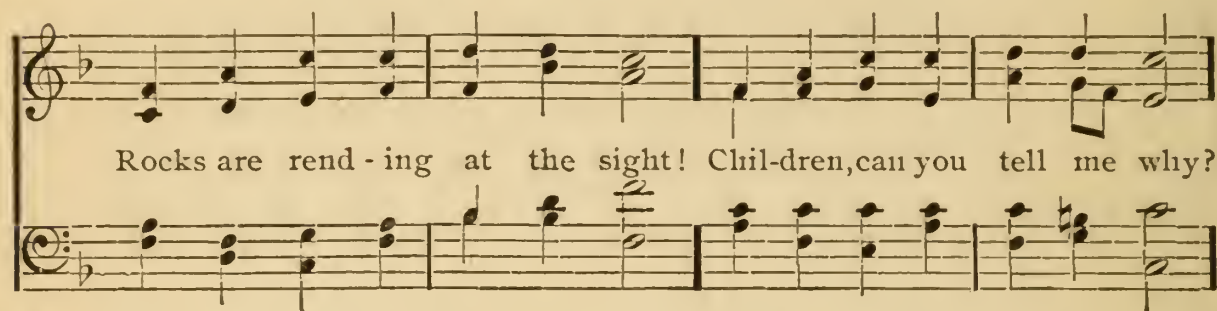
That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,—
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes! Arise! He comes to meet the Bride."

Beware, my soul! take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock, and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimm'd, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light—the glory of the Son.

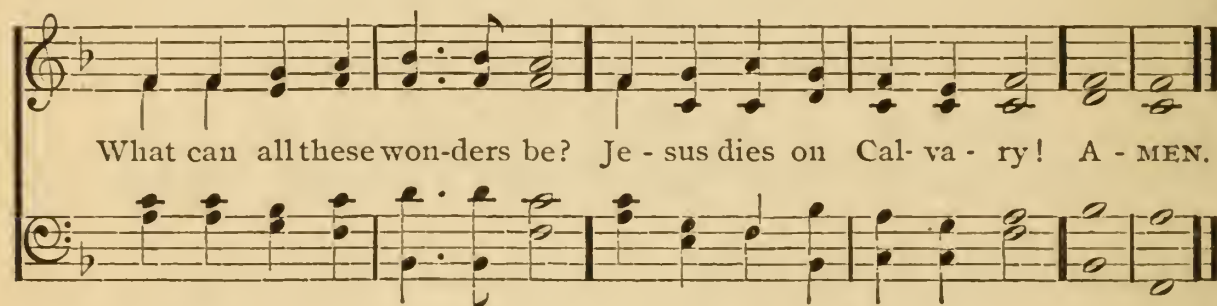
To Thee, O Saviour, now we bring the tribute of our praise,
Too small for Thee, O Bridegroom blest, but all that we can raise:
All praise to Thee, great Three in One, the God Whom we adore,
As was, and is, and shall be done, when time shall be no more.



Lo, at noon 'tis sud - den night ; Dark-ness cov-ers all the sky ;



Rocks are rend - ing at the sight ! Chil-dren, can you tell me why ?



What can all these won-ders be ? Je - sus dies on Cal - va - ry ! A - MEN.

Nailed upon the cross, behold
 How His tender limbs are torn ;
 For a royal crown of gold
 They have made Him one of thorn :
 Cruel hands that dare to bind
 Thorns upon a brow so kind !

See, the blood is falling fast
 From His forehead and His side.
 Hark ! He now has breathed His last ;
 With a mighty groan He died !
 Children, shall I tell you why
 Jesus condescends to die ?

You were wretched, weak, and vile,
 You deserved His holy frown ;
 But He saw you with a smile,
 And to save you hastened down.
 Listen, children ; this is why
 Jesus condescends to die

Come, then, children, come and kneel,
 Lift your little hands to pray,
 " Blessèd Jesus, pardon me,
 Help a guilty sinner, " say ;
 " Since it was for such as I
 Thou didst condescend to die. "

18 (First Tune.)

Sardis.

6565.

Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit - ter pains,

Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins. A - MEN.

Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages,
Be the precious stream,
Which from death eternal
Did the world redeem.

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion,
Terror-struck, departs.

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices,
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious Blood.

18 (Second Tune.)

North Coates.

6565.

Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit - ter pains,

Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins. A - MEN.

19

Hermas.

6565D.

Gold-en harps are sound-ing, An-gel voi-ces ring, Pearly gates are o-pened,

O-pened for the King. Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love,

Is gone up in tri-umph To His Throne a - bove. All His work is end - ed,

Joy-ful-ly we sing; Je-sus hath as-cend-ed! Glo-ry to our King! A-MEN.

He who came to save us,
 He who bled and died,
 Now is crowned with gladness
 At His Father's side.
 Never more to suffer,
 Never more to die,
 Jesus, King of Glory,
 Is gone up on high.

Praying for His children
 In that blessed place,
 Calling them to glory,
 Sending them His grace;
 His bright Home preparing,
 Little ones, for you:
 Jesus ever liveth.
 Ever loveth, too.

20 (First Tune.)

Dalton.

6666.

If washed in Je - sus' blood, Then bear His like-ness, too;

And as you on-ward press, Ask—“What would Je-sus do?” A - MEN.

With willing heart and hand,
Your daily task pursue:
Work as the day wears on,
Ask—“What would Jesus do?”

Be gentle, e'en when wronged,
Revenge and pride subdue;
When to forgive seems hard,
Ask—“What would Jesus do?”

Be brave to do the right,
And scorn to be untrue;

When fear would whisper, “Yield!”
Ask—“What would Jesus do?”

Give with a full free hand—
God freely gives to you;
And check each selfish thought
With—“What would Jesus do?”

Then let the golden thread,
Woven your life-work through,
Reflecting heaven's own light,
Be—“What would Jesus do?”

20 (Second Tune.)

Damascus.

6666.

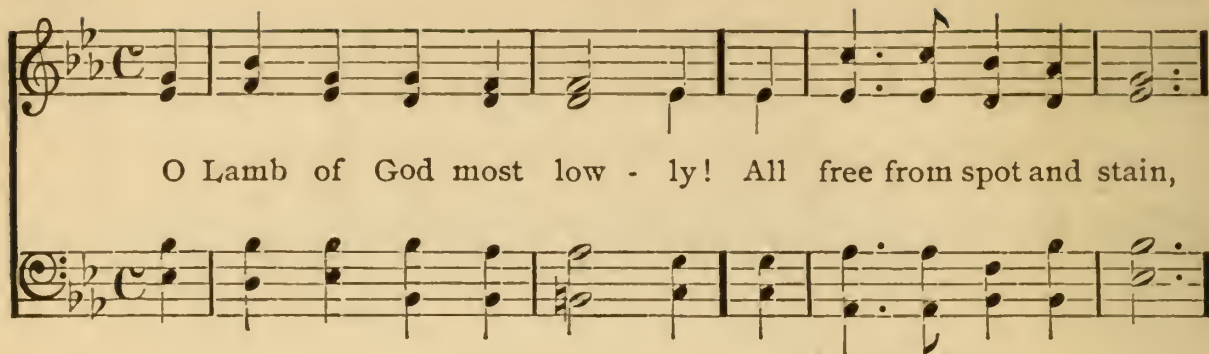
If washed in Je - sus' blood, Then bear His like-ness, too;

And as you on-ward press, Ask—“What would Je-sus do?” A - MEN.

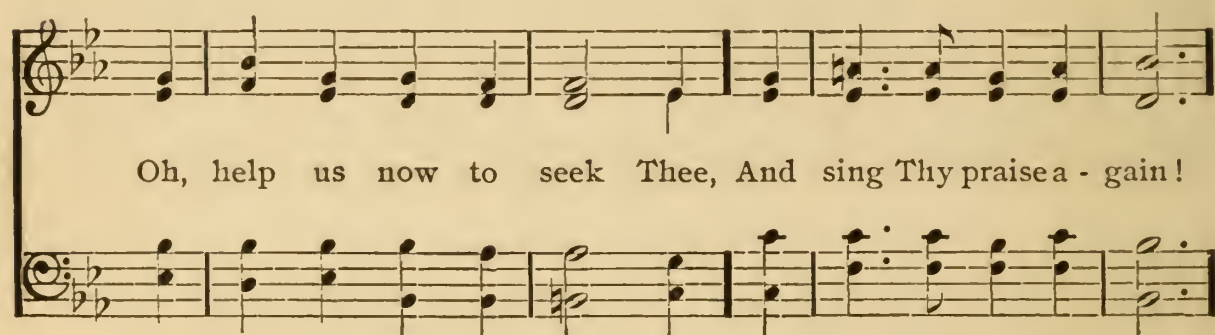
21

Alonzo.

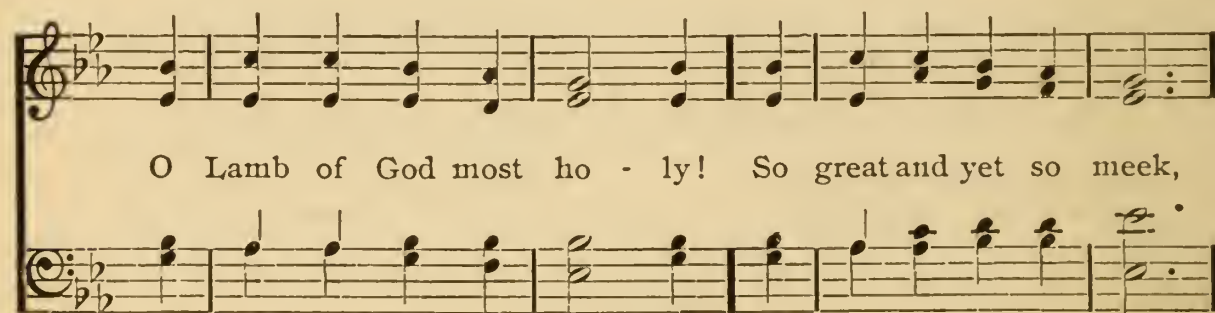
7676 D.



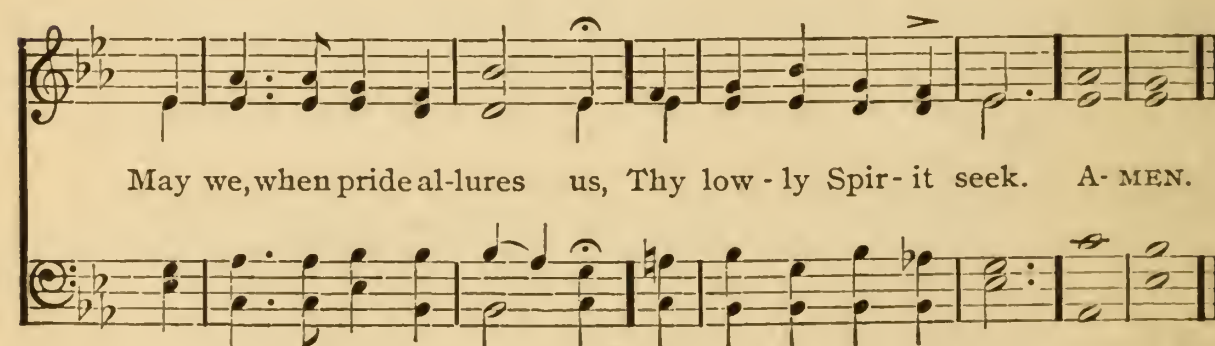
O Lamb of God most low - ly! All free from spot and stain,



Oh, help us now to seek Thee, And sing Thy praise a - gain!



O Lamb of God most ho - ly! So great and yet so meek,



May we, when pride al-lures us, Thy low - ly Spir - it seek. A - MEN.

O Lamb of God most gentle!
 And yet so good and true,
 May we, when passion tempts us,
 Thy gentleness pursue.
 O Lamb of God most lovely!
 To Thee our faith would flee;
 Reveal to us Thy beauty,
 And win our hearts to Thee.

22

Nedlit.

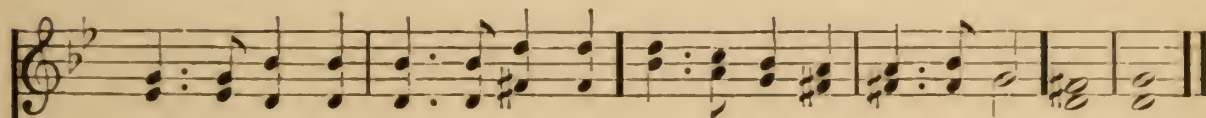
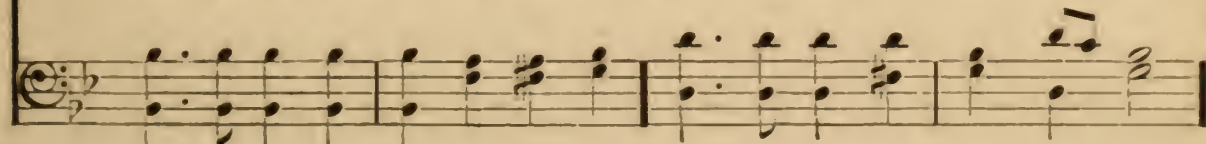
8787447.



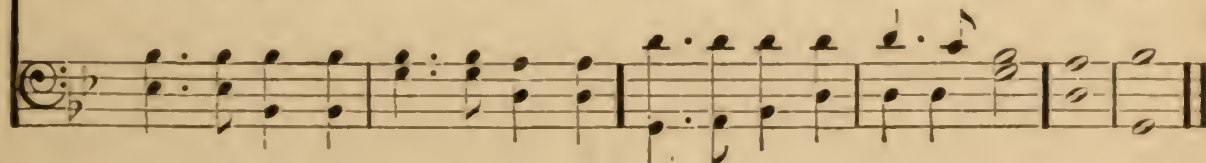
Chil-dren, let us sing of Je-sus; He who left His throne on high,



Laid a-side His robes of glo-ry, For our sins to bleed and die:



Precious Saviour, Precious Saviour, Give us now Thy peace and joy. A-MEN.



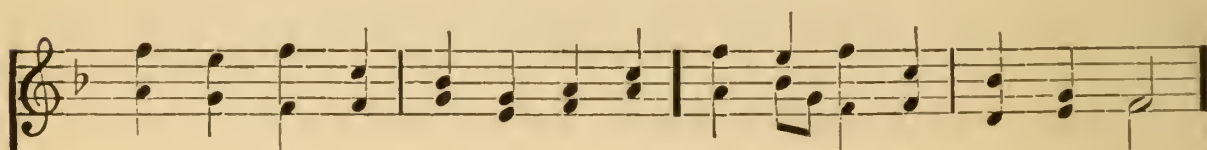
May we ever think of Jesus,
As we journey through the world,
Strive to follow in His footprints,
Listening to His accents mild:
Soft He whispers,
"I will never leave thee, child."

If the threatening storm-clouds gather
Round thy path in life's young day,
Press the closer to thy Jesus,
And the more unceasing pray:
Saviour, guard us,
Keep us in the narrow way.

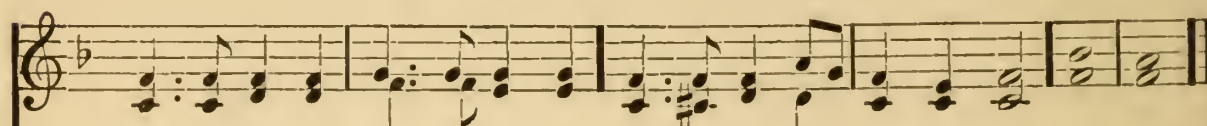
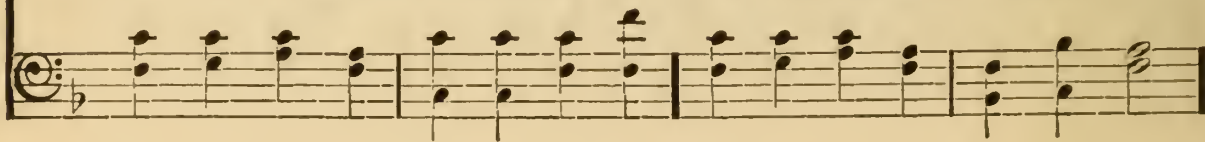
Children, tell the world of Jesus,
How He comforts those who mourn,
Calms and cheers the weary-hearted,
Till their strength and joy return:
Blessèd Jesus,
May we ever of Thee learn.



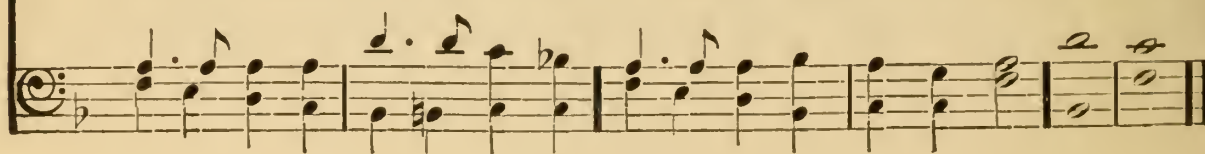
{ Je- sus Christ my Lord and Sav-iour, Once be-came a child like me; }
 { Oh, that in my whole be-hav-ior, He my pat-tern still might be. }



All my na-ture is un-ho-ly, Pride and pas-sion dwell with-in;



But the Lord was meek and low-ly, And was nev-er known to sin. A- MEN.



While I'm often vainly trying
 Some new pleasure to possess,
 He was always self-denying,
 Patient in His worst distress.
 Let me never be forgetful
 Of His prospects any more;
 Idle, passionate, and fretful,
 As I've often been before.

Lord, assist a feeble creature;
 Guide me by Thy word of truth:
 Condescend to be my Teacher,
 Through my childhood and my youth.
 Help me by Thy word to measure
 Every deed and every thought,
 Thinking it my greatest pleasure
 There to learn what Thou hast taught.

24

Folkestone.

8787 D.



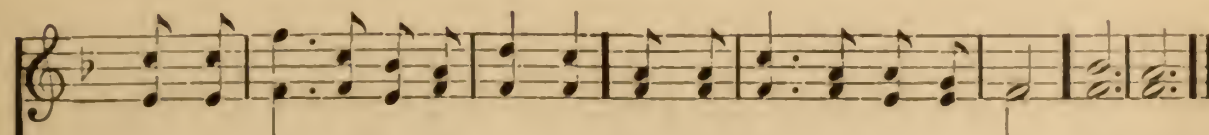
What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!



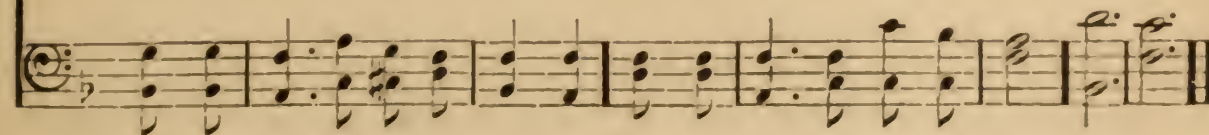
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to Him in prayer.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit! Oh, what need - less pain we bear!

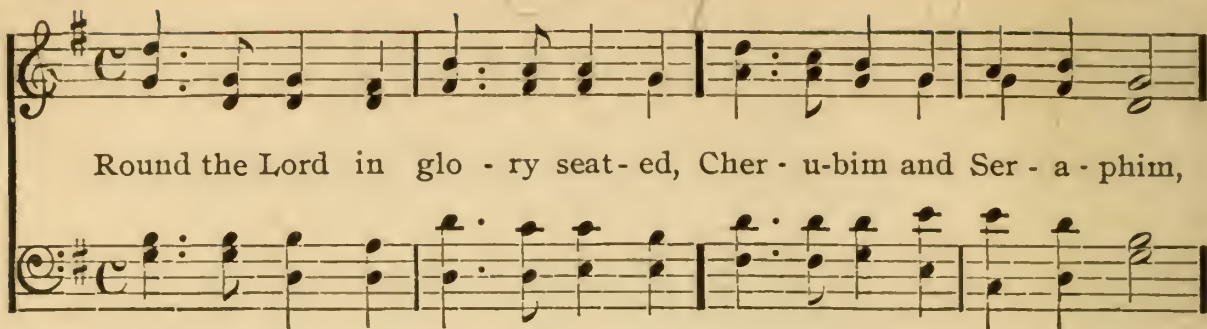


All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to Him in prayer. A - MEN.

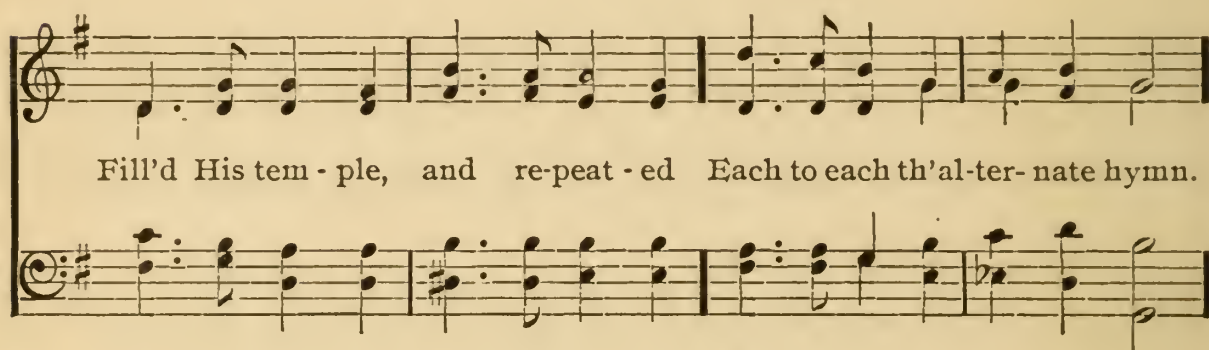


Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

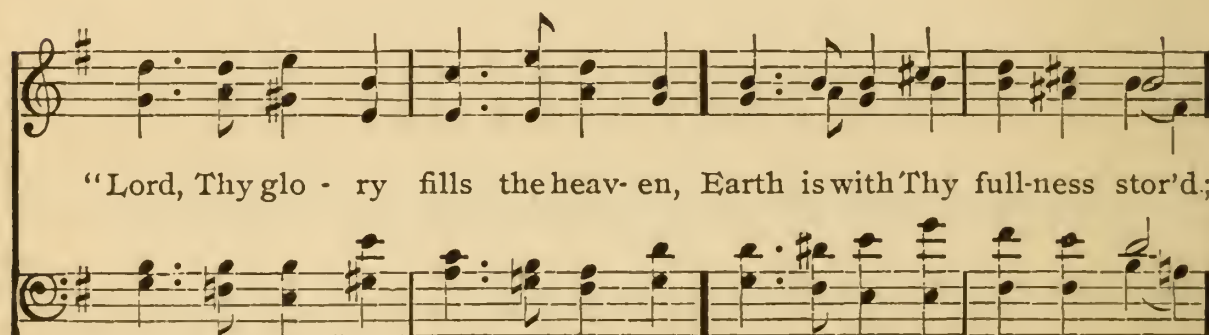
Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there!



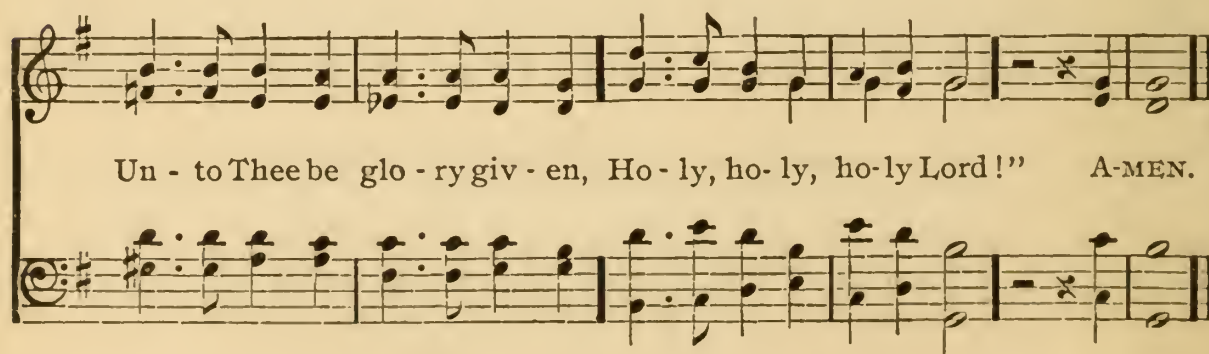
Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim,



Fill'd His tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each th'al - ter - nate hymn.



"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with Thy full - ness stor'd;



Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!" A - MEN.

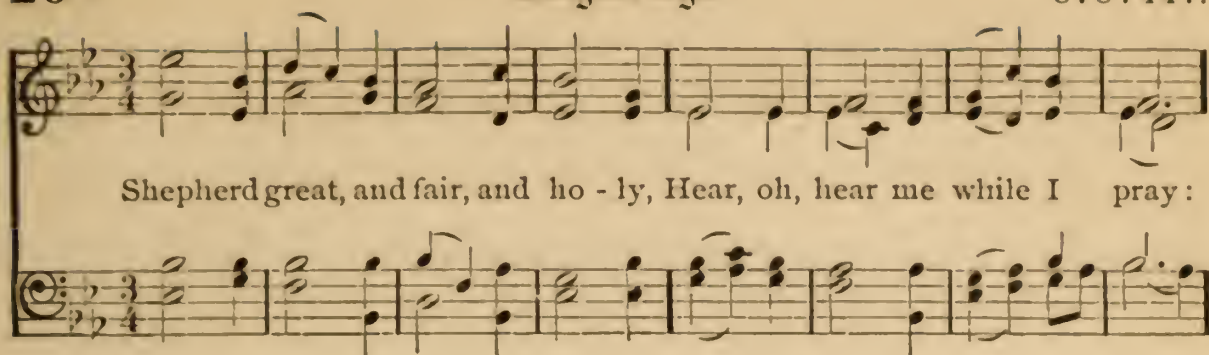
Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry:
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord Most High!"
 With His seraph train before Him,
 With His Holy Church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus the anthem flow:—

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with Thy fullness stored;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
 Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
 We adopt the angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy!" blessing
 Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High.

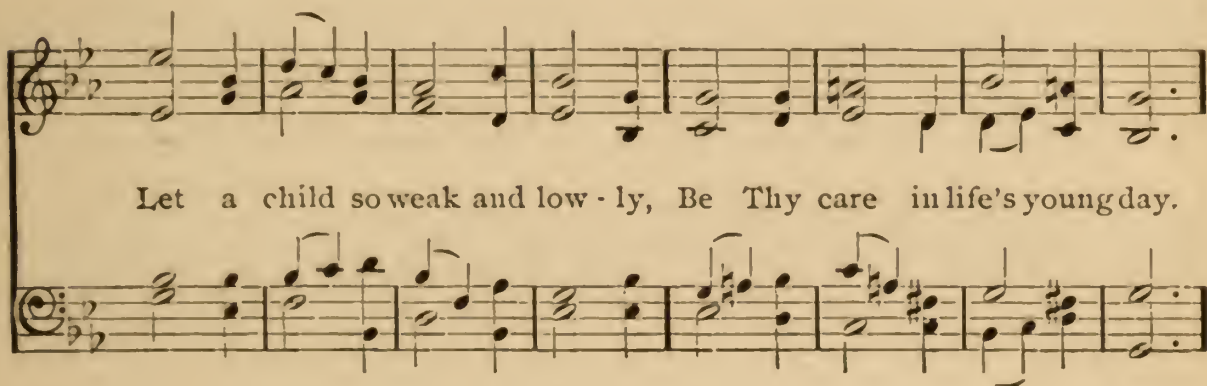
26

Kingsbridge.

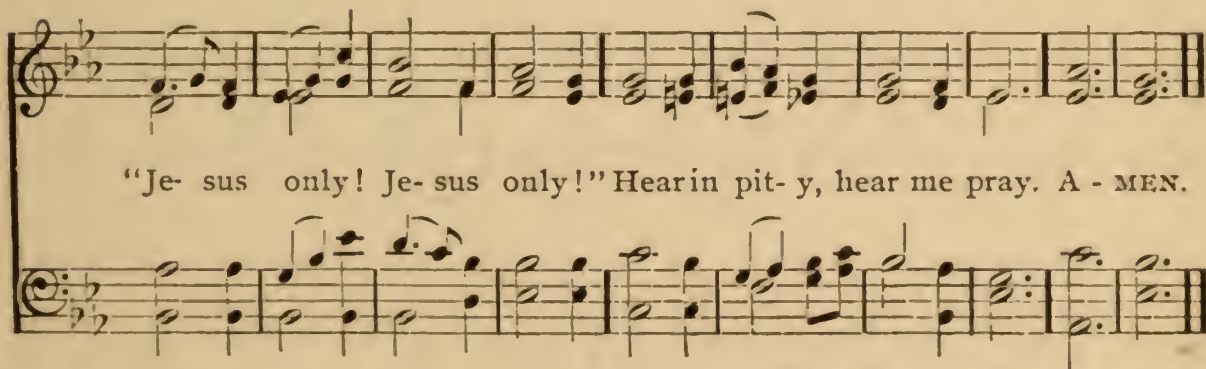
8787447.



Shepherd great, and fair, and ho - ly, Hear, oh, hear me while I pray:



Let a child so weak and low - ly, Be Thy care in life's young day.

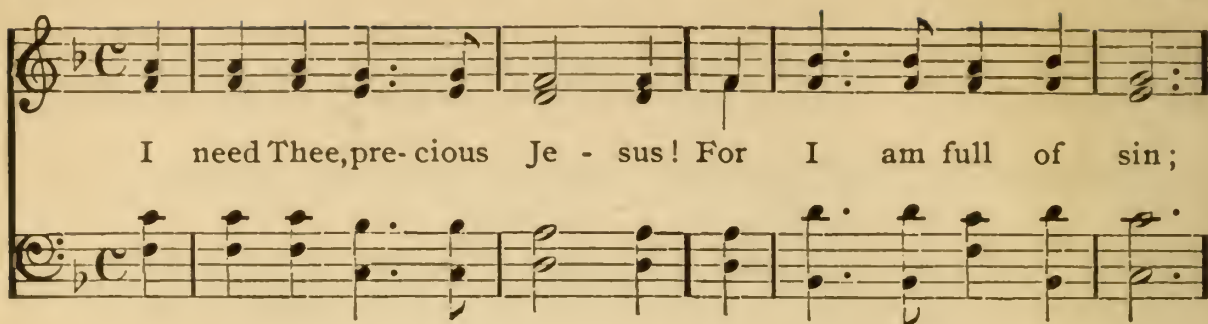


"Je - sus only! Je - sus only!" Hear in pit - y, hear me pray. A - MEN.

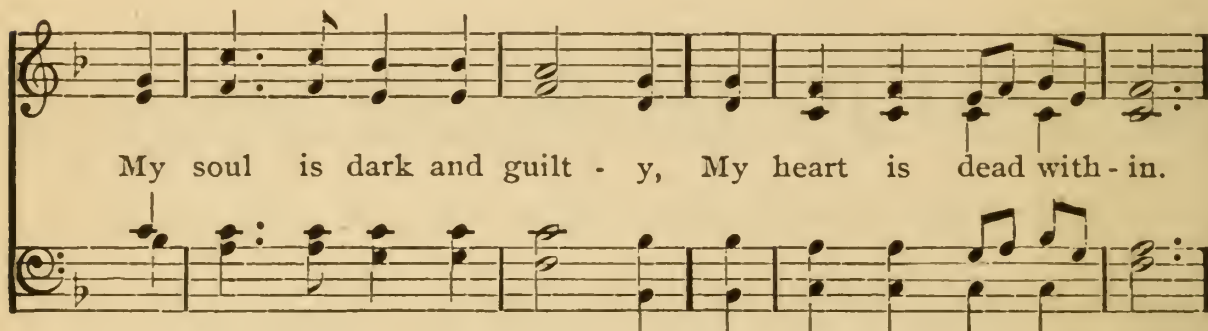
When Thy voice the stillness breaking,
Seems to whisper soft to me—
"Child of sin, the world forsaking:
Take thy cross and follow Me."
"Jesus only!"
Give me grace to learn of Thee.

Grace to seek Thee as my Saviour,
Grace to trust Thee as my Friend,
Grace to love Thee as my Father,
And Thy sweet commands attend.
"Jesus only!"
Now and ever—without end.

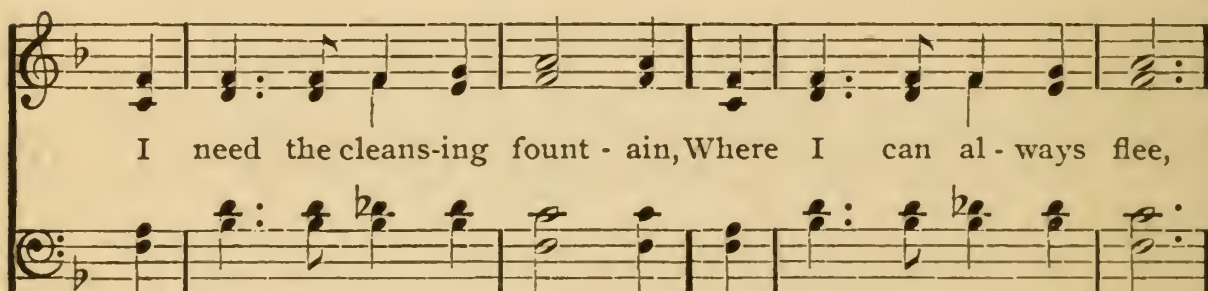
Like a lamb of Thine for ever,
Bear me, Saviour, on Thy breast;
Guard me, keep me, leave me never;
With Thy blessing make me blest.
"Jesus only!"
Guide me to Thy home of rest.



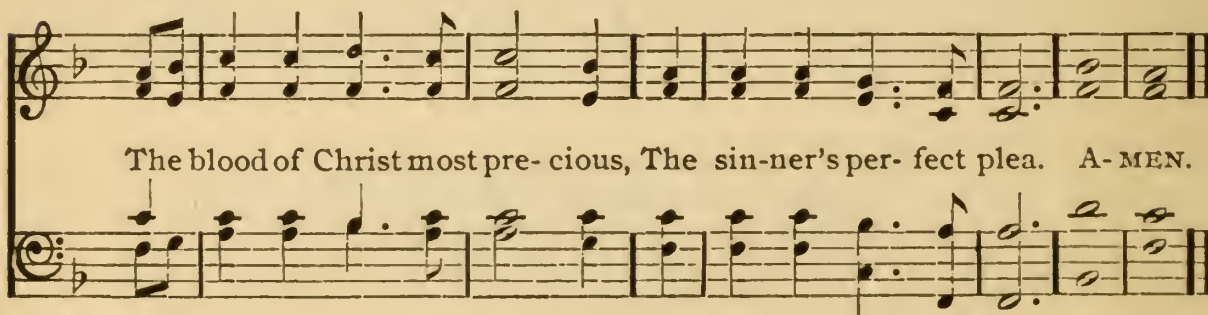
I need Thee, pre-cious Je - sus! For I am full of sin;



My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in.



I need the cleans-ing fount - ain, Where I can al - ways flee,



The blood of Christ most pre-cious, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. A-MEN.

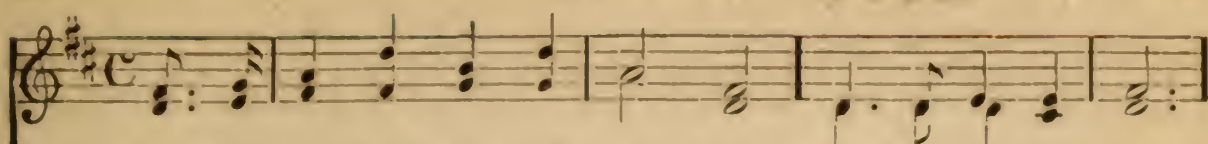
I need Thee, precious Jesus!
 For I am very poor;
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store.
 I need the love of Jesus
 To cheer me on my way,
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay.
 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
 I need a friend like Thee;
 A friend to soothe and sympathize—
 A friend to care for me;

I need the heart of Jesus,
 To feel each anxious care,
 To tell my every trial,
 And all my sorrows share.
 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
 And hope to see Thee soon,
 Encircled with the rainbow,
 And seated on Thy throne;
 There, with Thy blood-bought children,
 My joy shall ever be,
 To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
 To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

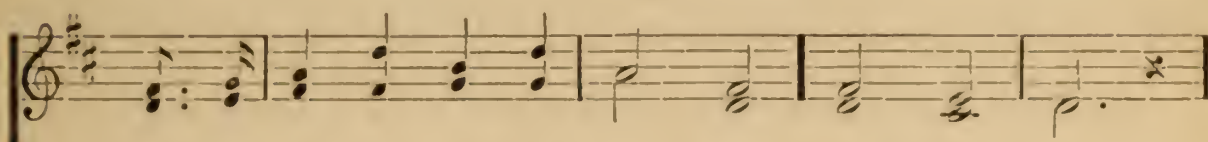
28

Alcande.

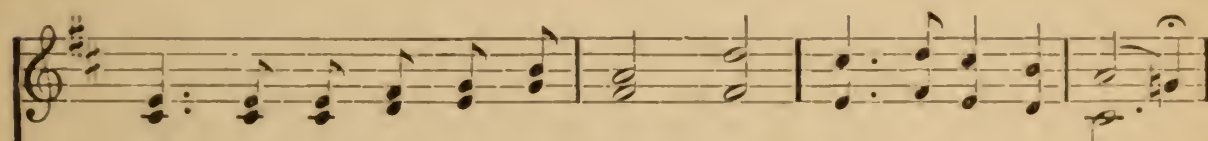
8583D.



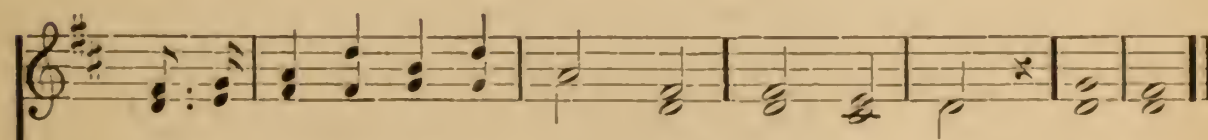
Pre-cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry;



Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for me.



Pre - cious blood, that hath re-deemed us! All the price is paid;



Per-fect par-don now is of - fered, Peace is made. A-MEN.

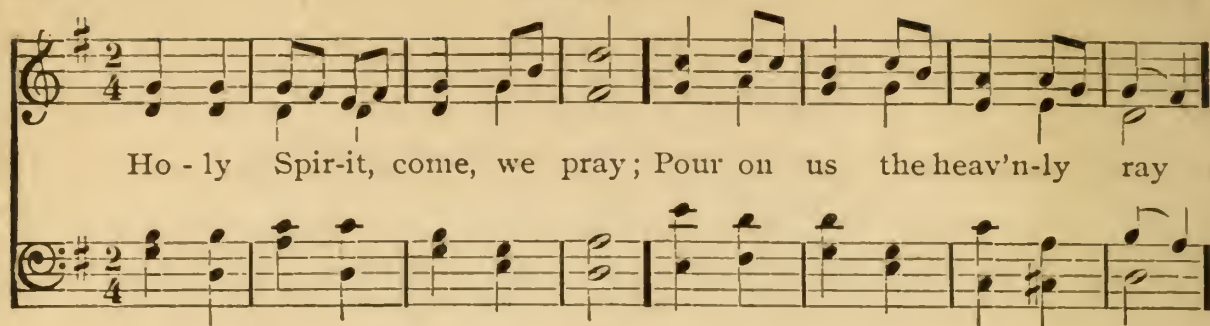
Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole;
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.
Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
C White as snow.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free!
O believe it, O receive it,
'Tis for thee.
Precious blood, whose full atonement
Makes us nigh to God!
Precious blood, our song and glory,
Praise and laud!

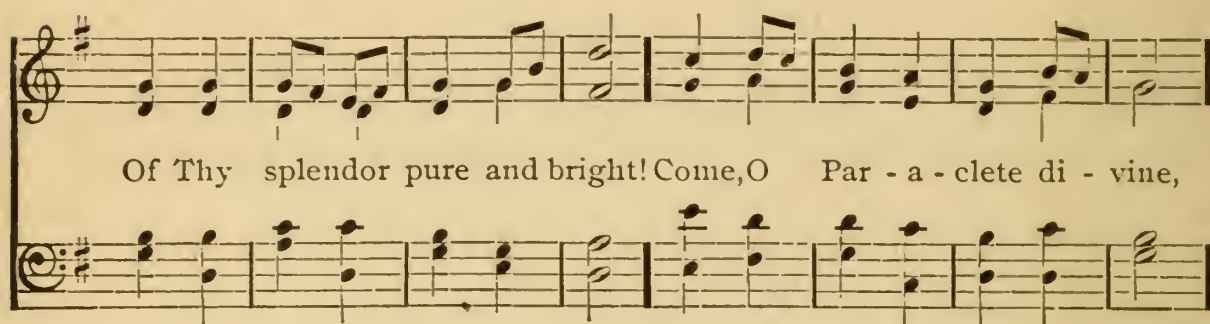
29

McIlvaine.

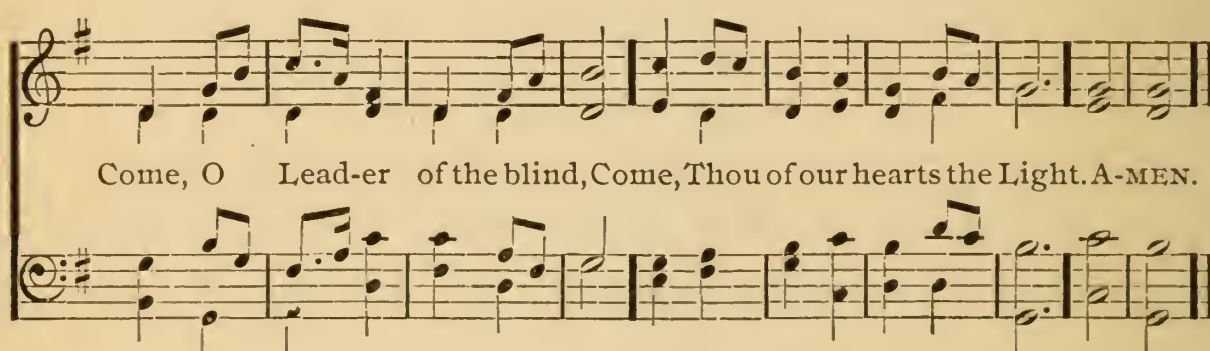
777777.



Ho - ly Spir-it, come, we pray; Pour on us the heav'n-ly ray



Of Thy splendor pure and bright! Come, O Par - a - clete di - vine,



Come, O Lead-er of the blind, Come, Thou of our hearts the Light. A-MEN.

Of all Comforters the best,
To our souls a welcome Guest,
Dear Refreshment, ever sweet;
In our weariness, Repose,
Solace amid tearful woes,
Shelter from the burning heat.

O Thou Light most blessèd, shine!
To its depths with life divine
Fill each heart that turns to Thee!
Without Thy divinity,
Nought in man can ever be,
Nought but sin and misery.

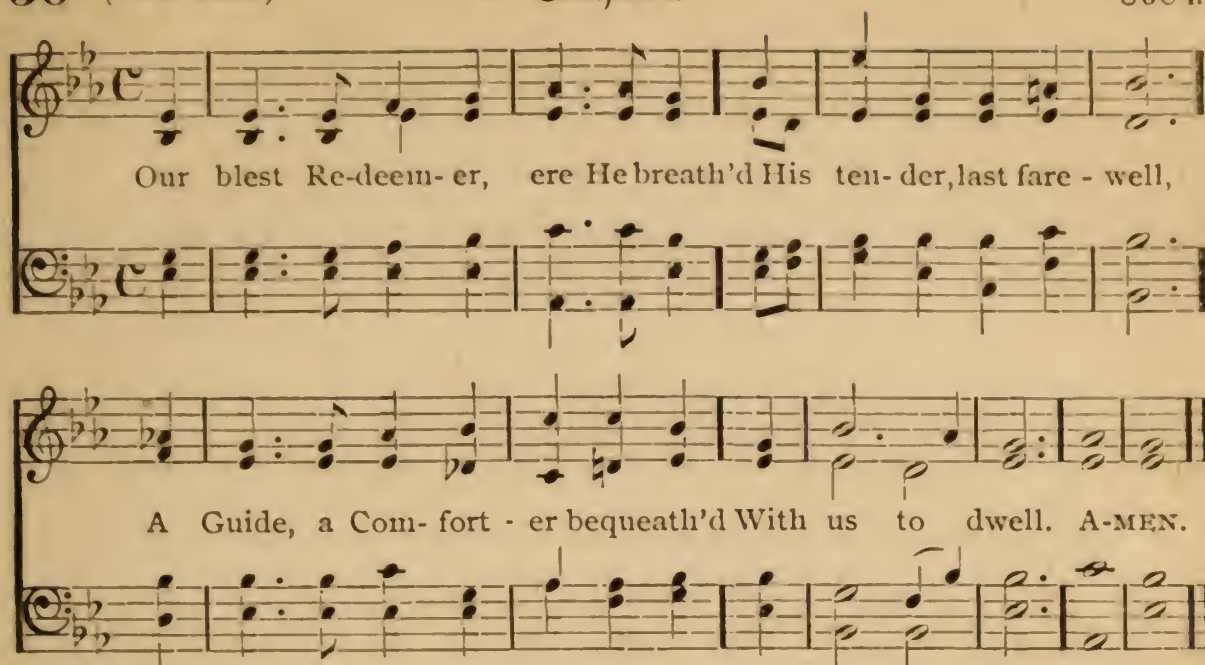
What is sordid cleanse again,
What is barren wet with rain,
What is wounded, heal, we pray;
What is stubborn help to bow,
What is frozen cherish Thou,
What is lost lead in Thy way!

Unto Thine, who faithful be,
Thine who put all trust in Thee,
Give Thy sevenfold gift of grace;
Give them constancy's reward,
Give them full salvation, Lord,
Give them joy for endless days!

30 (First Tune.)

Cuthbert.

8684.



Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breath'd His ten-der, last fare - well,

A Guide, a Com-fort - er bequeath'd With us to dwell. A-MEN.

He came sweet influence to impart;
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear
As soft as breath of even, [each fear,
That checks each thought, that calms
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,

And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

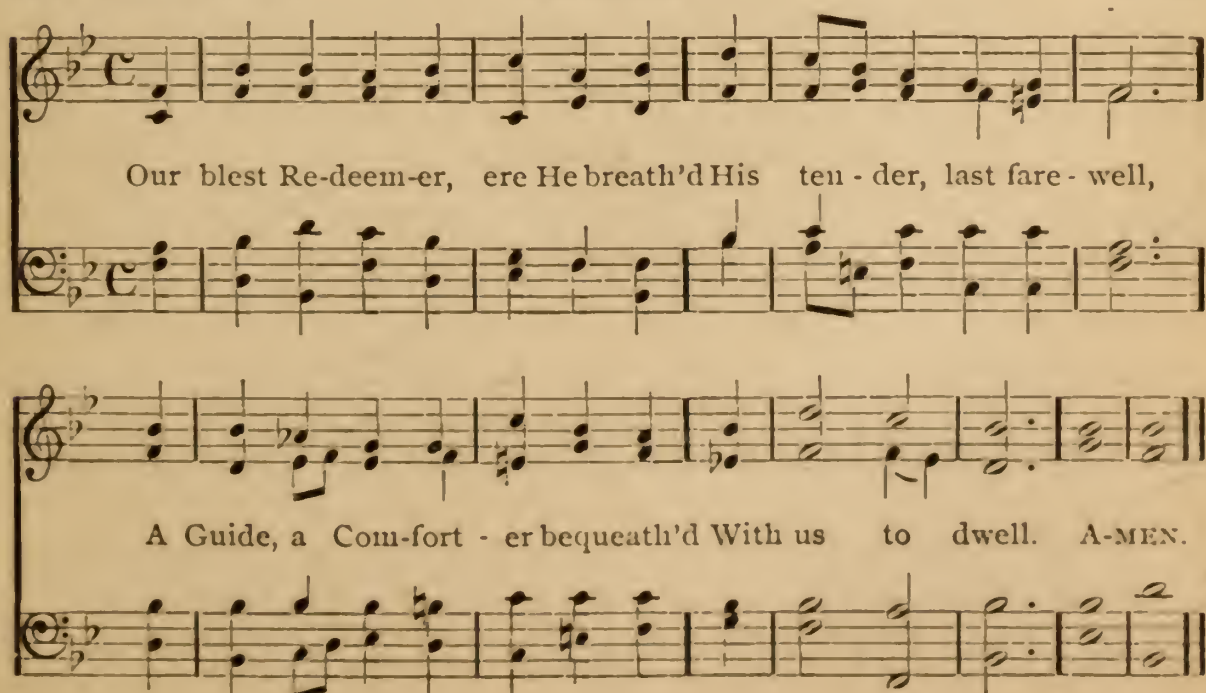
O Dove of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
And One in Three.

30 (Second Tune.)

Forsythe.

8684.



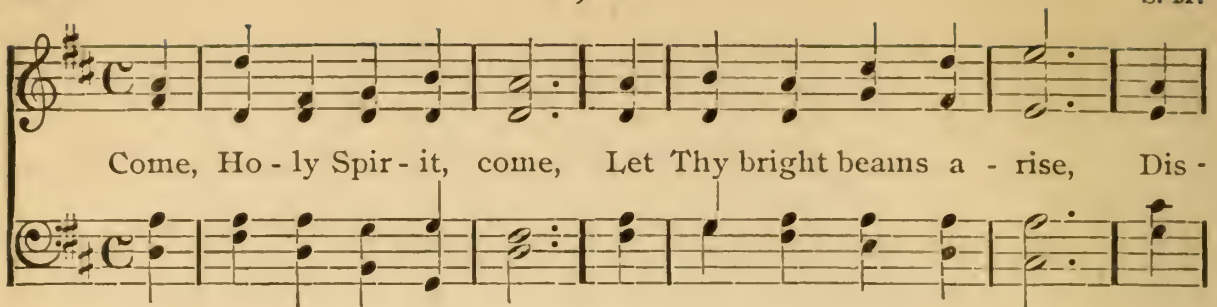
Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breath'd His ten-der, last fare - well,

A Guide, a Com-fort - er bequeath'd With us to dwell. A-MEN.

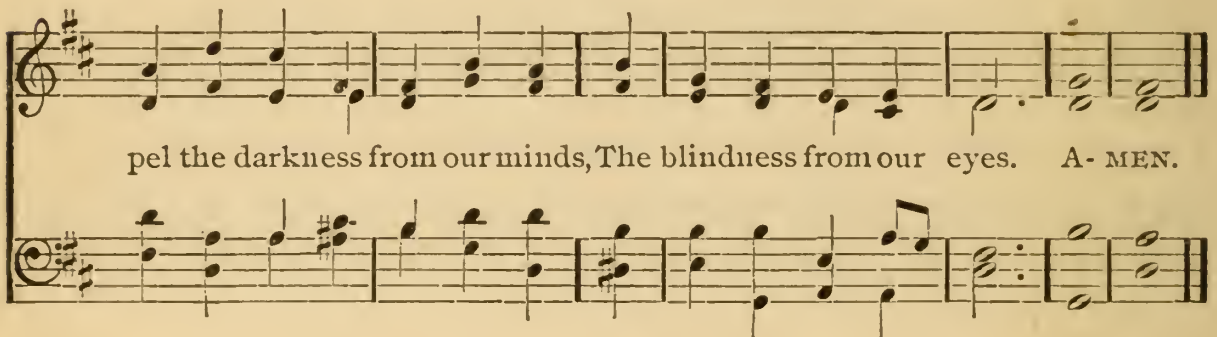
31

Hare.

S. M.



Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, Let Thy bright beams a - rise, Dis -



pel the darkness from our minds, The blindness from our eyes. A - MEN.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

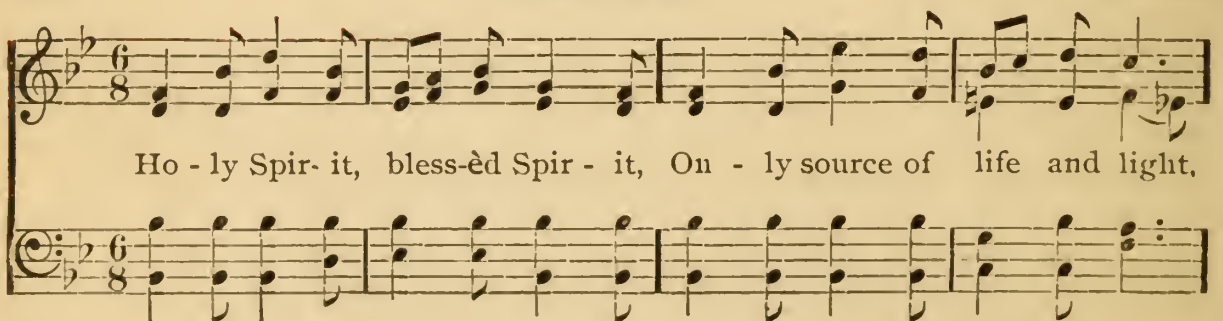
Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee!

Composed for this Book

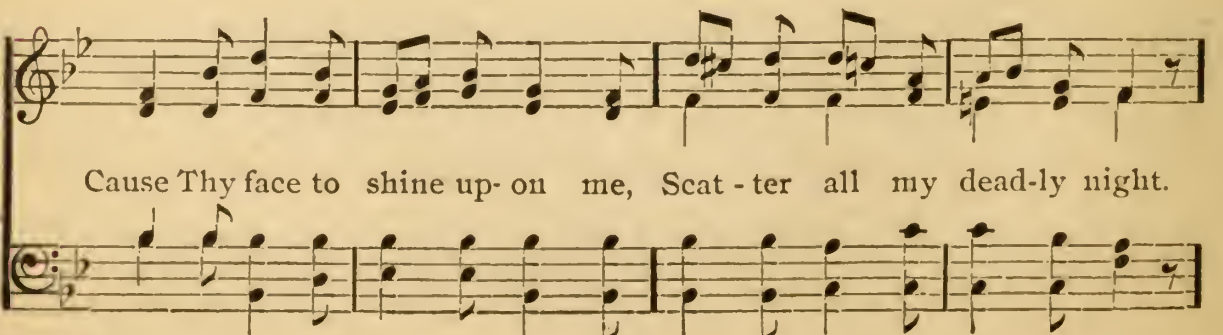
32

Holy Spirit.

8787 D.



Ho - ly Spir - it, bless - ed Spir - it, On - ly source of life and light,



Cause Thy face to shine up - on me, Scat - ter all my dead - ly night.

Ho-ly Spir- it, bless-èd Spir - it, Help, oh, help my un - be - lief,

Lord, I sink in storm-y wa - ters, Quick-ly come to my re - lief.

CHORUS.

Love a-bounding, love o'er-flow- ing, Love a- maz - ing, love di- vine,

Breath of God from heav-en blowing, Fill this longing heart of mine. A- MEN.

Holy Spirit, blessèd Spirit,
Fit my heart to be Thy throne ;
Come as a refiner's burning,
Purifying Spirit, come !
Suddenly into Thy temple
Come to cleanse and sanctify ;
Who can stand at Thine appearing ?
What Thy mighty power defy ?—CHO.

Holy Spirit, Thine the office,
To reveal my Lord to me ;
Take the things of Christ my Saviour,
Let my soul His glory see.

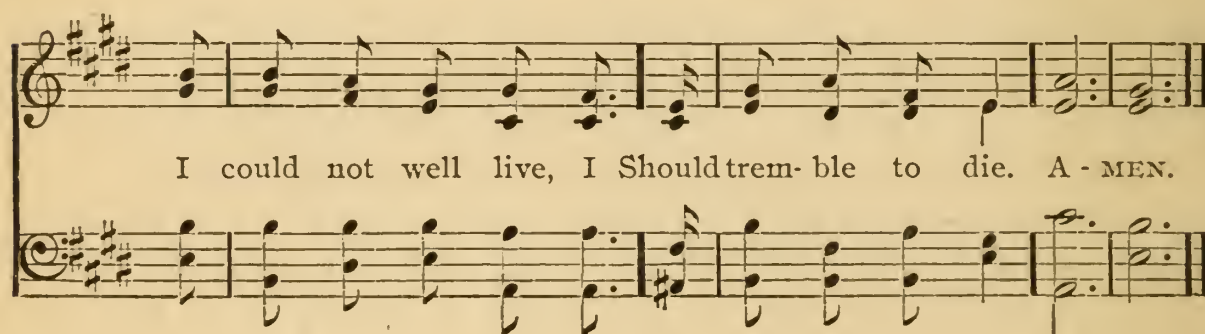
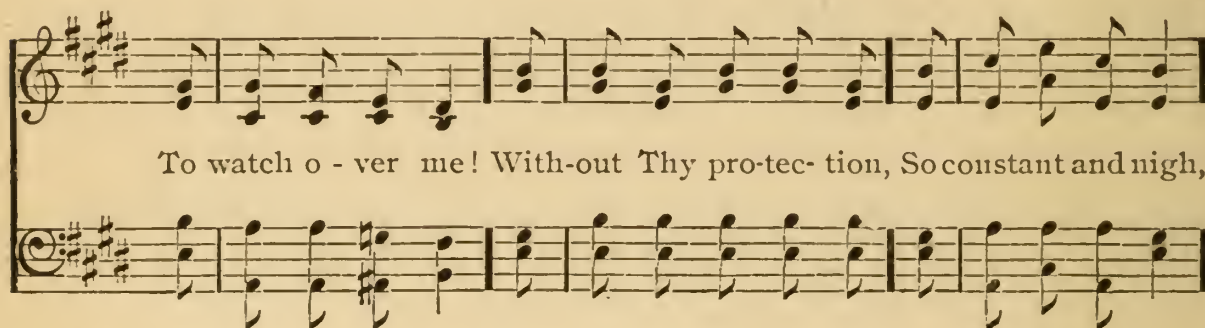
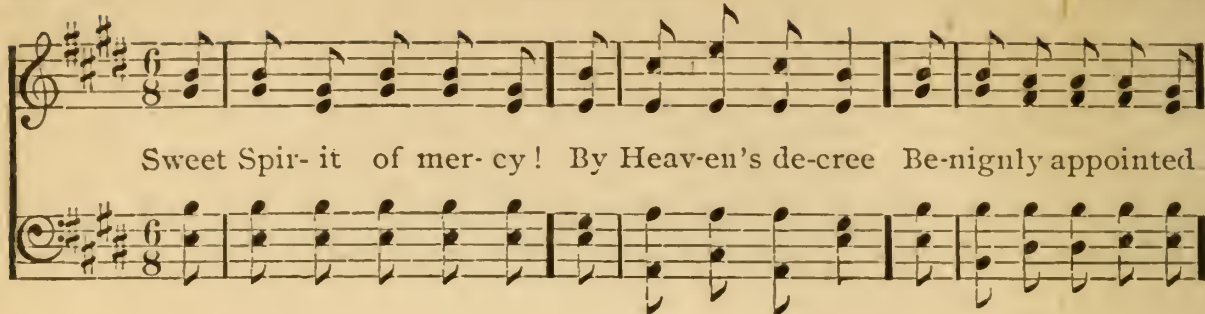
Oh, for fullness of outpouring !
Oh, for perfect liberty !
Come, O Spirit, mighty Spirit,
Manifest my Lord to me !—CHO.

Holy Spirit, meet my longing
With a touch of love divine—
Longing Thou Thyself has kindled
In this deathless soul of mine.
Only Christ my soul desireth,
Only Christ to me reveal,
Open Thou mine eyes to see Him.
Open Thou my heart to feel.—CHO.

33

Benedictus.

6565 D.



All thanks for Thy love,
 Dear Comforter and Friend!
 O may'st Thou continue
 With me to the end!
 O cease not to keep me,
 Blest Guide of my youth,
 In the ways of religion
 And virtue and truth.

Support me in weakness;
 My spirit inflame;
 Defend me in danger,
 Secure me from shame,
 That safe from temptation,
 Or sudden surprise,
 I may walk the straight path
 That ascends to the skies.

When Satan his snares
 For my ruin shall lay,
 Be Thou, Holy Spirit,
 My comfort and stay;
 And in every event
 That may happen to me,
 Make all my desires
 With Thine to agree.

When I wander in error,
 My footsteps recall;
 Remove from my path
 What might cause me to fall.
 Preserve me from sin;
 And in all that I do,
 May God in His glory
 Be ever in view.

O Thou, who didst witness
 My earliest breath,
 Be with me, I pray,
 In the hour of my death;
 Console me in sadness;
 Refresh me in pain;
 And teach me how best
 I may glory attain.

That cleansed by redemption
 Through Christ's precious blood,
 From every defilement
 Affecting my good;
 All glowing with love,
 I may gladly depart,
 With faith on my lips,
 And with hope in my heart.

Rec'd of M. T. T. T.

PRAISE.

37

34

St. John's.

8787D.

Praise the Lord! ye heav'us, adore Him, Praise Him, an- gels, in the height :

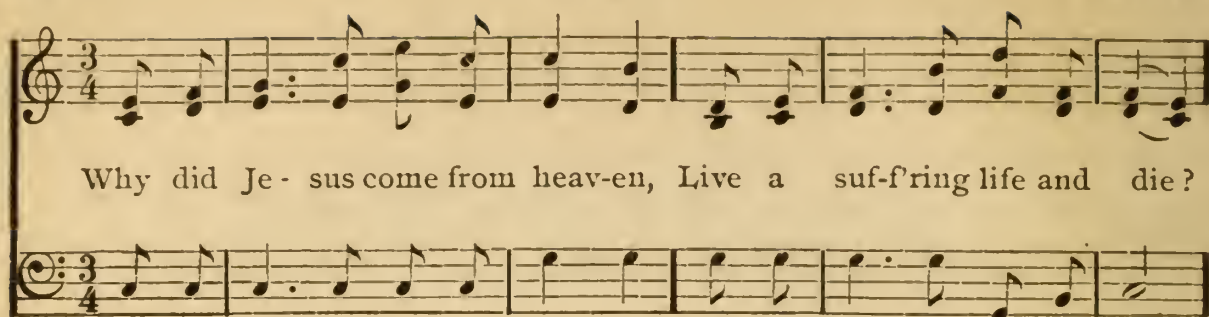
Sun and moon, re- joice be- fore Him, Praise Him, all ye stars and light :

Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken, Worlds His might-y voice o - beyed ;

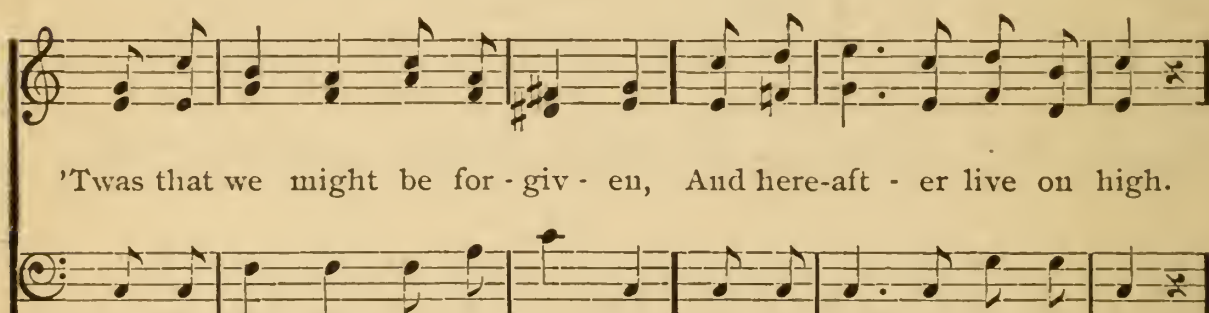
Laws which never shall be broken, For their guidance He hath made. A-MEN.

Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;
Never shall His promise fail ;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name !

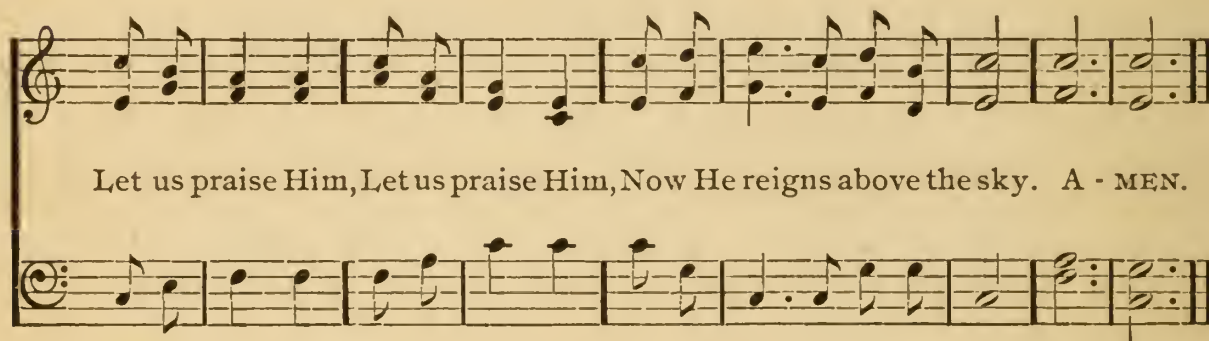
Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to Thy Name ;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
Join their Saviour to proclaim.
As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne ;
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done !



Why did Je - sus come from heav-en, Live a suf-f'ring life and die?



'Twas that we might be for - giv - en, And here-aft - er live on high.

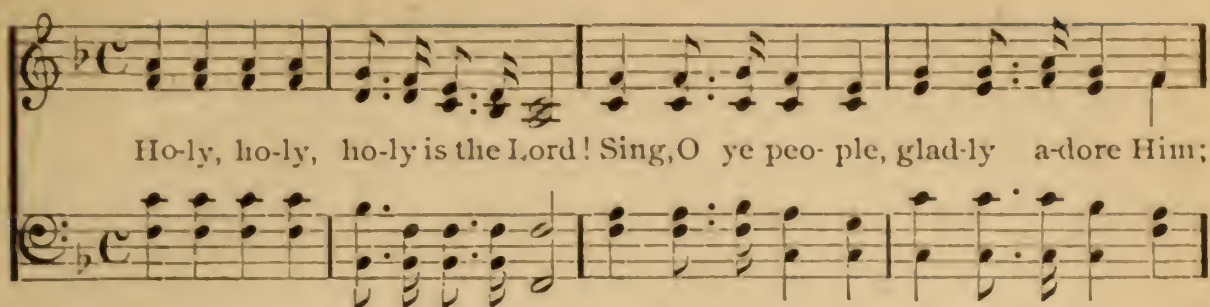


Let us praise Him, Let us praise Him, Now He reigns above the sky. A - MEN.

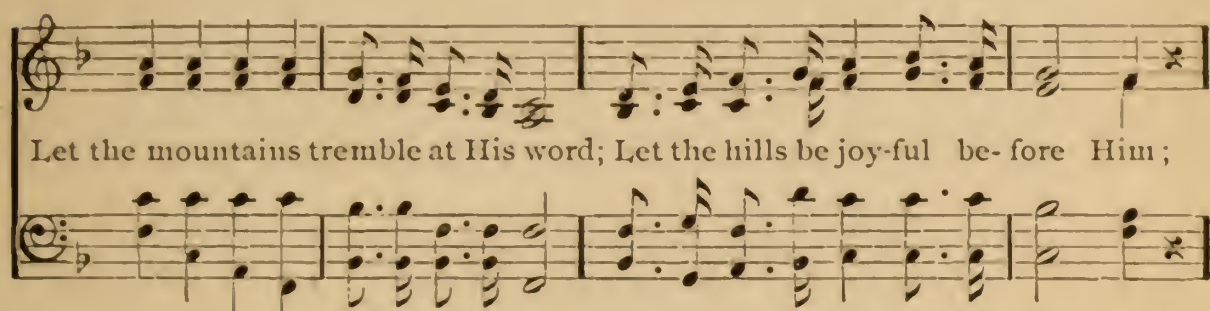
Jesus is the only Saviour,
 All our hope from Jesus springs;
 Jesus is the world's Redeemer,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings.
 Let us praise Him;
 For His grace salvation brings.

Jesus kindly will receive us,
 Who to Him for refuge flee;
 Jesus never can deceive us,
 Our unchanging friend is He.
 Let us praise Him;
 From our sins He sets us free.

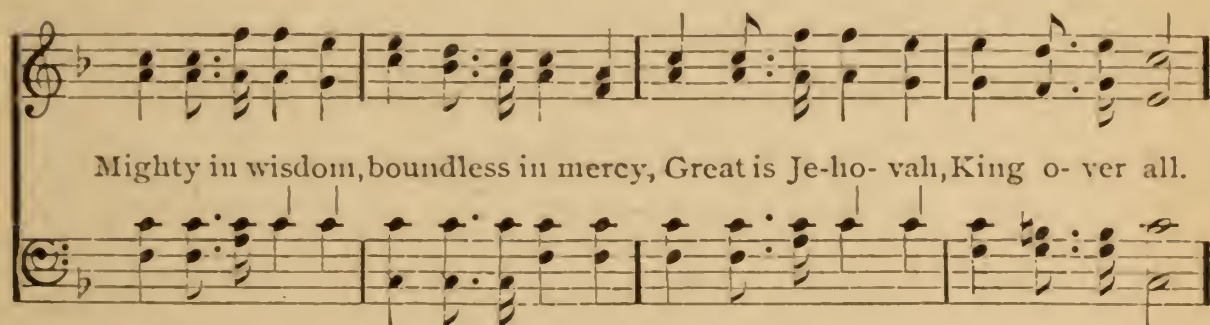
May we know His full salvation,
 And, when this short life is o'er,
 Reach that heavenly habitation,
 Whither he has gone before.
 May we praise Him,
 In His kingdom evermore.



Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo- ple, glad-ly a-dore Him;

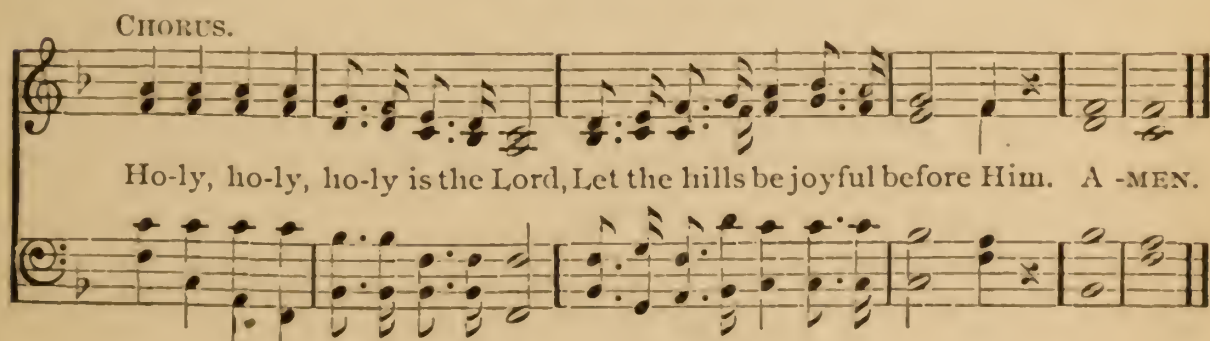


Let the mountains tremble at His word; Let the hills be joy-ful be-fore Him;



Mighty in wisdom, boundless in mercy, Great is Je-ho- vah, King o- ver all.

CHORUS.



Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joyful before Him. A -MEN.

Praise Him, praise Him! shout aloud for joy,
 Watchman of Sion, herald the story;
 Sin and death His kingdom shall destroy;
 All the earth shall sing of His glory;
 Praise him, ye angels, ye who behold Him
 Robed in His splendor, matchless, divine.—CHO.

King eternal, blesséd be His name!
 So may His children gladly adore Him,
 When in heaven we join the happy strain,
 When we cast our bright crowns before Him,
 There in His likeness joyful awaking,
 There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.—CHO.

37 (First Tune.)

Cranmer.

7777.

Praise the Lord with cheerful voice, Praise for ev - 'ry mer-cy giv'n;

Let the thankful heart re-joice, Boun-ties here and hope of heav'n. A - MEN.

Praise for His redeeming love,
That delivered from the grave;
Praise with ransomed ones above,
Christ who died our souls to save.

Praise Him now, amid the strife,
He's our strength, our shield, our tower;
Weak may be this struggling life;
Let our weakness praise His power.

Praise Him when the shadows fall,
And the way is dark, unknown;
Praise our Christ, our "all in all,"
He's our Lord and we His own.

Praise Him when our opened eyes
Visions see of distant shore;
Praise, and let our joys arise,
Till we see Him evermore.

Then for aye our song shall be
Praise for every mercy given;
Praise through all eternity,
Praise on earth and praise in heaven.

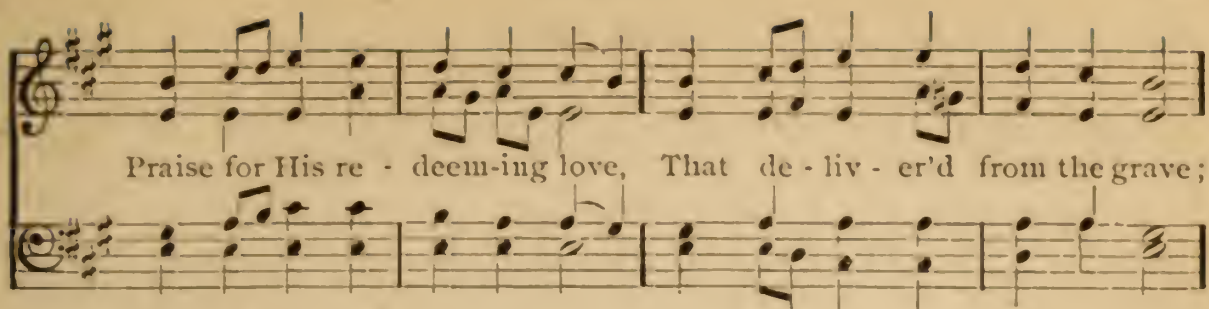
37 (Second Tune.)

Ridley.

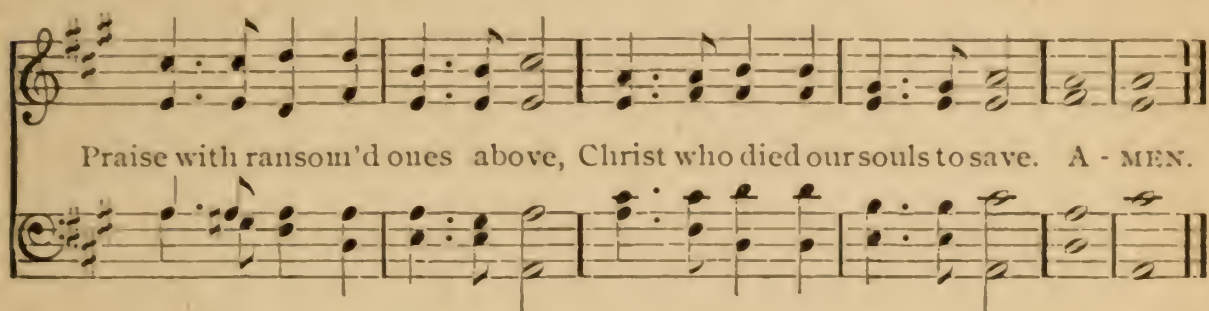
7777D.

Praise the Lord with cheerful voice, Praise for ev - 'ry mer-cy giv'n;

Let the thank-ful heart re-joice, Boun-ties here and hope of heav'n.



Praise for His re - deem-ing love, That de - liv - er'd from the grave ;

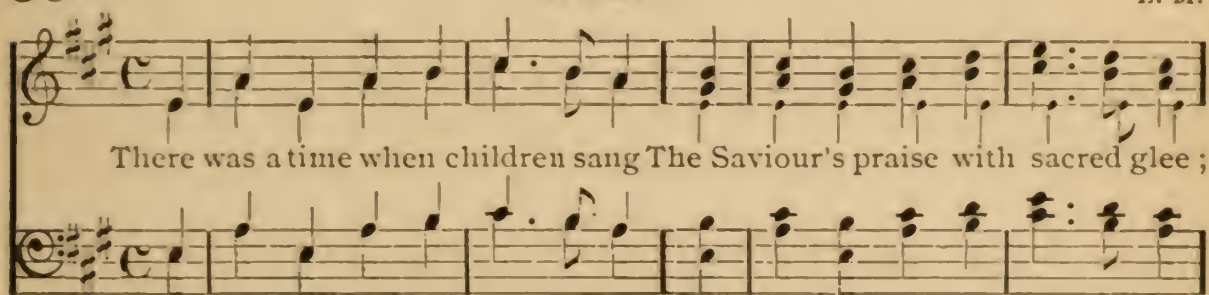


Praise with ransom'd ones above, Christ who died our souls to save. A - MEN.

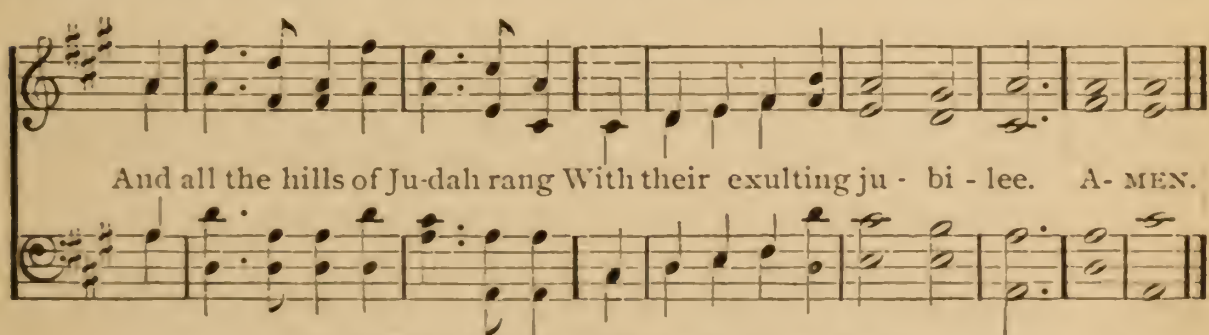
38

Israel.

L. M.



There was a time when children sang The Saviour's praise with sacred glee ;



And all the hills of Ju-dah rang With their exulting ju - bi - lee. A - MEN.

Oh, to have joined their rapturous songs,
And swelled their sweet hosannas high,
And blessed Him with our feeble tongues,
As He, the Man of grief, went by !

But Christ is now a glorious King,
And angels in His presence bow ;
The humble songs that we can sing,
Oh, can He, will He, hear them now ?

He can, He will, He loves to hear
The notes which babes and sucklings raise ;
Jesus, we come with trembling fear,
Oh, teach our hearts and tongues to praise !

We join the host around Thy throne,
Who once like us the desert trod ;
And thus we make their song our own—
Hosanna to the Son of God !

When His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Si - on Je - sus came,

The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - nas to His name,

Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He rode a - long,

He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song. A - MEN.

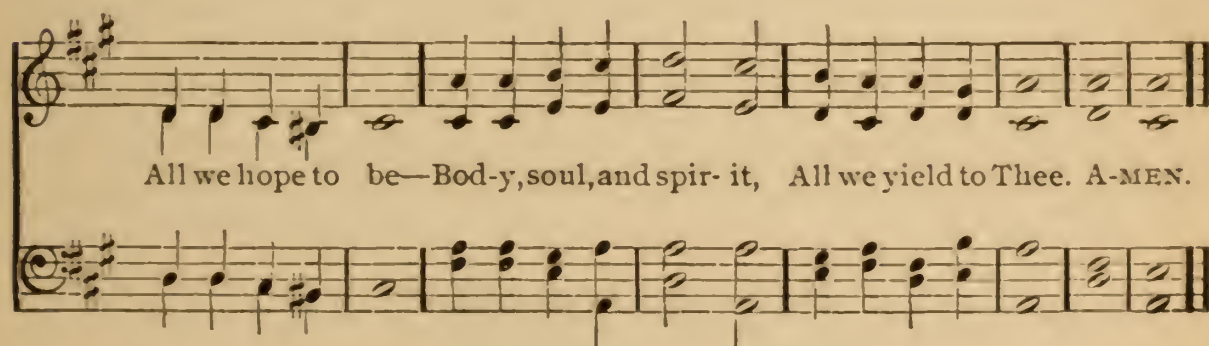
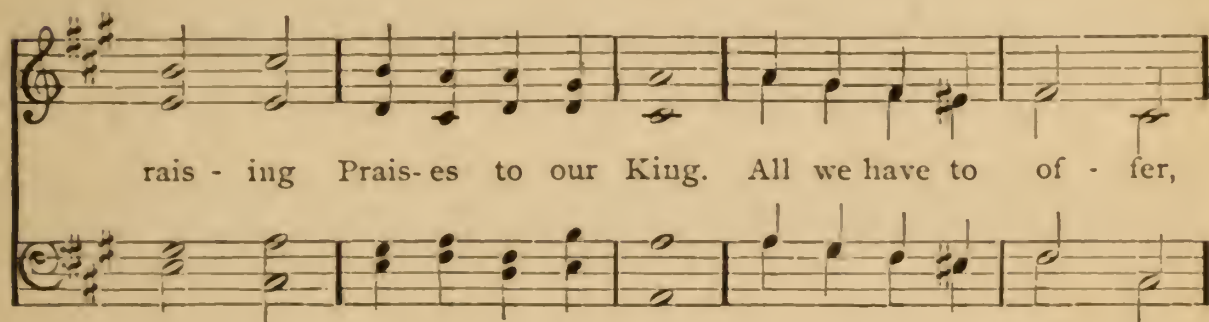
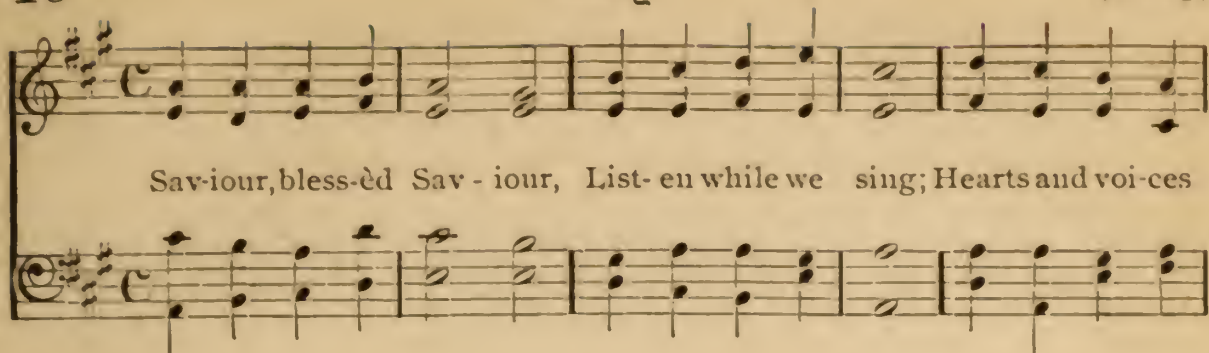
And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
In Sion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon His throne,
And cry aloud "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

40

Almp.

6565 D.



Farther, ever farther
From Thy wounded side,
Heedlessly we wandered,
Wandered far and wide;
Till Thou cam'st in mercy
Seeking young and old,
Lovingly to bear them,
Saviour, to Thy fold.

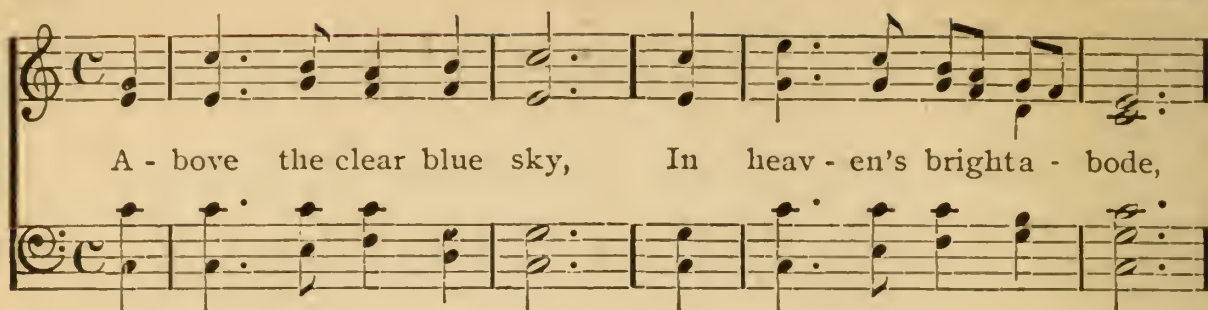
Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee.
Thou for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;

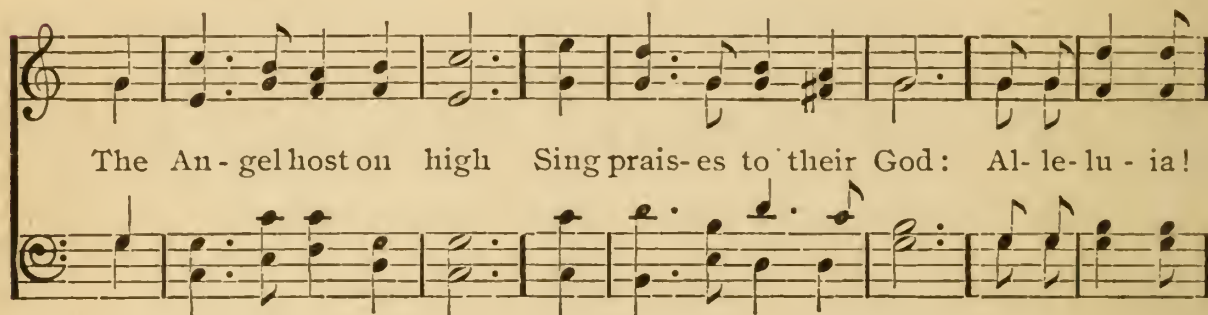
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

Dark, and ever darker,
Was the wintry past;
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeignèd,
Love that never dies.

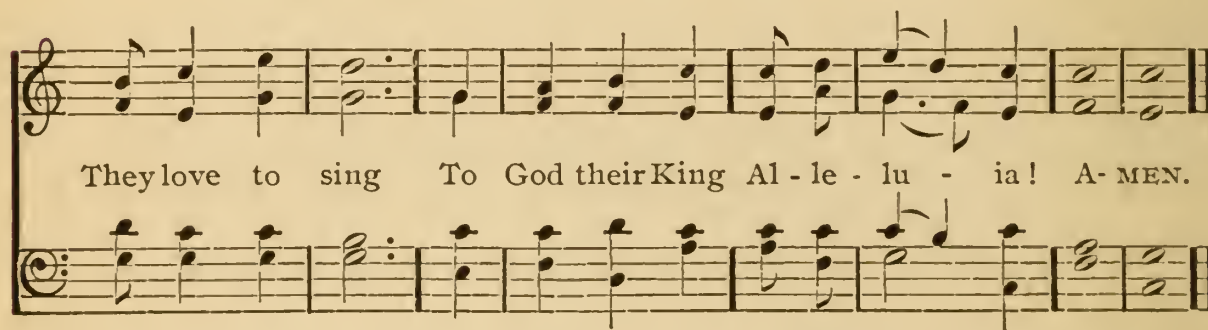
Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.



A - bove the clear blue sky, In heav - en's brighta - bode,



The An - gel host on high Sing prais - es to their God: Al - le - lu - ia!



They love to sing To God their King Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:

Alleluia!
● We too will sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.

Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

Oh! may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around;
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound,

Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia!

42

Sweet Alleluias.

11 10 11 11.

Sweet Al - le - lu - ias! the birds and the blos - soms

Chant forth in har - mo - ny, "Praise to the Lord."

Sweet Al - le - lu - ias from pen - i - tent bo - soms;

And An - gels in rap - ture re - ech - o the word. A - MEN.

Sweet Alleluias! the works of creation
 Praise Him Who only may e'er be adored;
 Sweeter the thrill of a new animation
 When sinners, new pardoned, sing, "Praise to the Lord!"

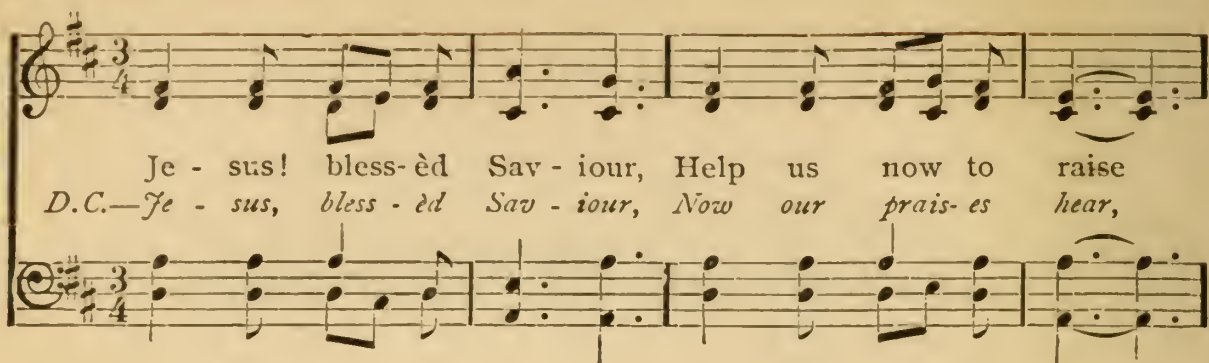
Sweet Alleluias to Jesus their Saviour:—
 All the bright Seraphim join in the song;
 Nations shall start from their evil behavior,
 And sweet Alleluias to Jesus prolong.

Sweet Alleluias! the great congregation
 Round the white Throne shall re-echo the word,
 Pass with their palms through the gates of salvation,
 With sweet Alleluias in praise to the Lord.

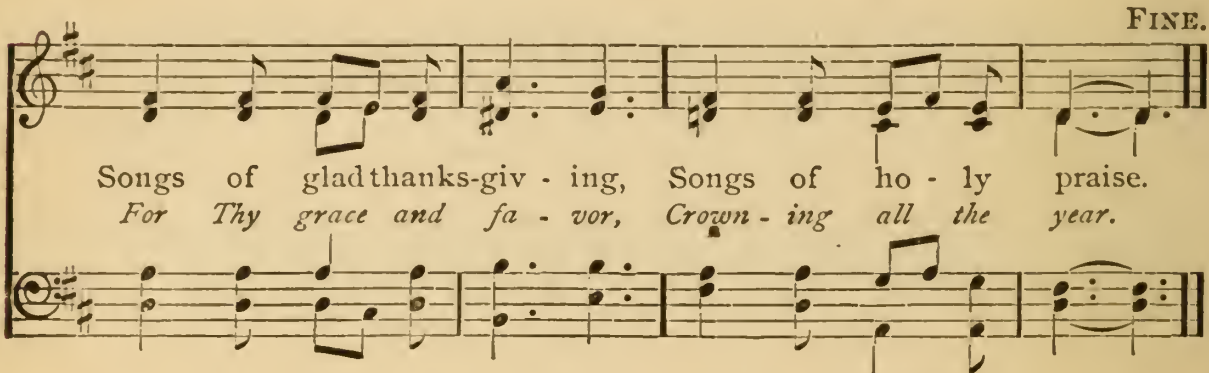
43 *Changed -*

Beckwith.

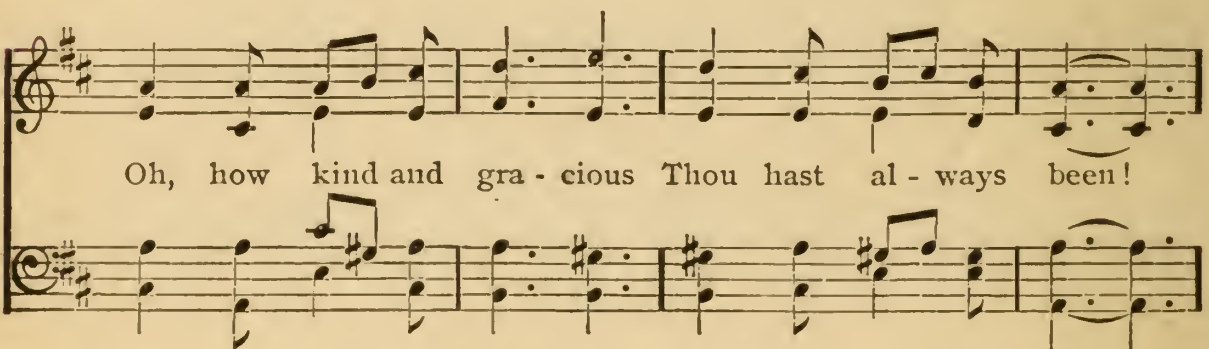
6565D.



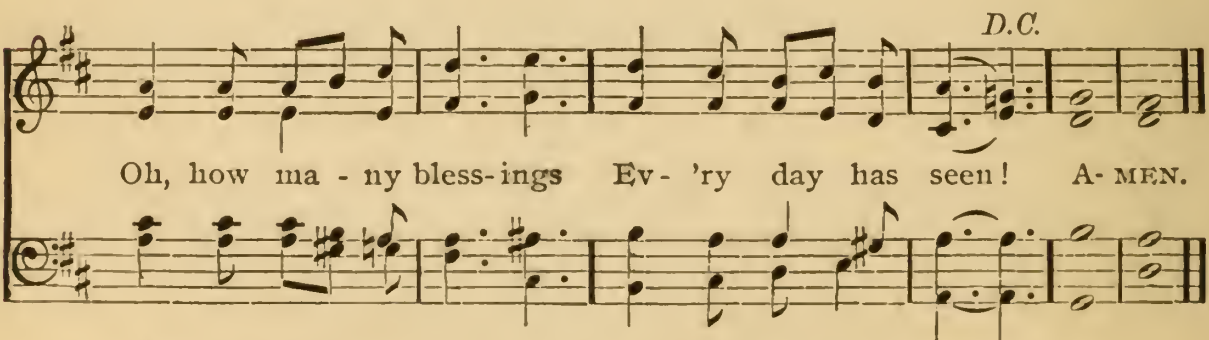
Je - sus! bless - ed Sav - iour, Help us now to raise
D.C.—Je - sus, bless - ed Sav - iour, Now our prais - es hear,



Songs of glad thanks-giv - ing, Songs of ho - ly praise.
 For Thy grace and fa - vor, Crown - ing all the year.



Oh, how kind and gra - cious Thou hast al - ways been!



D.C.
 Oh, how ma - ny bless - ings Ev - 'ry day has seen! A - MEN.

Jesus, holy Saviour,
 Only Thou can'st tell
 How we often stumbled,
 How we often fell!
 All our sins (so many!)
 Saviour, Thou dost know;
 In Thy blood most precious,
 Wash us white as snow.—CHO.

Jesus, loving Saviour,
 Only Thou dost know
 All that may befall us,
 As we onward go.

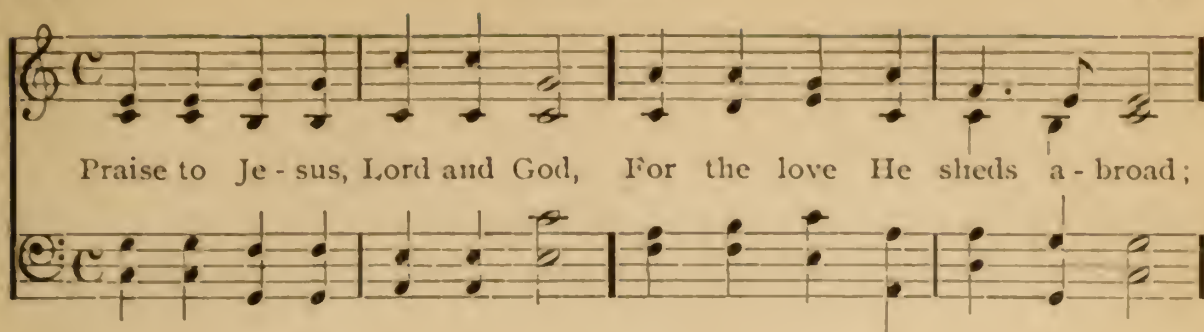
So we humbly pray Thee,
 Take us by the hand,
 Lead us ever upward
 To the better land.—CHO.

Jesus, precious Saviour,
 Make us all Thine own,
 Make us Thine for ever,
 Make us Thine alone.
 Let each day, each moment,
 Of the present year,
 Be for Jesus only,
 Jesus, Saviour dear.—CHO.

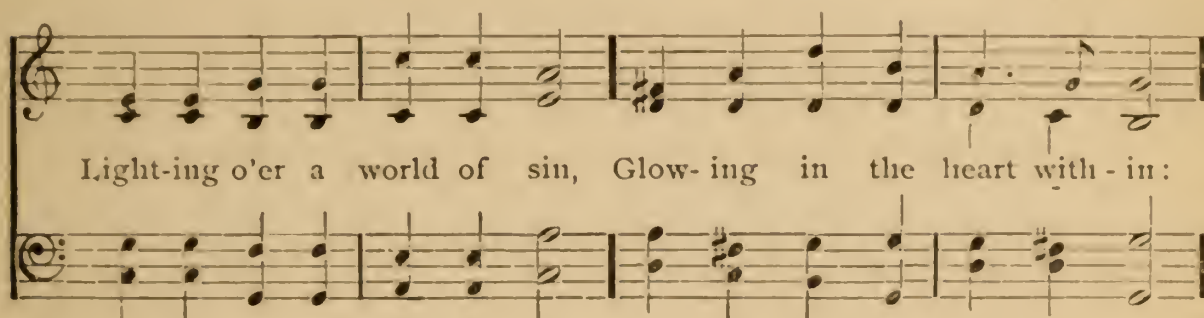
44

Stafford.

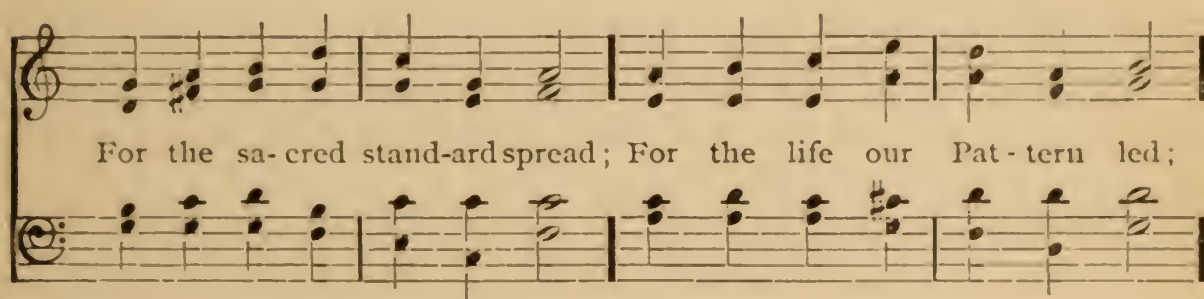
7777D.



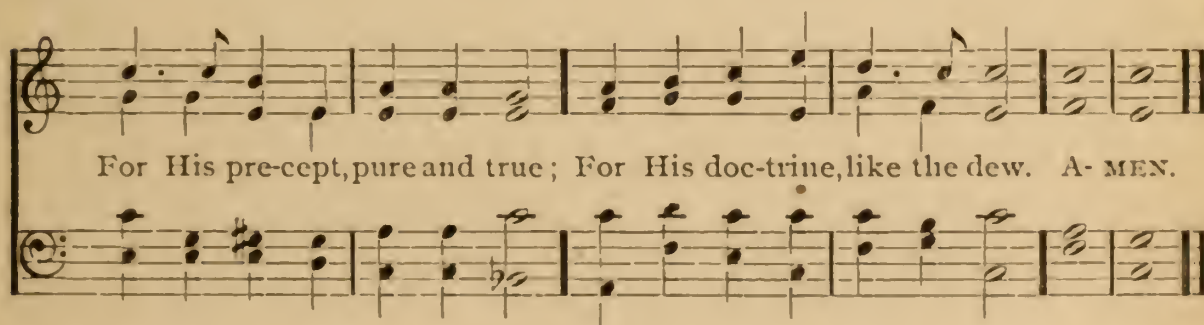
Praise to Je - sus, Lord and God, For the love He sheds a - broad;



Light-ing o'er a world of sin, Glow-ing in the heart with-in:



For the sa-cred stand-ardspread; For the life our Pat-tern led;



For His pre-cept, pure and true; For His doc-trine, like the dew. A - MEN.

For His love's inviting call,
All embracing, seeking all,
For the grace and truth He brought;
For the ransom He hath wrought;
For the crown of thorns He wore;
For the painful cross He bore;
For the dying words He said;
For the Blood of sprinkling shed;

For the radiant rising dawn;
For the sting of death withdrawn;
For the victory gained so well
O'er the grave, and sin, and hell;
For the parting promise dear
Of His presence ever near;
For the blest assurance made
D Of His intercession's aid;

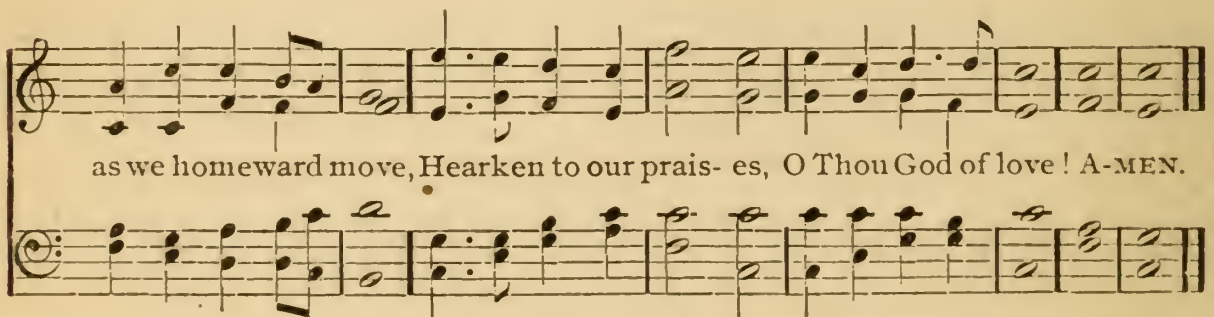
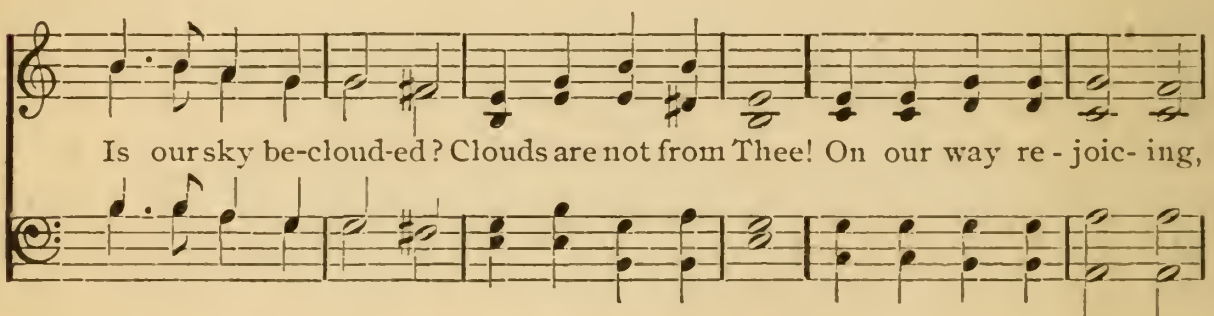
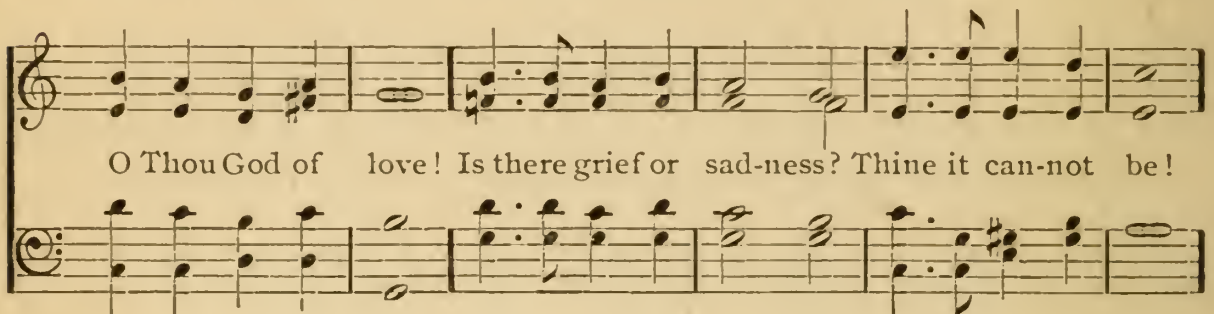
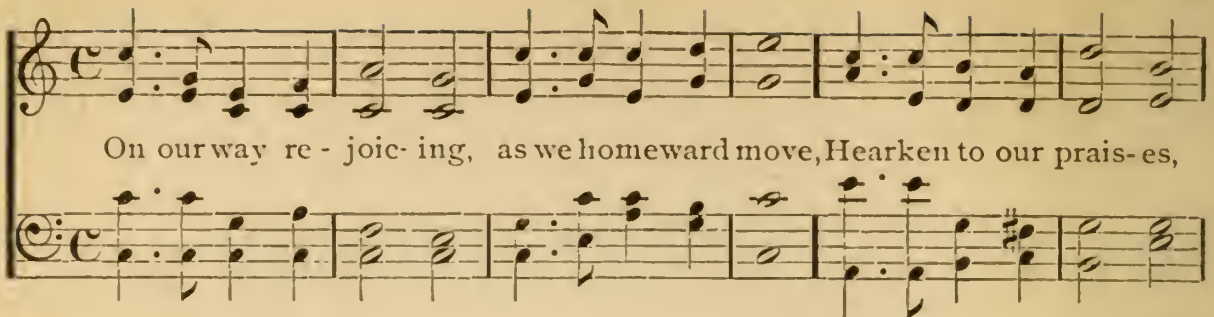
For His glorious reign on high,
When He rose from Bethany;
For the heavenly peace He leaves;
For the Holy Ghost He gives;
For the pledge that we shall rise,
In His likeness, to the skies;
For the merciful decree
That our Friend our Judge shall be.

All redeeming bounty gives;
All that humble faith receives;
All that drooping hope uplifts;
All that love with favor gifts;
Saviour, these to Thee we owe;
From Thy dying love they flow:
And we praise, for love so free,
Jesus, Word Incarnate, Thee.

45

Salem.

6565D.



If with honest-hearted love for God and man,
 Day by day Thou find us doing what we can,
 Thou Who giv'st the seed-time wilt give large increase,
 Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace.
 On our way rejoicing, etc.

On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;
 Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe!
 Christ without, our safety, Christ within, our joy;
 Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?
 On our way rejoicing, etc.

Unto God the Father joyful songs we sing;
 Unto God the Saviour thankful hearts we bring;
 Unto God the Spirit bow we and adore,
 On our way rejoicing now and evermore!
 On our way rejoicing, etc.

Copy to claim
Amos 2: 10

PRAISE.

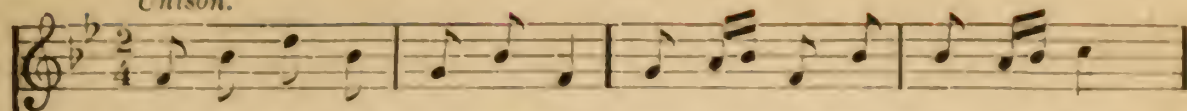
49

46

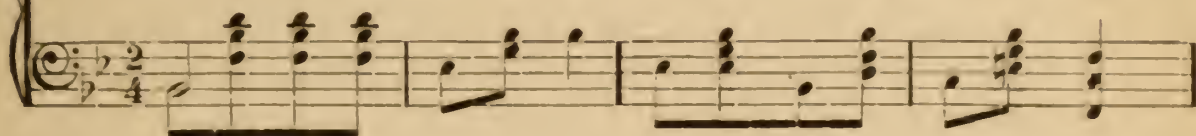
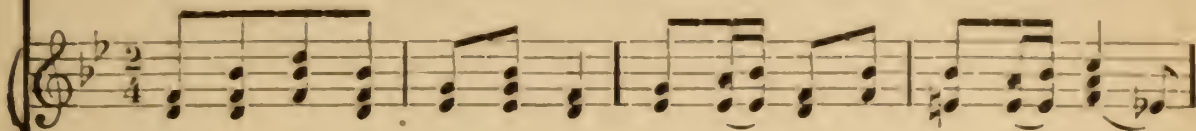
Auslin.

7777 D.

Unison.



Glo-ry to the Fa-ther give, God, in whom we move and live;
Glo-ry to the Ho-ly Ghost, He re claims the sin - ner lost;



F.

FINE.



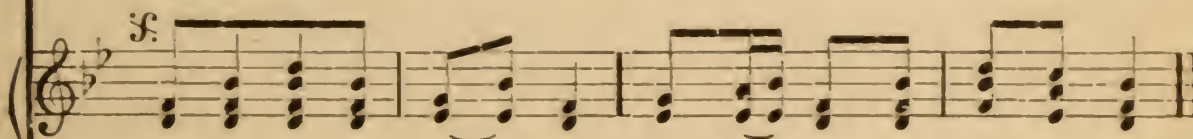
Children's pray'rs He deigns to hear, Chil- dren's songs de- light His ear.

D.C.— Chil-dren, raise your sweet- est strain To the Lamb, for He was slain.

Children's minds may He in- spire, Touch their tongues with ho - ly fire.

D.C.— For the gos- pel from a - bove, For the word that "God is Love."

F.



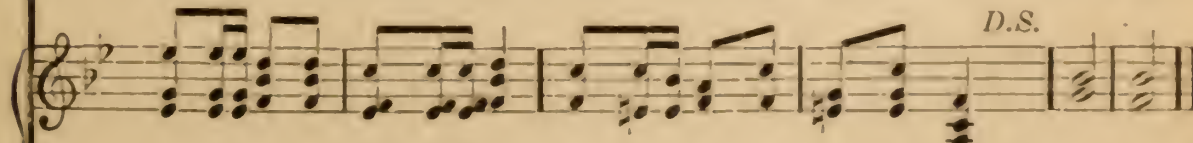
D.S.



Glo-ry to the Son we bring, Christ, our Prophet Priest, and King.

Glo-ry in the high-est be To the bless-èd Trin - i - ty. A- MEN.

D.S.



Rev. A. G. Montague

47 (First Tune.)

St. Stephen's.

7777.

Praise, O praise our God and King; Hymns of ad - o - ra - tion sing;

For His mercies still en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure. A - MEN.

Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;

For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him for our harvest store
He hath filled the garner-floor;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And for richer Food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One.

47 (Second Tune.)

Monkland.

7777.

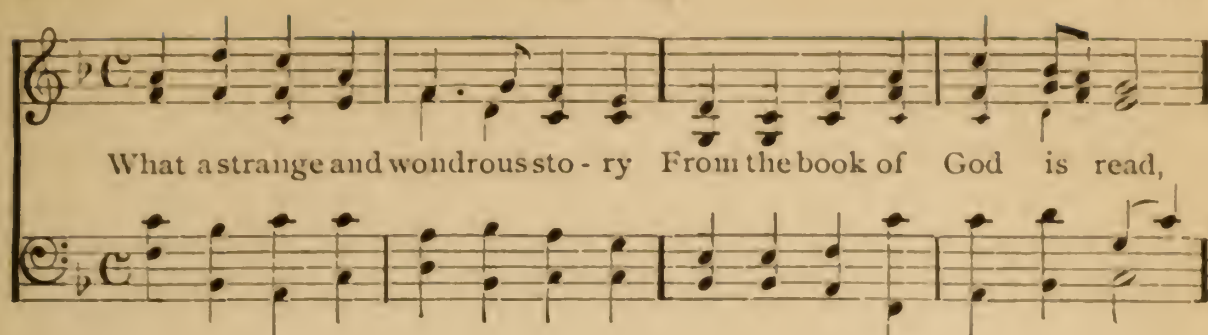
Praise, O praise our God and King; Hymns of ad - o - ra - tion sing;

For His mer-cies still en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure. A - MEN.

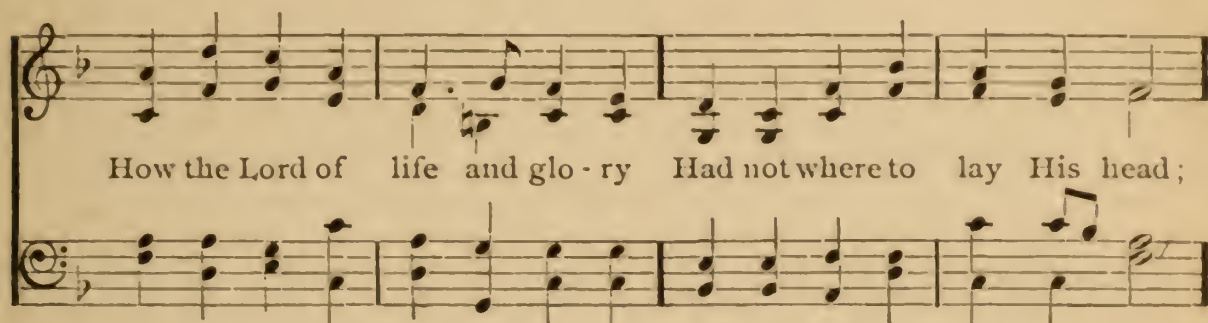
48

Bethphage.

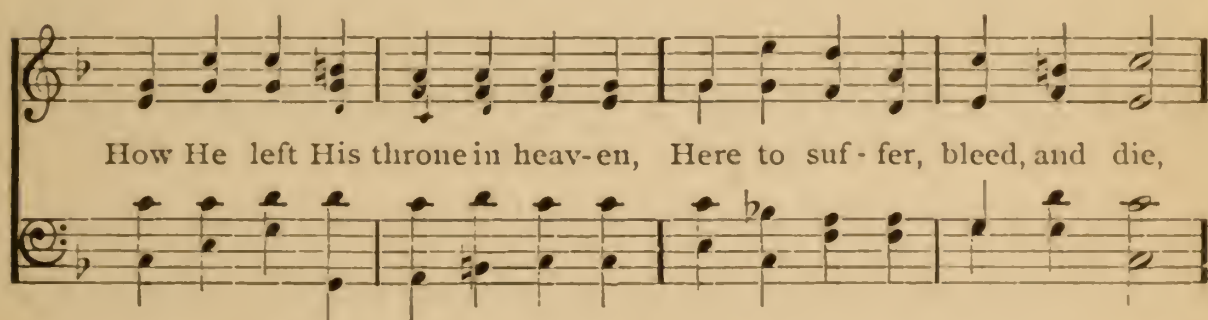
8787 D.



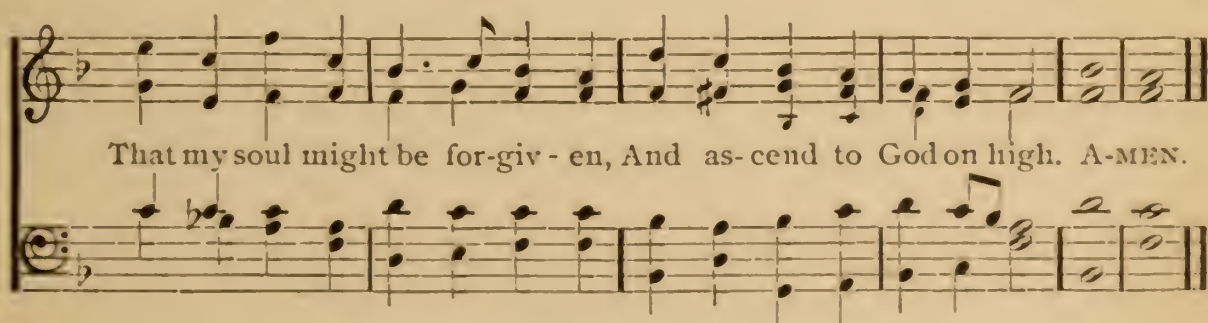
What a strange and wondrous sto - ry From the book of God is read,



How the Lord of life and glo - ry Had not where to lay His head;



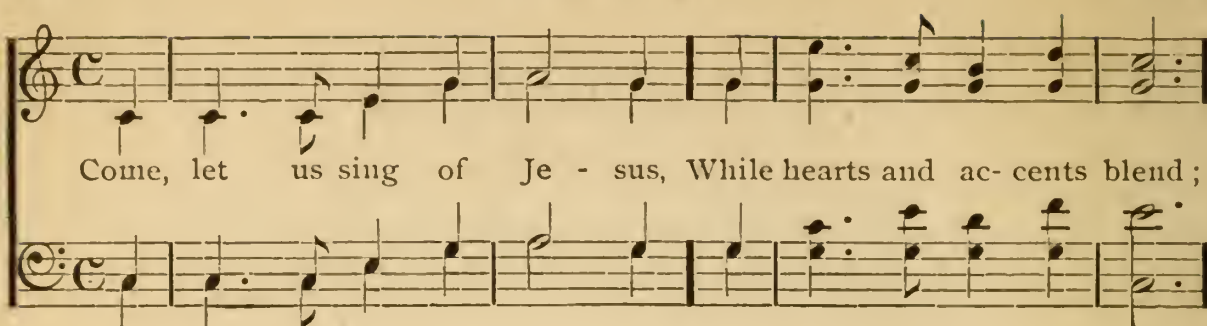
How He left His throne in heav - en, Here to suf - fer, bleed, and die,



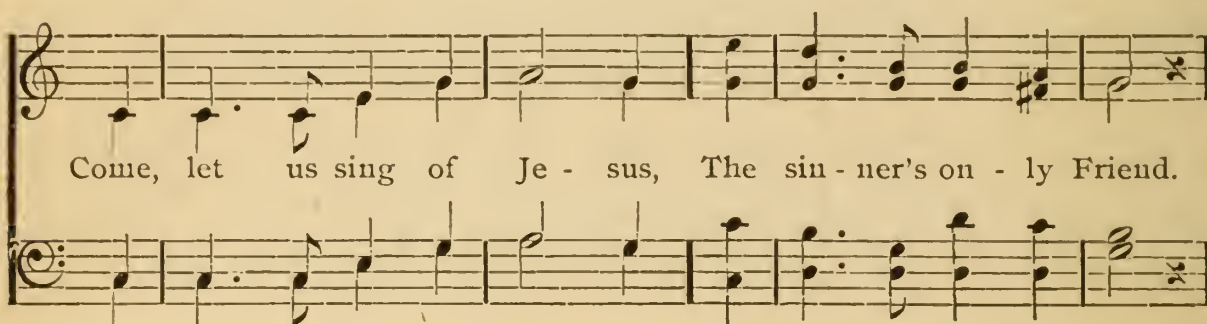
That my soul might be for - giv - en, And as - cend to God on high. A - MEN.

While I bless the Hand which gave me
 Life and health and all things here,
 O may He who died to save me,
 To my soul be very dear.
 Jesus Christ, my Lord, and Saviour,
 Let me not ungrateful be;
 Let my words and my behavior
 Prove I love and honor Thee.

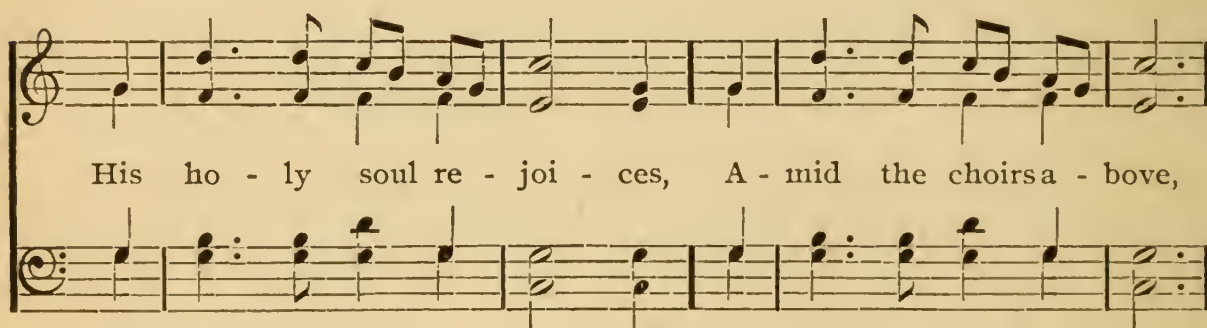
Father, let Thy Holy Spirit
 Still reveal a Saviour's love,
 And prepare me to inherit
 Glory, where He reigns above.
 There with saints and angels dwelling,
 May I that great love proclaim,
 And with them be ever telling
 All the wonders of His Name.



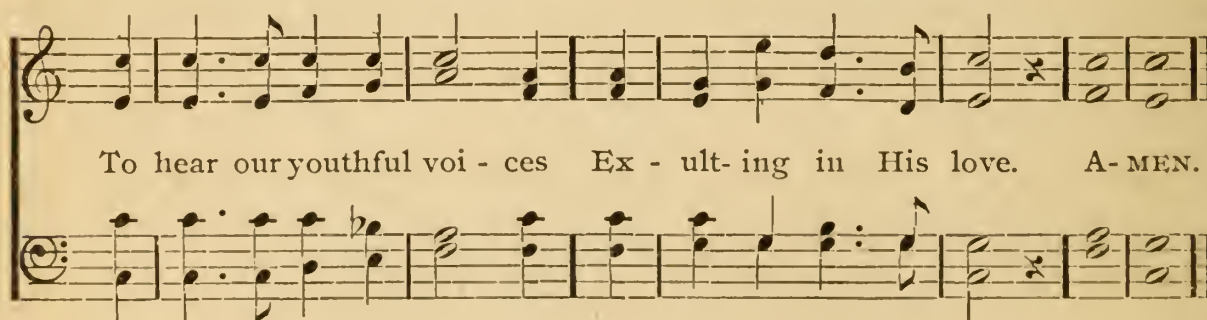
Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac - cents blend ;



Come, let us sing of Je - sus, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend.



His ho - ly soul re - joi - ces, A - mid the choirs a - bove,



To hear our youthful voi - ces Ex - ult - ing in His love. A - MEN.

We love to sing of Jesus,
 Who wept our path along ;
 We love to sing of Jesus,
 The tempted and the strong.
 None who besought His healing
 He passed unheeded by ;
 And still retains His feeling
 For us above the sky.

We love to sing of Jesus,
 Who died our souls to save ;
 We love to sing of Jesus,
 Triumphant o'er the grave ;

And 'in our hour of danger
 We'll trust His love alone
 Who once slept in a manger,
 And now sits on the throne.

Then let us sing of Jesus,
 While yet on earth we stay,
 And hope to sing of Jesus,
 Throughout eternal day.
 For those who here confess Him
 He will in heaven confess ;
 And faithful hearts that bless Him
 He will for ever bless.

50

Werburch.

878787.

Praise my soul, the King of heav-en, To His feet thy trib - ute bring ;

Ransom'd, heal'd, restor'd, for-giv-en, Ev-er-more His prais-es sing ;

Al-le-lu-ia ! Al-le-lu-ia ! Praise the ev - er - last-ing King. A- MEN.

Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height adore Him !
Yet behold Him face to face ;
Saints triumphant bow before Him !
Gathered in from every race ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise with us the God of grace.

51

Harrow.

7676D.

O Sav-iour, precious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love,

O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove ;

We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing ;

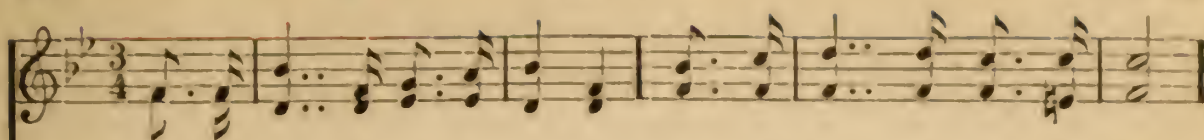
We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King. A - MEN.

O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought ;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing ;
We praise Thee and confess Thee,
Our gracious Lord and King.

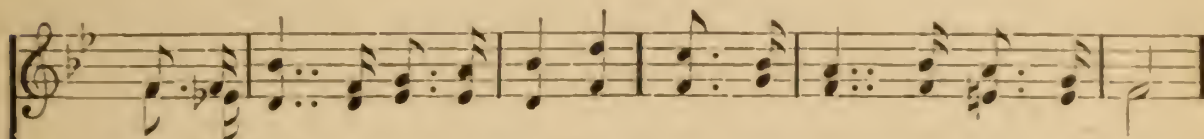
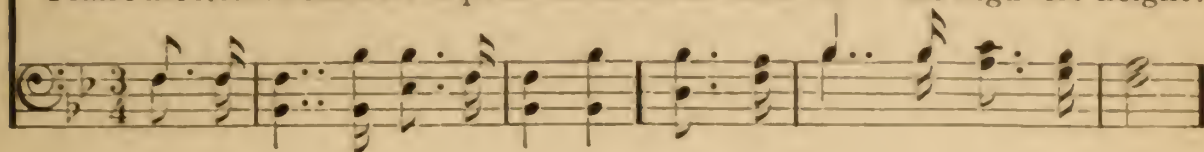
In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine ;
The glory that excelletli,
O Son of God, is Thine ;

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing ;
We praise Thee and confess Thee,
Our glorious Lord and King.

Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love ;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee,
Our Saviour and our King.



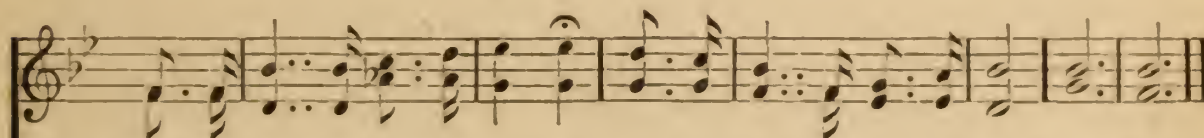
Praise the Lord! from heaven praise Him! Praise Him in the high-est height!



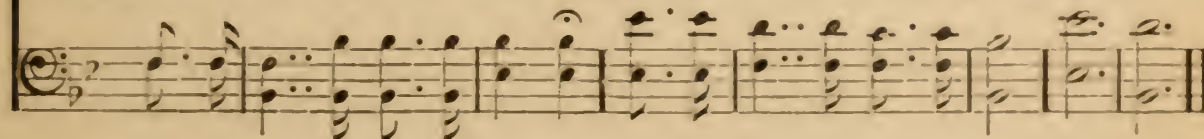
Praise Him, all ye an-gels, praise Him! Sun and moon, and stars of light!



Praise Him, all ye heaven of heavens; Wa - t'ry wastes a - bove our gaze—



Praise the Lord, who hath commanded, And creates you for His praise. A - MEN.

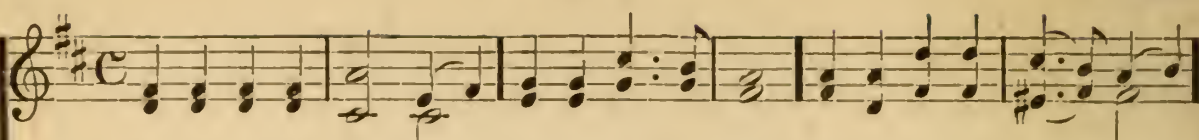


He the floods hath set forever,
Bound them by divine decree;
Praise the Lord, the glorious giver!
Earth, and creatures of the sea!
Fire and hail, and snow and vapor,
Stormy wind that works His will,
Fruitful tree and towering cedar,
Mountain rude, and rolling hill!

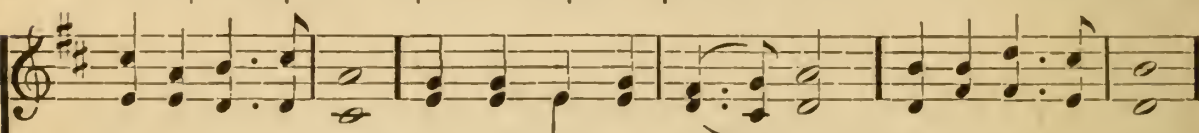
Praise Him, beasts that wildly wander,
Gentle herds in human care,
Creeping things, a countless number,
Flying fowl that fill the air;

Praise Him, kings and princes, praise
All ye people join in one; [Him!
Let the rulers bow before Him;
Youth and maiden, sire and son!

Let them sing His praise forever,
For His name alone is great;
High above the earth and heaven
Is His glory and His state!
Power He giveth to His people,
Praise He doth His saints afford;
E'en to Israel, ever near Him—
Praise, all people, praise the Lord!

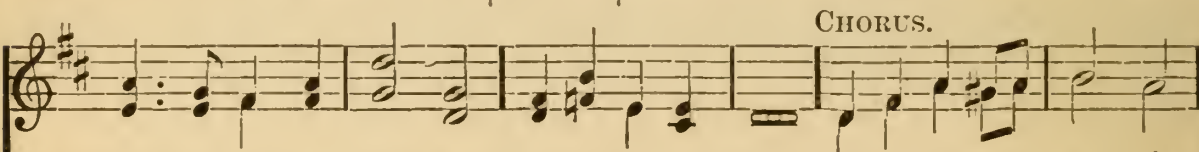


Round the throne of glo-ry, Circling cheru - bim Raise their hallowed voices,

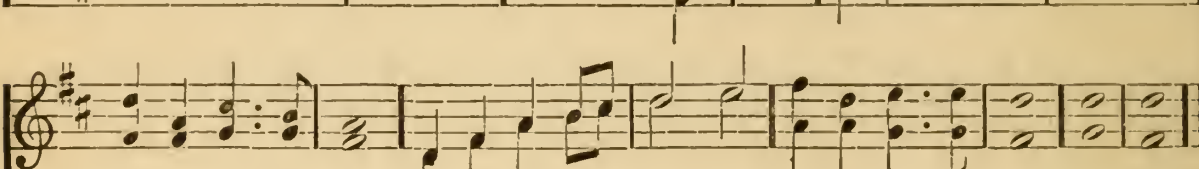


In the sacred hymn. True their notes are blended, Loud the strains they raise,

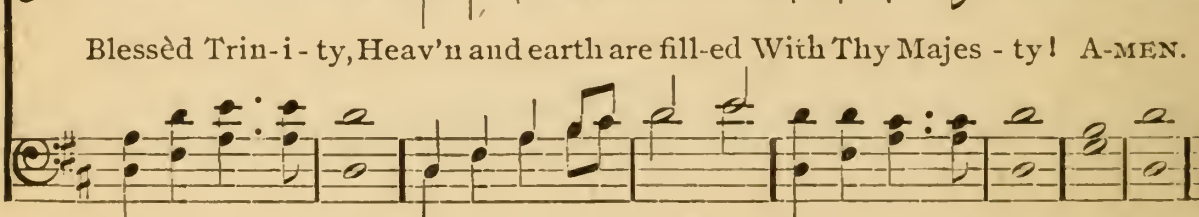
CHORUS.



'Thro' the court se - ter - nal, Rolls the song of praise; Holy, ho - ly, ho - ly,



Blessèd Trin-i - ty, Heav'n and earth are fill-ed With Thy Majes - ty! A-MEN.



Earth hath many voices
Blended with the sea,
Pealing forth the anthem
Of their praise to Thee;
Night and day it rises,
Mingling with the song
Which these sacred singers
Endlessly prolong.—CHO.

Where the city steeple
And the village spire
Points each faithful toiler
To his soul's desire,
There in faith we gather,
There our homage pay,
Prayer and praise we offer
On each hallowed day.—CHO.

One our heavenly Father,
Round whose throne we meet
One our great Redeemer,
One our Paraclete;
Bound in living union,
By one holy tie,
In Thy sacred presence,
Triune God, we cry:—CHO.

Raise the hymn of triumph!
Heaven and earth and sea,
Roll your thousand voices
Forth in harmony!
Voices young and aged,
Voices grand in song,
Blend them, singers holy,
Loud the strain prolong.—CHO.

54 (First Tune.)

Bernard.

C. M.

Will God who made the earth and sea, The night and shin-ing day,

Re-gard a lit - tle child like me, And list - en when I pray? A-MEN.

If I am hungry, poor, and cold,
Then will He hear my cry?
And when I shall be sick and old,
Oh, then will God be nigh?

Yes; in His holy word we read
Of His unfailing love;
And when His mercy most we need,
His mercy He will prove.

To those who seek Him He is near,
He looks upon the heart;
And from the humble and sincere
He never will depart.

54 (Second Tune.)

Tiverton.

C. M.

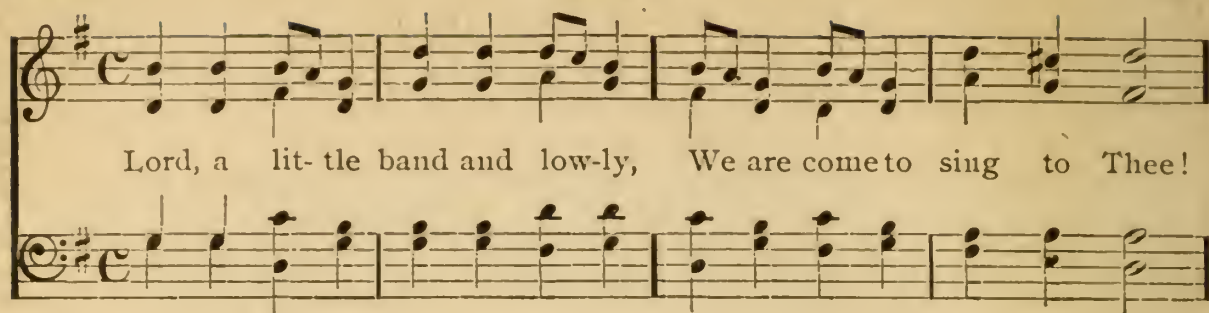
Will God who made the earth and sea, The night and shin-ing day,

Re - gard a lit - tle child like me, And list - en when I pray? A-MEN.

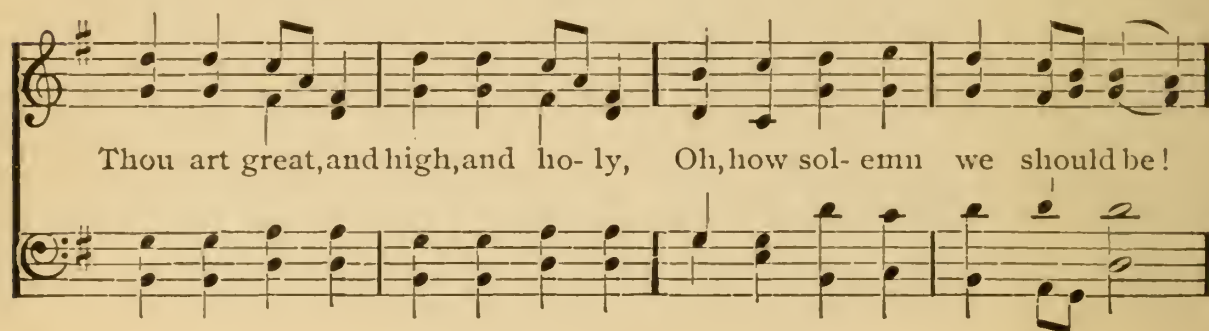
55

Woodford.

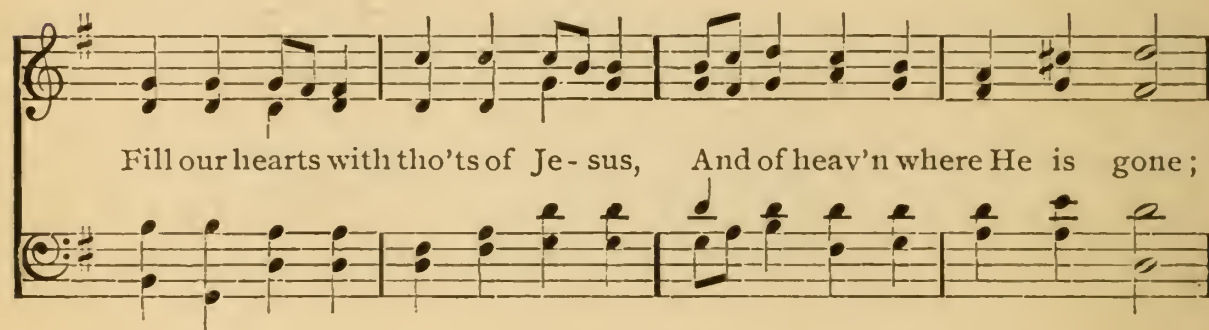
8787D.



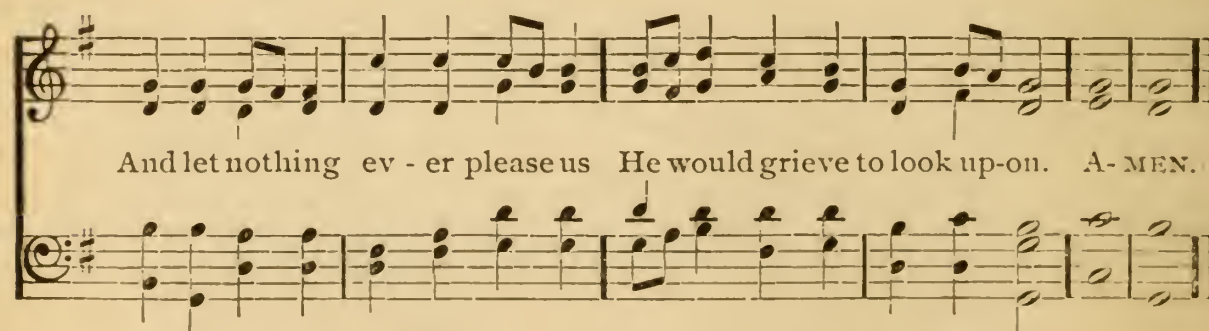
Lord, a lit- tle band and low-ly, We are come to sing to Thee!



Thou art great, and high, and ho- ly, Oh, how sol- emn we should be!



Fill our hearts with tho'ts of Je- sus, And of heav'n where He is gone;



And let nothing ev - er please us He would grieve to look up-on. A- MEN.

For we know the Lord of glory
 Always sees what children do,
 And is writing now the story
 Of our thoughts and actions, too.
 Let our sins be all forgiven;
 Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
 Lead us on our way to heaven,
 There to sing a nobler song.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above.
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

56

Stevens.

6565 D.

Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list- 'ning ear;

When we bow be - fore Thee, Deign our praise to hear.

Though Thou art so ho - ly, Heav'n's Al - might - y King,

Thou wilt stoop to list - en, When Thy praise we sing. A - MEN.

We are helpless children,
 Weak and apt to stray;
 Saviour, guide and keep us
 In the heavenly way.
 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
 Watch us day by day,
 Help us now to love Thee,
 Take our sins away.

Strengthen us for duty;
 While on earth we live,
 May we to Thy service
 Our best talents give.
 Then when Jesus calls us
 To our heavenly home,
 We would gladly answer,
 Saviour, Lord, we come.

57 (First Tune.)

Wadleigh.

7775.

“Je- sus! Shepherd of the sheep, Who Thy Fa- ther’s flock dost keep,

Safe we wake and safe we sleep, Guard-ed still by Thee. A - MEN.

“In Thy promise firm we stand,
None can pluck us from Thy hand;
Speak—we hear—at Thy command,
We will follow Thee.

“By Thy tears o’er sinners shed,
By the thorns that crowned Thy head,
By Thy wound all streaming red,
Draw our hearts to Thee.

“By Thy blood our souls were bought
By Thy life salvation wrought,

By Thy light our feet are taught,
Lord, to follow Thee.

“Father! draw us to Thy Son;
We with joy will follow on,
Till the work of grace be done,
And from sin set free.

“We in robes of glory drest,
Join th’ assembly of the blest,
Gathered to eternal rest,
In the fold with Thee.”

57 (Second Tune.)

Charlton.

7775.

“Je-sus! Shepherd of the sheep, Who Thy Fa- ther’s flock dost keep,

Safe we wake and safe we sleep, Guarded still by Thee. A - MEN.

58

Dabney.

87877.

God the Fa - ther who didst make me, To a -

-dore and wor - ship Thee, Who didst fash - ion

and cre - ate me Thine for ev - er more to

be, Thine for ev - er more to be. A - MEN.

Often from Thy ways I've wandered
E'en each day and every hour,
Time so precious spent and squandered,
Let me now with tears deplore.

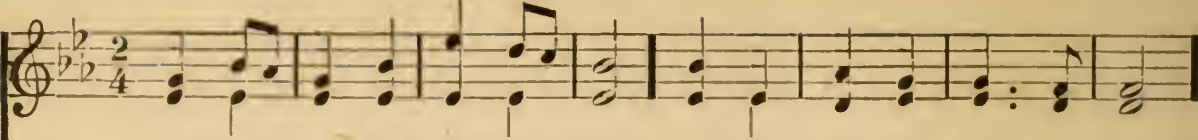
Jesus Christ who didst redeem me
From eternal misery,
Who didst shed Thy blood to save me
On the cross of Calvary.

Oh! what sorrow there I caused Thee,
Oh, what bitter agony,
By that cross I now beseech Thee,
Look with pity down on me.

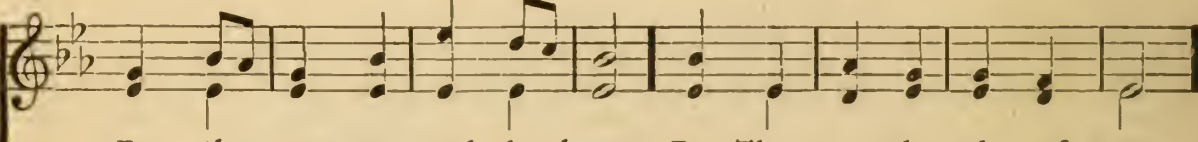
Holy Ghost whose grace descended,
Tongues of fire to strengthen me,
By which grace my soul was cleansed
From my dark iniquity.

Many gifts of time I've slighted,
Gifts bestowed so lovingly,
But for love so unrequited,
Now at last Thy child I'll be.

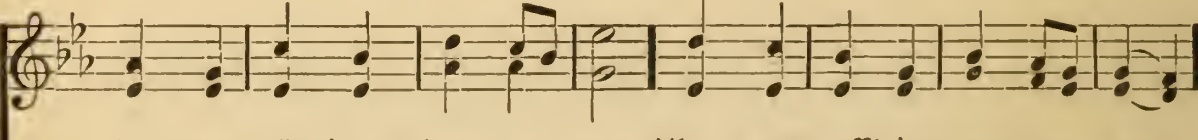
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Ever blessed Trinity,
Oh! what love from me They merit
For such wondrous charity.



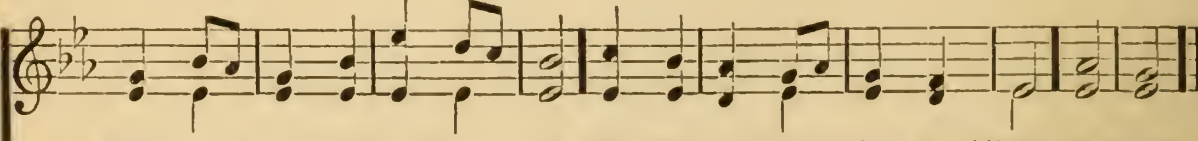
By the blood that flowed from Thee, In Thy bit-ter ag-o-ny,



By the scourge so meek-ly borne, By Thy purple robe of scorn,



Je-sus, Saviour, hear our cry. Thou wert suff'ring once as we,



Hear our sol-emn Lit-an-y, We, Thy chil-dren, sing to Thee. A-MEN.

By the thorns that crowned Thy head,
 By Thy sceptre of a reed,
 By Thy footstep faint and slow,
 Weighed beneath Thy cross of woe,
 Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.

By the nails and pointed spear,
 By the people's cruel jeer,
 By Thy dying prayer which rose,
 Begging mercy for Thy foes,
 Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.

By the darkness thick as night,
 Blotting out the sun from sight,
 By the cry with which in death,
 Thou didst yield Thy parting breath,
 Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.

60 (First Tune.)

Innocents.

7777.

Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;

Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty, Teach me, Lord, to come to Thee. A - MEN.

Put Thy hands upon my head;
Let me in Thine arms be stayed;
Let me lean upon Thy breast;
Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

Hold me fast in Thine embrace;
Let me see Thy smiling face;
Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give;
Pray for me, and I shall live.

Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

Let me, above all, fulfill
God my Heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One:
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.

60 (Second Tune.)

Peebles.

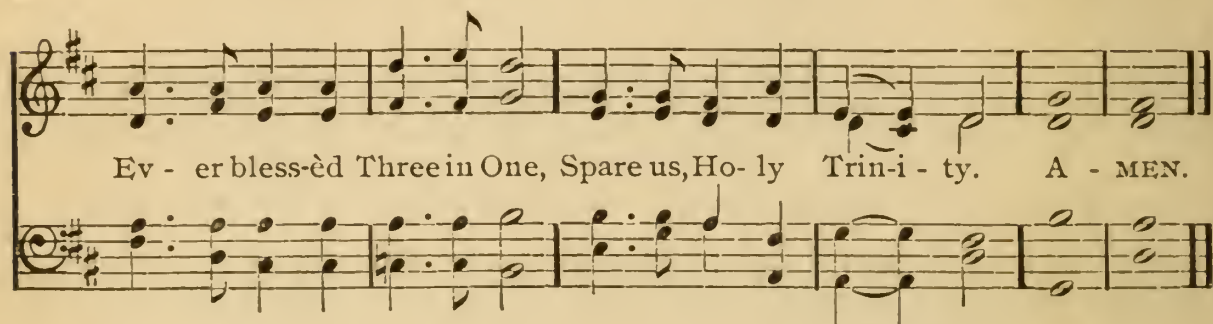
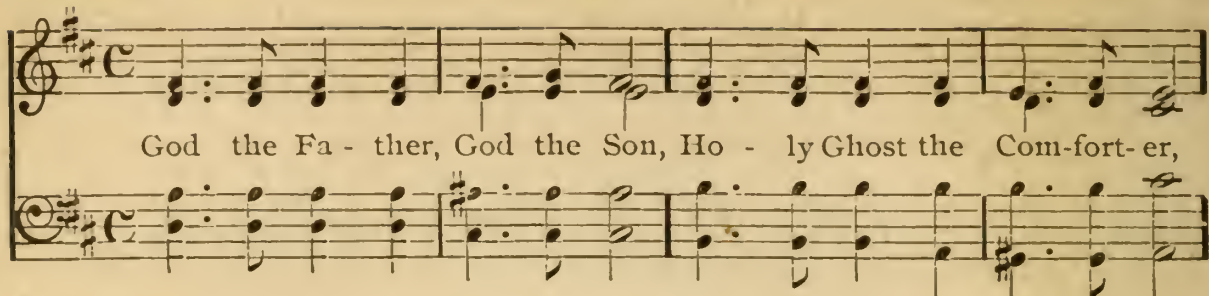
7777.

Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;

Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty, Teach me, Lord, to come to Thee. A - MEN.

*Rev A. J. Montmer***61** (First Tune.)**Litany.**

7776.

**PART II.**

Jesus, Who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Thou, Who leaving crown and throne,
Camest here an outcast lone;
That Thou mightest save Thine own;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Thou, Who didst with sinners eat,
And with loving words didst greet
Mary weeping at Thy feet;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Thou, Whose gentle look didst chide
Peter when he thrice denied,
Till in grief he wept and sighed;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Thou, Who hanging on the tree,
To the thief saidst, "Thou with Me
To-day in Paradise shalt be;"
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Thou, Who from the cross didst reign,
Dying there in bitter pain,
Cleansing with Thy blood our stain;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

SHEPHERD of the wandering sheep,
Comforter of them that weep,
Hear us crying from the deep;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace,
That we ever seek Thy face;
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

That denying evil lust,
Living godly, meek and just,
In Thee only we may trust;
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

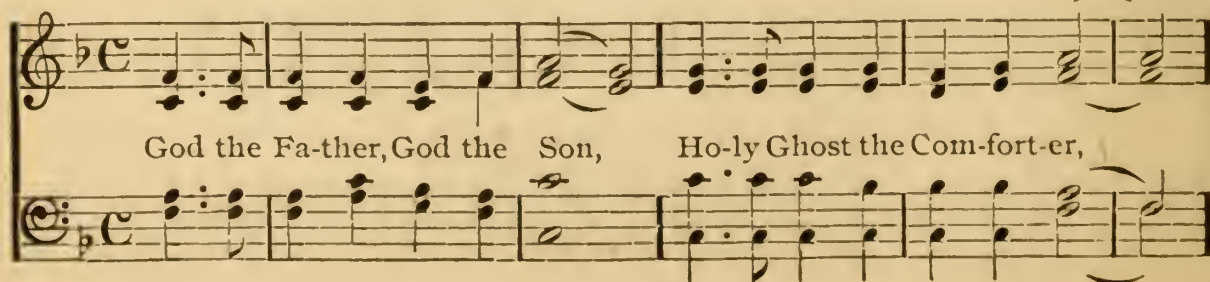
When temptation sore is rife,
When we faint amidst the strife,
Thou, Whose death hath been our life,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

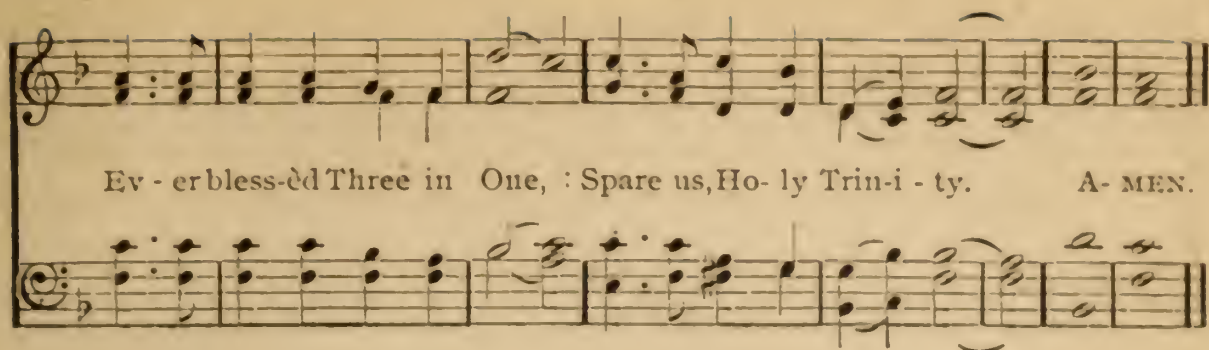
While on stormy seas we toss,
Let us count all things as loss
But Thee only and Thy Cross;
Save us, Holy Jesus.

When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Peace and rest for evermore,
Grant us, Holy Jesus.

61 (Second Tune.)**Gottle.**

7776.



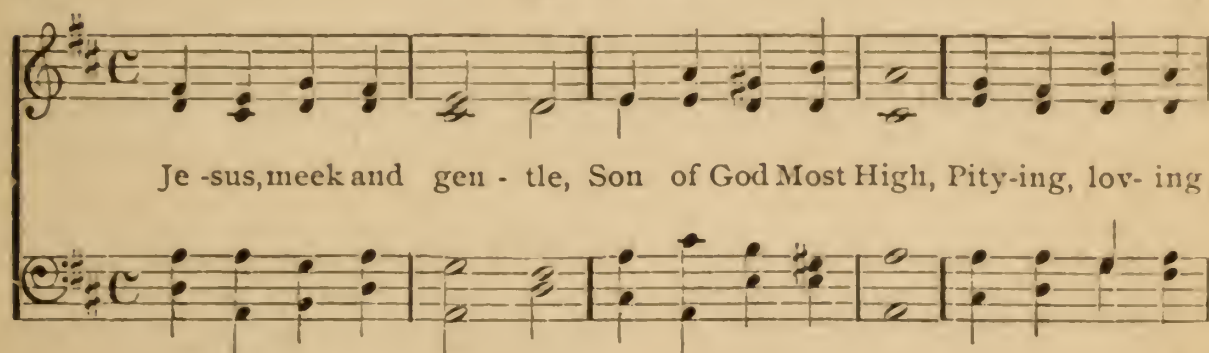


Ev - er bless-ed Three in One, : Spare us, Ho - ly Trin-i - ty. A - MEN.

62

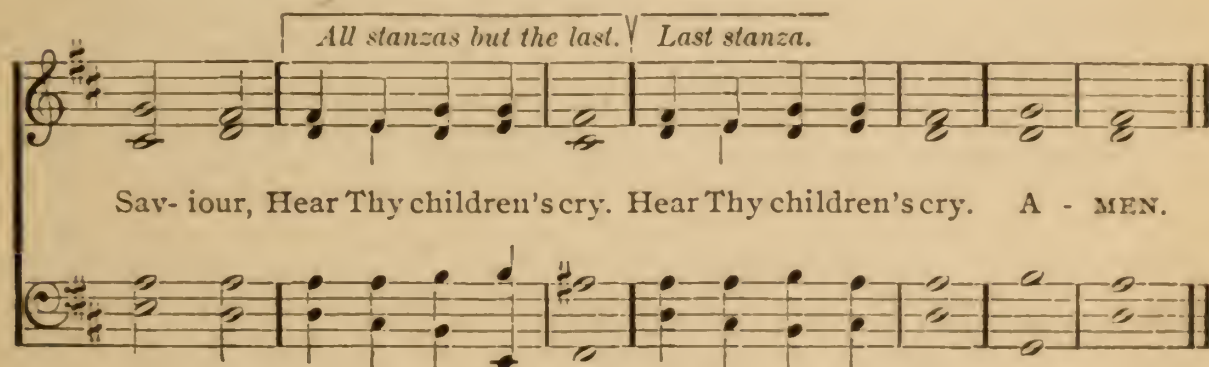
Landvale.

6565.



Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God Most High, Pity-ing, lov - ing

All stanzas but the last. *Last stanza.*



Sav - iour, Hear Thy children's cry. Hear Thy children's cry. A - MEN.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

63 (First Tune.)

Agnus Dei.

8886.

Fa-ther in heav'n bow down Thine ear, And be Thou ver- y, ver - y near,

And deign my infant prayer to hear, For our dear Je-sus'sake. A - MEN.

To Thee I come for all I need,
In Jesus' name alone, I plead;
He who for me doth intercede,
And all my sins doth take.

Oh my Saviour! be Thou my guide
Let not my footsteps ever slide:
But keep me safely at Thy side;
And let me never stray.

Thy pure Spirit to me impart,
Take full possession of my heart,

For I would choose that better part,
Which none can take away.

And let me ever useful prove,
To Thee, who show'd such wondrous love,
In leaving Thy bright home above,
To die for such as I.

And when it pleases Thee to take
Me from this earth, oh wilt Thou make
Me a bright angel, to partake
Of joys that never die?

63 (Second Tune.)

Soldan.

8886.

Fa-ther in heav'n bow down Thine ear, And be Thou ver-y, ver - y near,

And deign my in- fant prayer to hear, For our dear Je-sus'sake. A - MEN.

64

Winston.

7777 D.

Saviour who, in love di - vine, Came to bless a heart like mine,

Make my spir - it now Thy shrine—Make me lov - ing, make me mild.

CHORUS.

Bless-èd Je- sus, I a-dore Thee, Bless-èd Sav - iour, I im-plore Thee,

Bless-èd Sav-iour, pure and just, Up-on Thee I put my trust. A - MEN.

Very frail and weak am I,
Oft forgetting Thou art nigh;
Hear my prayer, and swift reply—
Make me loving, make me mild.—CHO.

Ever watch about my home,
Never let its dear ones roam
Where the tempter's voices come.
Make me loving, tender, mild.—CHO.

Through the moments of the day,
When I study, work, or play,
Close to Thee I fain would stay.
Make me loving, tender, mild.—CHO.

65

Pastor.

7777.

Prince of Peace! con - trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;

Bid my fears and doubtings cease, Hush my spirit in - to peace. A - MEN.

Thou hast bought me with Thy blood;
Opened wide the gates to God;
Peace I ask; but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,

Might I not, with reason, fear,
I should prove a castaway.

Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

66

Clarke.

8886.

Impart Thy grace, that I may see My - self, as I am seen of Thee,

My vileness, and infirm-i - ty, Great God! yet sin-ner's friend. A - MEN.

Arouse me from the death-like sleep,
That seems insidiously to creep
Over the inner life,—to keep
My soul apart from Thee.

And send Thy penetrating light,
Thy "day spring" to disperse my night,
A beam of glory to my sight!
That my blind eyes may see.

Vouchsafe the agonizing prayer,
Formed by Thy Spirit, ever near
To wrestlers in Thy holy fear:
In Jesus' name would plead!

Thrice blessèd truth, that help is laid
Upon this Mighty One! Price paid
For our redemption! He was made
The Sacrifice for Sin!

Not for Himself, for us He bled!
That we might lead the life He led,

Doing the Father's will, instead
Of man's, His smile to win.

Most holy Father! God of love!
In pity, from Thy courts above,
Deign to regard me, and remove
All idols, as they come.

Oh! draw me with Thy cord divine,
All my affections intertwine,
That so I may be wholly Thine!
Waiting my summons home.

67

Stanford.

8884.

Dear Saviour, while on earth I stray, Be Thou my Shepherd, Thou my way,
And to the ev - er - last - ing day, A - bid e with me! A - MEN.

In sickness, sorrow, anguish, woe,
In tribulation here below,
At home, abroad, where'er I go,
Abide with me!

Be with me through the hours of night,
Be Thou my everlasting light,
In leading me to mansions bright,
Abide with me!

When wearied by fatigue, I sleep,
My soul, in mercy, Jesus, keep;
To guide and guard Thy helpless sheep,
Abide with me!

When this poor body languisheth,
When yielding up my latest breath,
When passing through the vale of death,
Abide with me!

And when on earth I breathe no more,
I'll praise Thee on the heavenly shore,
Then, Lord, Thou wilt for evermore
Abide with me!

Gen- tle Je - sus, Sav - iour mild, Hear Thy low - ly,

sup-pliant child: Noth-ing bring I to Thy feet,

Naught for Thine ac - cept - ance meet But a soul for

sin dis-tressed: Gen- tle Je - sus, give it rest. A - MEN.

In this dreary vale below
 Thou hast trod a path of woe;
 Thou hast known the dreadful power
 Of the tempter's evil hour;
 Felt the time of gloom and fear;
 Shed, like us, the bitter tear.

Now I bend before Thy throne,
 All my guilt and folly own;
 Yet with earnest heart I plead
 Comfort, pardon in my need;
 This my plea, and naught beside:
 Gentle Jesus, Thou hast died.

69 (*First Tune.*)

Ashton.

8787.

Je- sus ten- der Shepherd, hear me ; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to- night ;

Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me ; Keep me safe till morn-ing light. A - MEN.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
 And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
 Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
 Listen to my evening prayer !

Let my sins be all forgiven ;
 Bless the friends I love so well ;
 Take us all at last to Heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

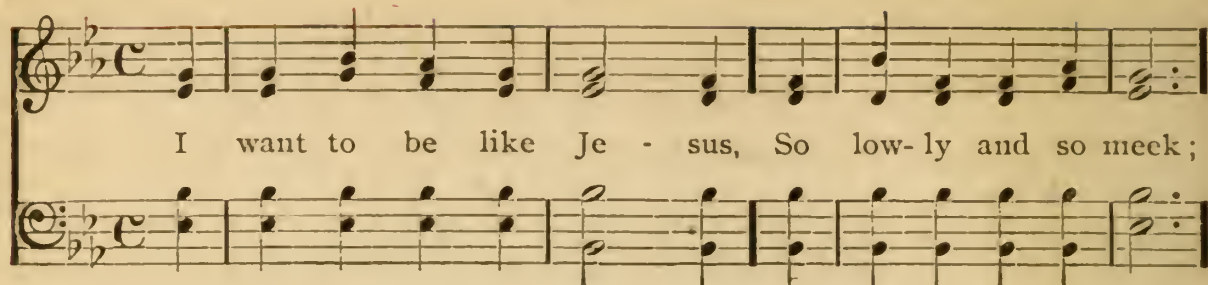
69 (*Second Tune.*)

Lucerne.

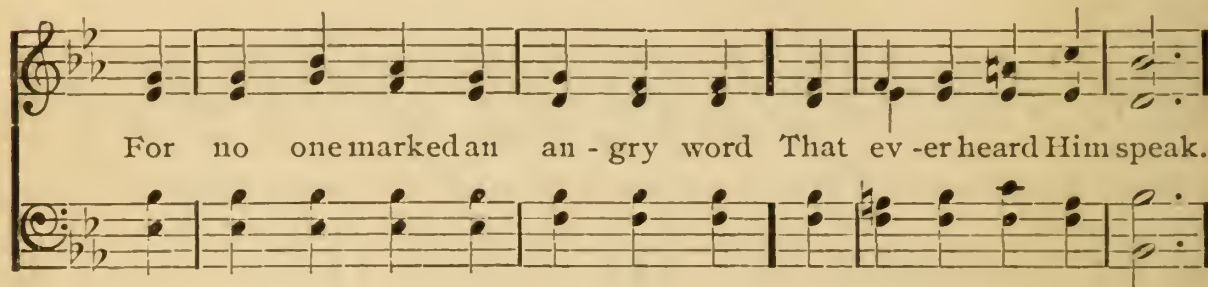
8787.

Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me ; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to- night ;

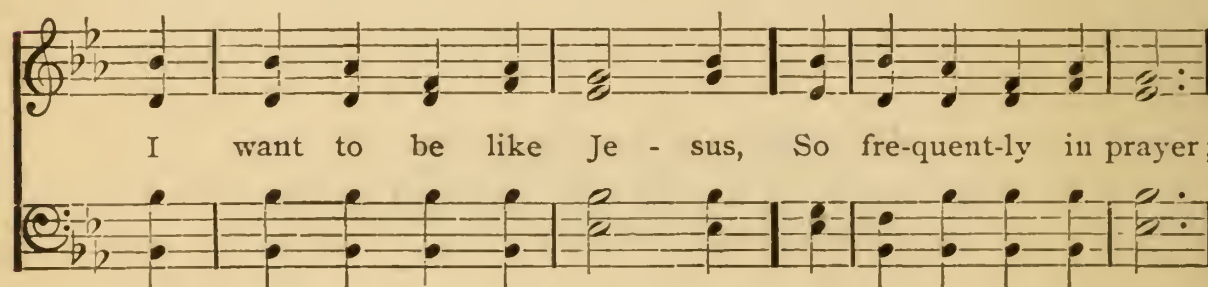
Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me ; Keep me safe till morning light. A - MEN.



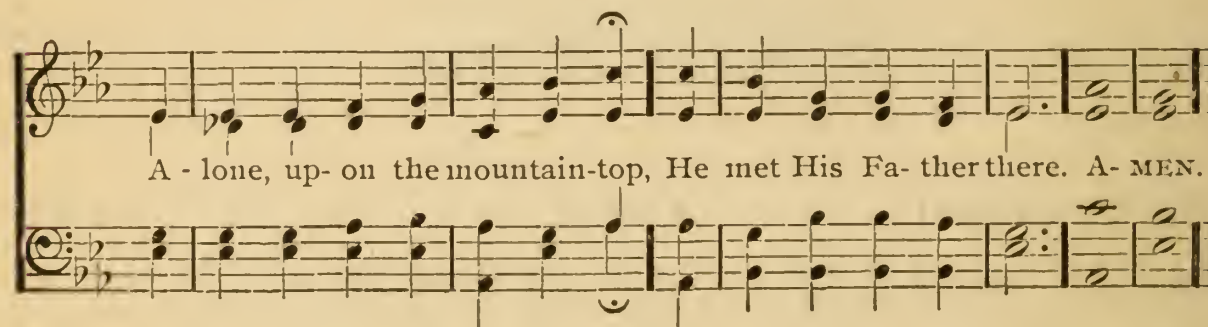
I want to be like Je - sus, So low-ly and so meek ;



For no one marked an an - gry word That ev - er heard Him speak.



I want to be like Je - sus, So fre-quent-ly in prayer ;



A - lone, up - on the mountain-top, He met His Fa - ther there. A - MEN.

I want to be like Jesus ;
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good ;
So that of me it may be said,
" She hath done what she could."

I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
" Let little children come to Me,"
I would obey the call.
I want to be like Jesus,
And with my Lord to be ;
O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.

71

Burnell.

8787 D.

{ Come to Je-sus! Are you lone-ly? Sol-ace sweet He will af-ford. }
 { Lean on Je-sus—Je-sus on-ly! Come, and find a lov-ing Lord! }

Are your tri - als past the tell-ing? Are your sins as crim-son dye?
D.S.—Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and power:

FINE.
 Je - sus sees your sad heart swelling, 'Neath ac-cusing mem-o-ry.
 He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing: doubt no more.

CHORUS. *D.S.*
 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; A - MEN.

He is waiting—will you leave Him
 Pleading at your heart in vain?
 He is willing—Oh, believe Him!
 He may never call again.
 He hath never yet forsaken
 One who trusts alone in God;
 He your life-long debt hath taken,
 And has paid it with His blood.

CHORUS.

From your sins He waits to cleanse you—
 You! the slave by Satan bound;
 Messages of love He sends you—
 Where can such a Friend be found?
 Are you sick? His words can heal you,
 Are you weary with the strife?
 Are you hungry? He can fill you
 With the Heavenly Bread of life?

CHORUS.

Now! it is the time to try it;
 Test Him by His written word;
 Come, for He will ne'er deny it;
 Come to Christ, the Risen Lord!
 Do you fear His sharp reproving,
 That you did not go before:
 That you left Him—so unloving—
 Waiting long time at your door?

CHORUS.

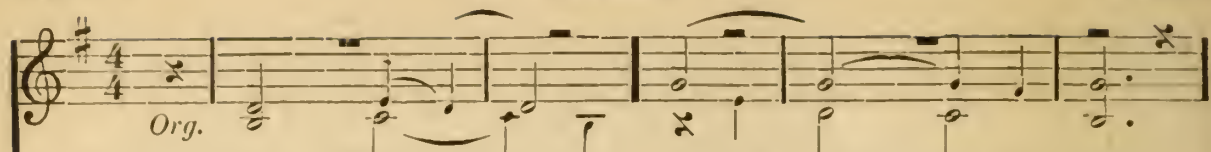
He will only smile and greet you,
 Chasing shadows from your brow;
 He will surely run to meet you,
 Saying: "Thou art welcome now!"
 Come, Oh, come, this day, and try it!
 Jesus' words are proved and true:
 Take His gift—you cannot buy it—
 He hath waited long for you.

CHORUS.


72

Come Unto Me.


7676 D.

Org. 


* "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."



O bless - ed Voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts oppressed;



It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,



Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. A - MEN.

* The first two lines of each verse may be sung by Tenors and Basses only, or in unison by all the voices.

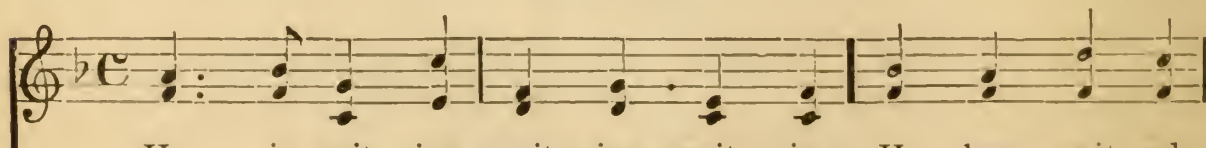
"And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out,"
O welcome Voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,

Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be,
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

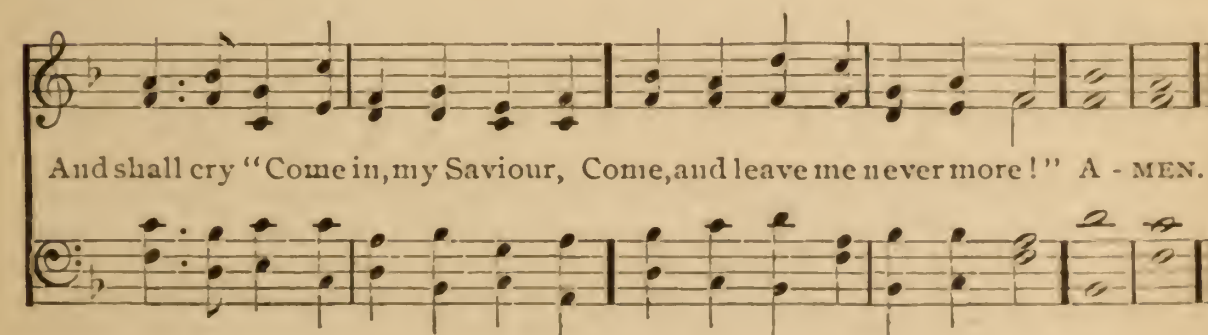
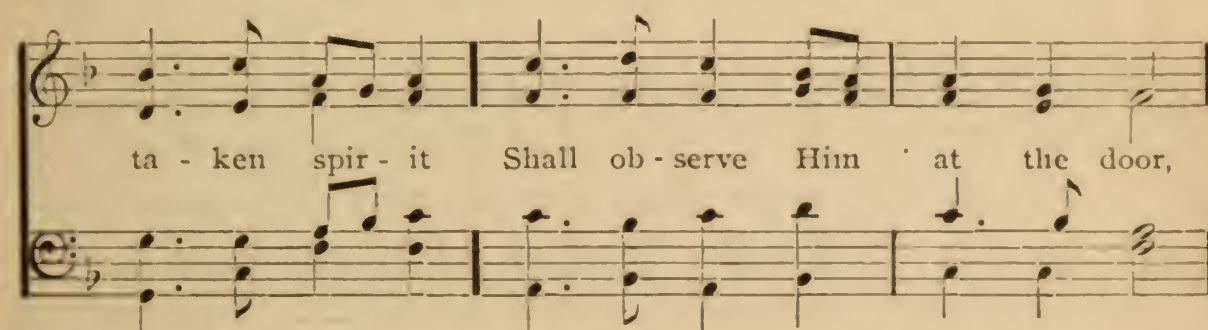
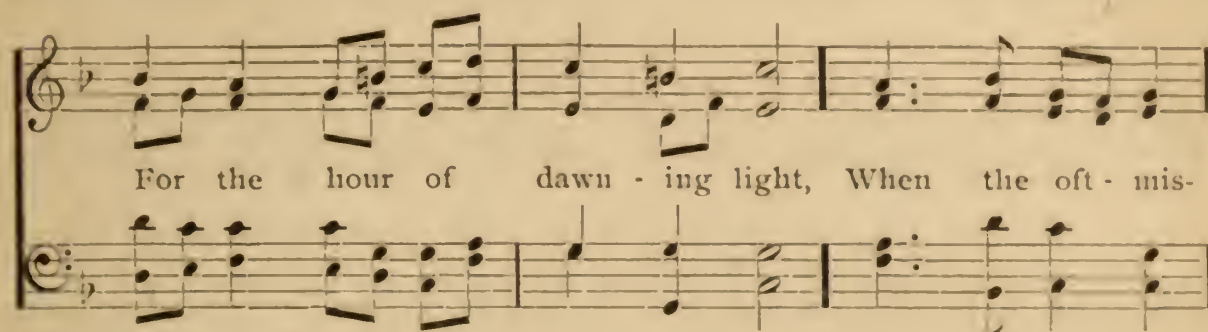
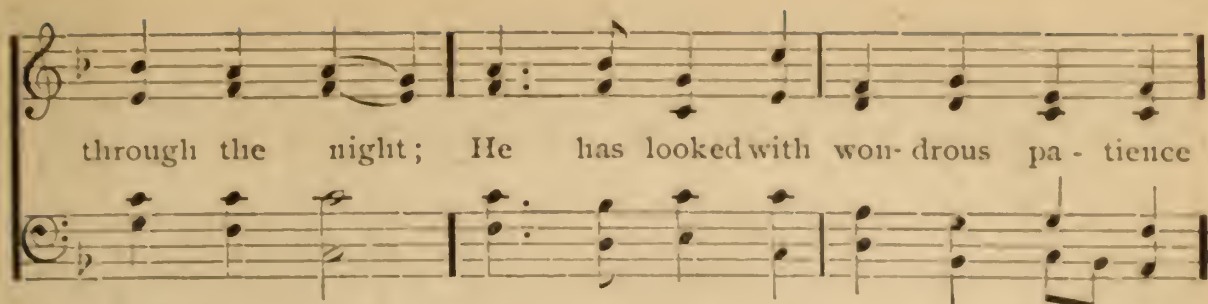
73

Welcome.

8787 D.



He is wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing; He has wait - ed

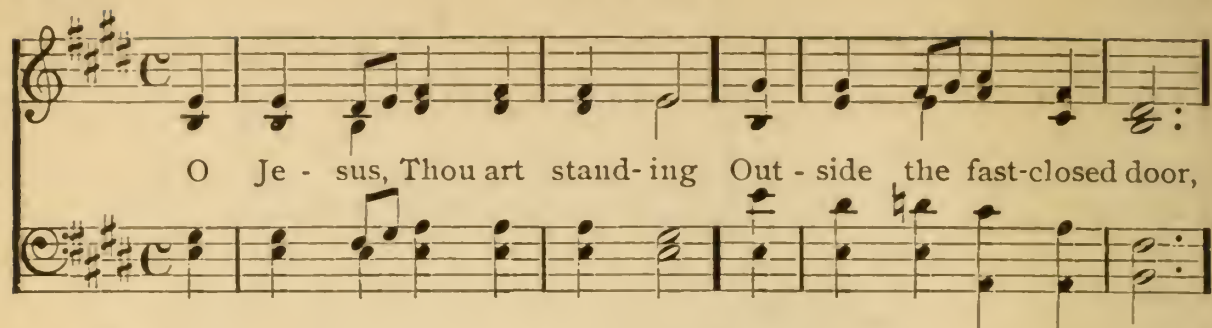


He is waiting, waiting, waiting;
 He has waited all your life;
 He has pleaded with you always,
 In your hours of peace and strife.
 Did you hear Him gently knocking
 When you played among the flowers?
 Did you notice how He waited
 In the hush of evening hours?

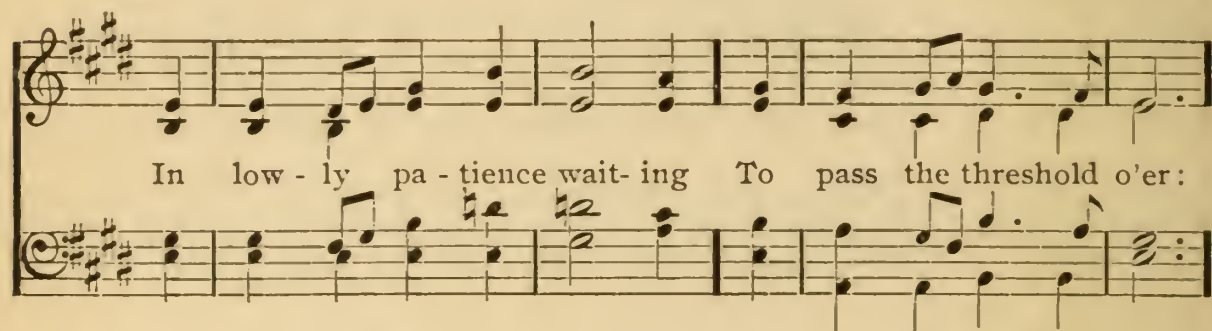
He is waiting, waiting, waiting;
 You have let all others in;
 Some odd guest are in your temple,
 Sad with sorrow, dark with sin.
 There is only One can bless you
 In your times of grief and doubt,
 There is only One can save you—
 But you strangely keep Him out!

He is waiting, waiting, waiting;
 Have you kept Him long enough?
 You will shortly need Him greatly
 When the winter winds are rough.
 O! cold hearts that keep Him waiting,
 Do be warned by His great love,
 Nor refuse the pleading Saviour
 Who has sought you from above.

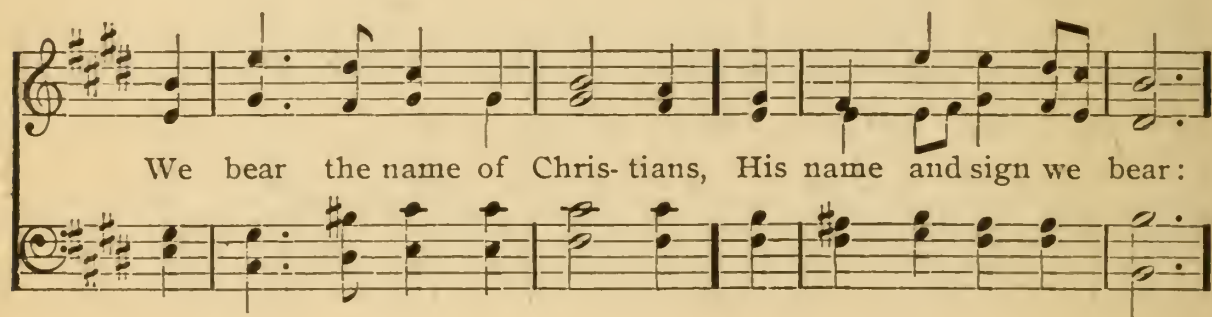
He is waiting, waiting, waiting;
 Surely He may enter now;
 Haste to throw your heart's door open,
 And before the Master bow.
 Bid Him come, no more to leave you
 Till you dwell with Him above.
 O! receive the waiting Saviour,
 And return Him love for love.



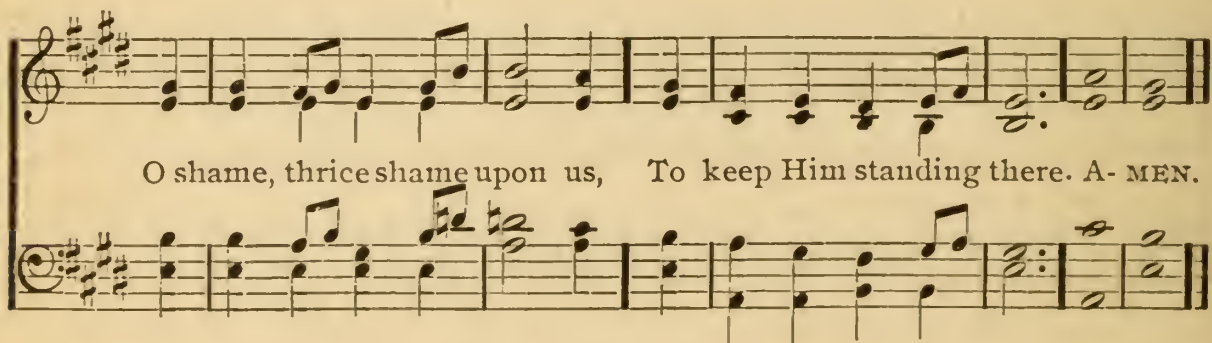
O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,



In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er:



We bear the name of Chris - tians, His name and sign we bear:



O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there. A - MEN.

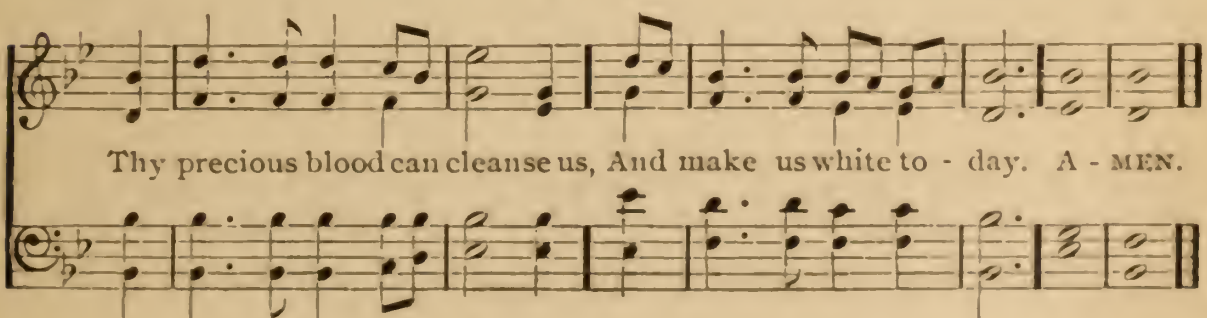
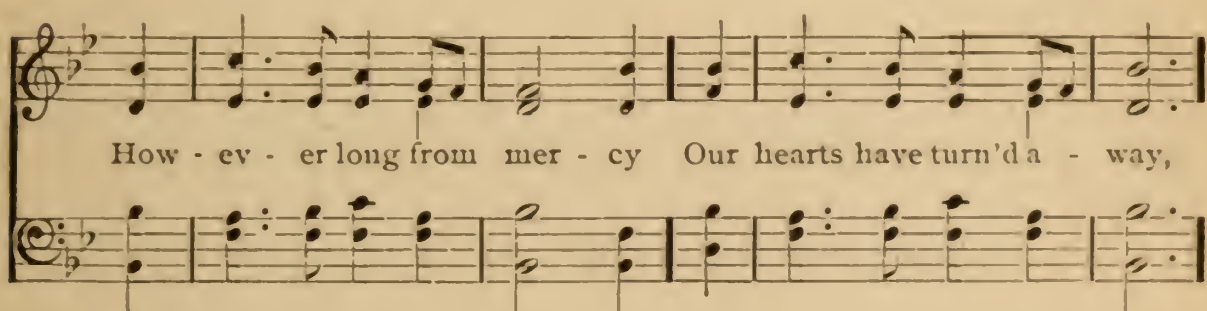
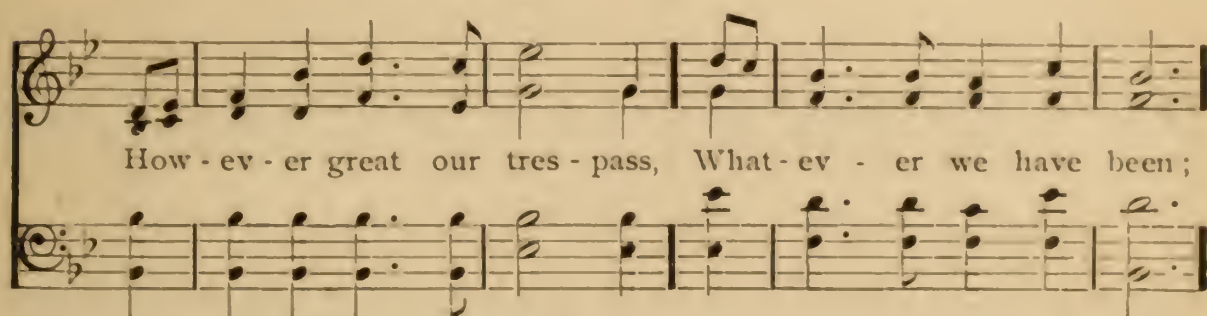
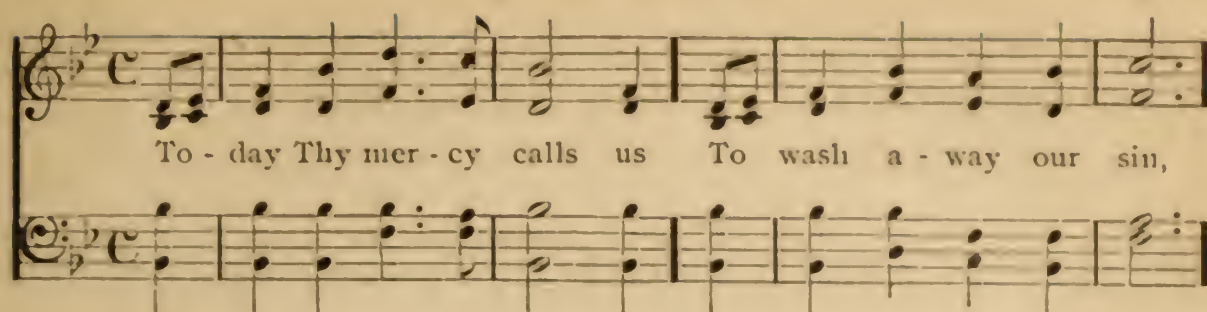
O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
 And lo! that hand is scarred,
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,
 And tears Thy face have marred:
 O love that passeth knowledge,
 So patiently to wait!
 O sin that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesus, Thou art pleading
 In accents sweet and low,
 "I died for you, my children,
 And will ye treat Me so?"
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door:
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
 And leave us nevermore.

75

Quintern Abbey.

7676D.

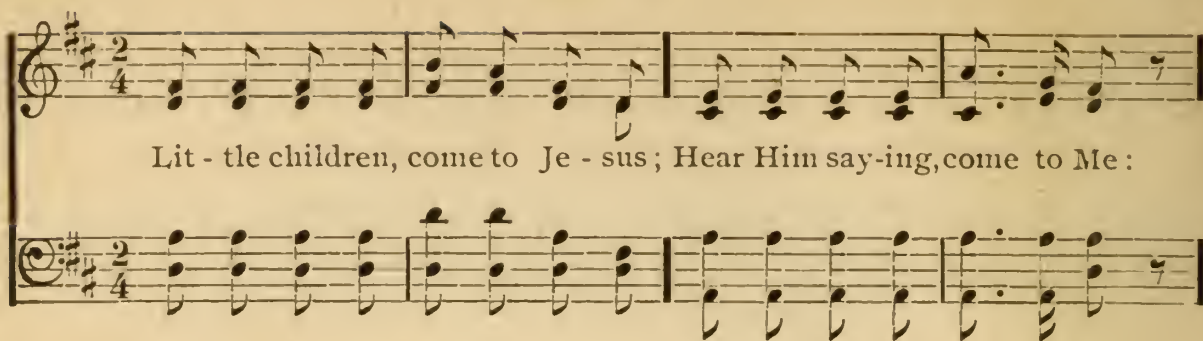


To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's blessing,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future place be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

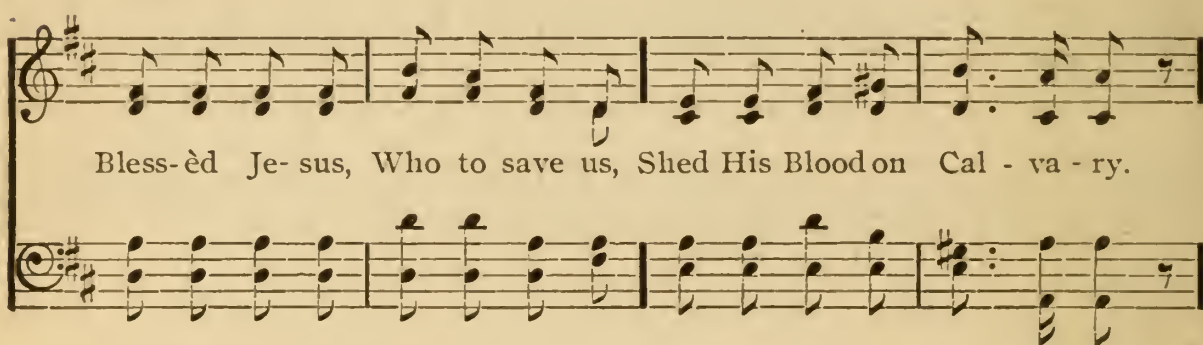
To-day our Father calls us,
His Holy Spirit waits;
His blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates;

No question will be asked us
How often we have come;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's home!

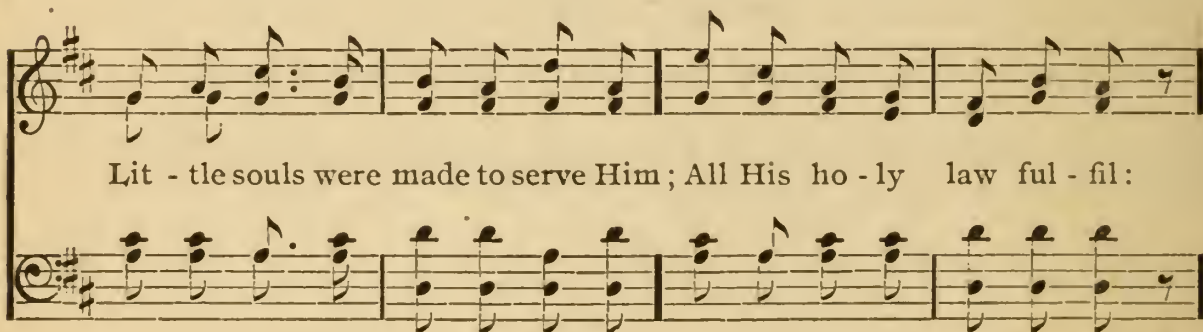
Oh, all embracing mercy,
Oh, ever open door,
What should we do without Thee
When heart and eye run o'er?
When all things seem against us
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is open,
One Ear will hear our prayer!



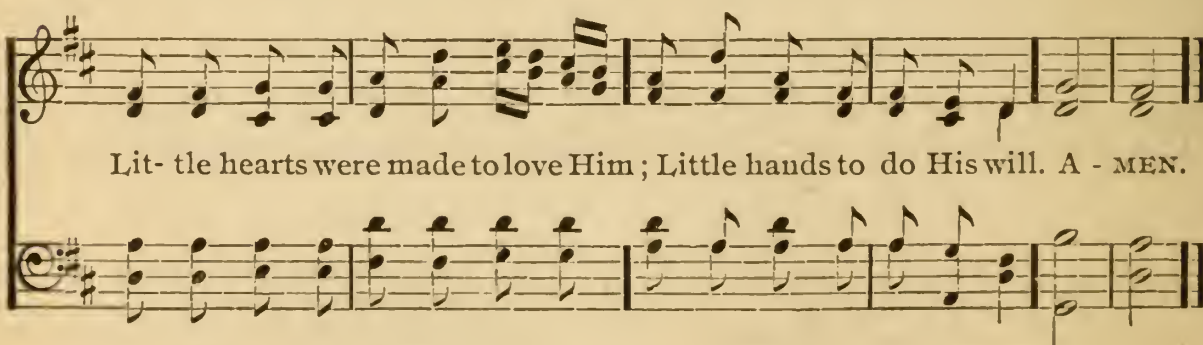
Lit - tle children, come to Je - sus ; Hear Him say-ing, come to Me :



Bless-èd Je- sus, Who to save us, Shed His Blood on Cal - va - ry.

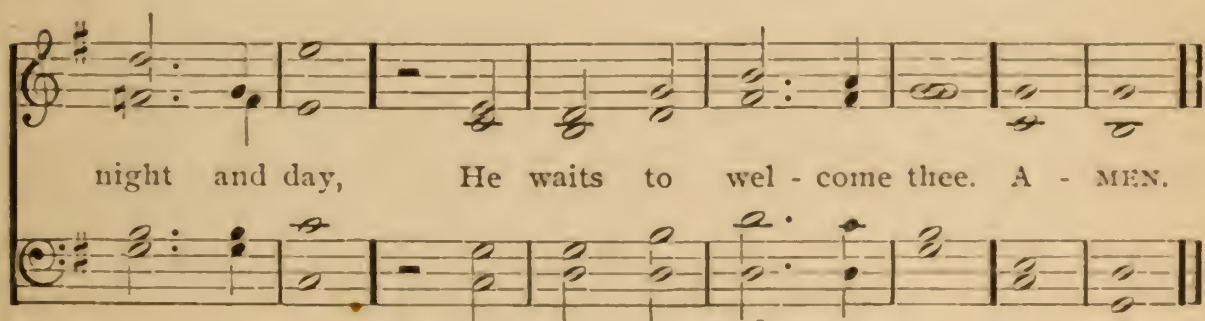
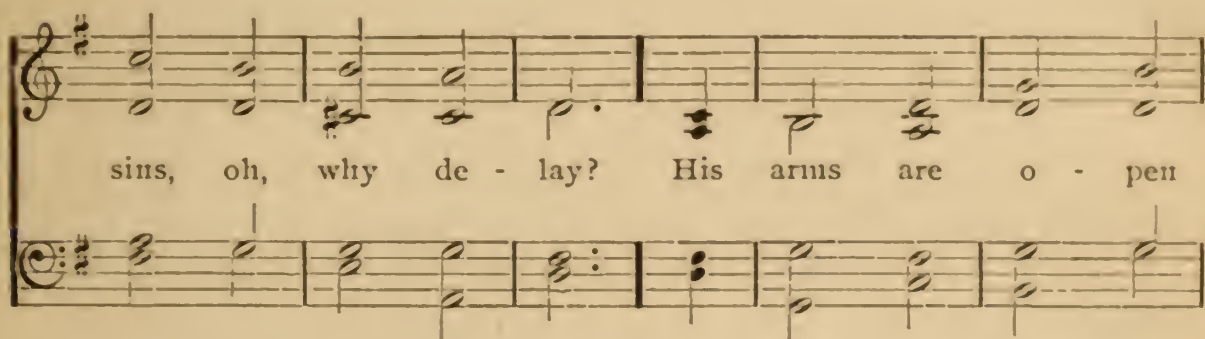
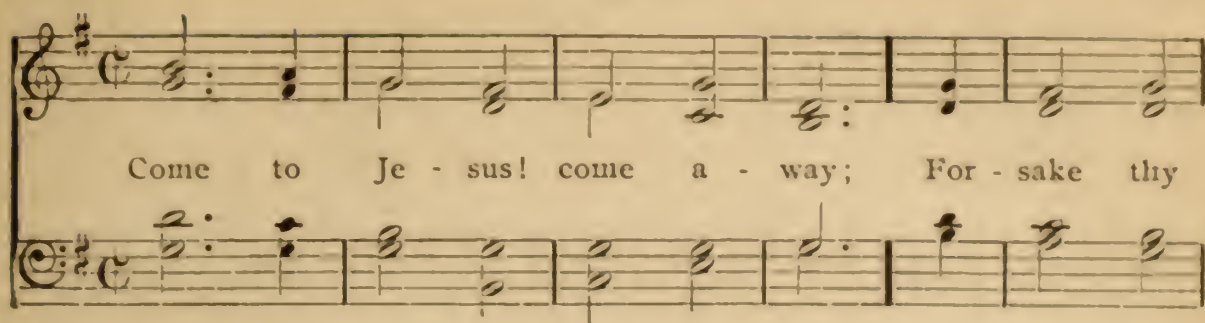


Lit - tle souls were made to serve Him ; All His ho - ly law ful - fil :



Lit- tle hearts were made to love Him ; Little hands to do His will. A - MEN.

Little eyes to read the Bible,
Given from the heavens above ;
Little ears to hear the story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love ;
Little tongues to sing His praises ;
Little feet to walk His ways ;
Little bodies to be temples
Where the Holy Spirit stays.



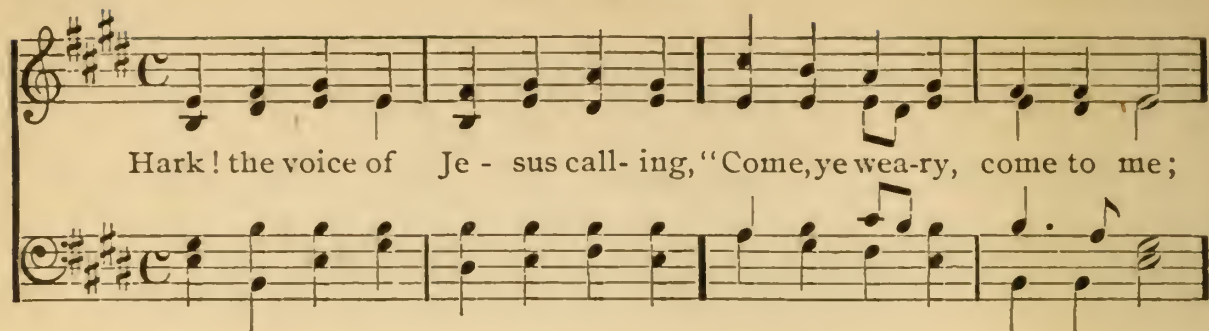
Come to Jesus! lift an eye:
There's prayer in every contrite sigh
And every groan, for God is nigh,
He'll bow His ear to thee.

Come to Jesus! all is free;
Hark! how he calls "Come unto Me!"
I cast out none, I'll pardon thee."
Oh, thou shalt welcome be.

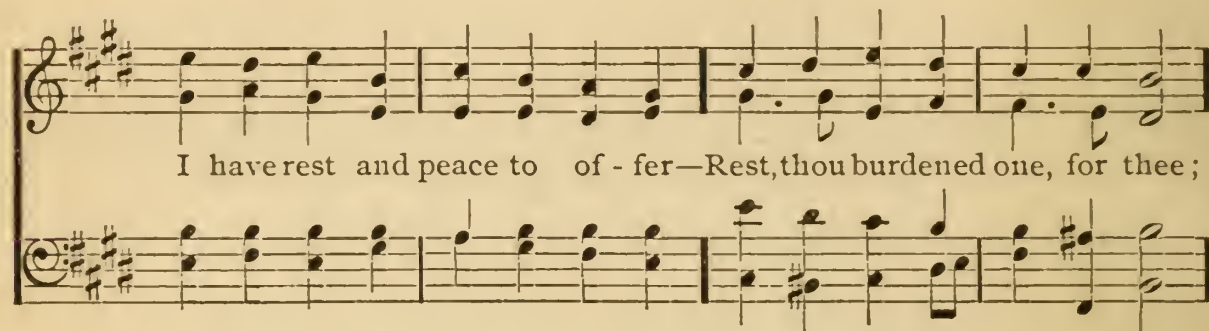
Come to Jesus! cling to Him,
He'll keep thee far from paths of sin,
Thou shalt at last the victory win;
And He will welcome thee.

Come to Jesus! do not stand,
The Father draws—'tis His command,
And none shall pluck thee from His hand,
No—that can never be.

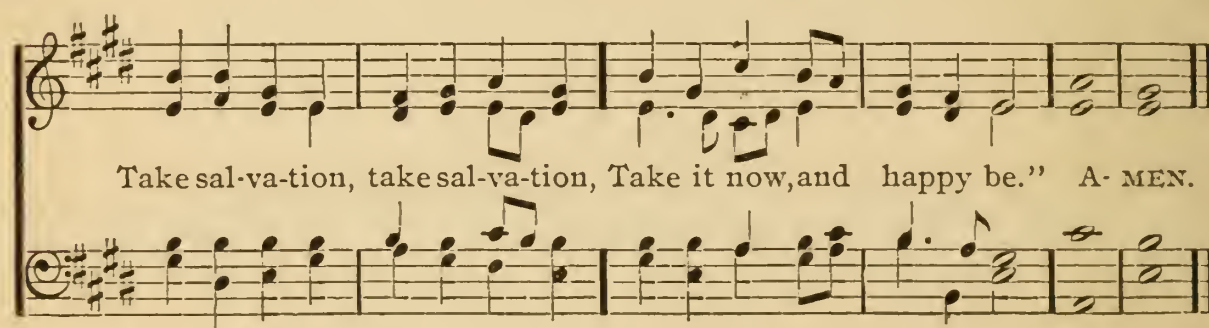
Come to Jesus! Lord, I come:
Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,
But with my Saviour be at home;
I know He'll welcome me.



Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Come, ye wea-ry, come to me;



I have rest and peace to of - fer—Rest, thou burdened one, for thee;



Take sal - va - tion, take sal - va - tion, Take it now, and happy be." A - MEN.

Soon that voice will cease its calling,
Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;
Sinner, heed the gracious message,
To the blood for refuge flee:
Take salvation,
Take it now, and happy be.

Life is found alone in Jesus,
Only there 'tis offered thee—
Offered without price or money,
'Tis the gift of God; 'tis free:
Take salvation,
Take it now, and happy be.

Ho, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh:
Take salvation,
Take it now, and happy be.

Haste, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Take salvation,
Take it now, and happy be.

79

Bonham.

86864444.

Thy Sav - iour stand - eth at the door! He waits, He knocks, He

cries! Let not the Plead - er sue in vain, Nor

sor - row dim His eyes; But, start - ing up, O let Him in,

With thee to sup, Thy love to win. A - MEN.

Good Lord, if Thou would'st raise Thy
Though languid is mine ear, [voice,
This vacant heart should open wide,
Nor wait till Thou wert near:
Then come to me
Here ever rest!
I sigh for Thee
To fill my breast!

Where can I peace or comfort find
Unless in Thy dear love?
What joy can weigh a feather's weight,
What bliss can be above,

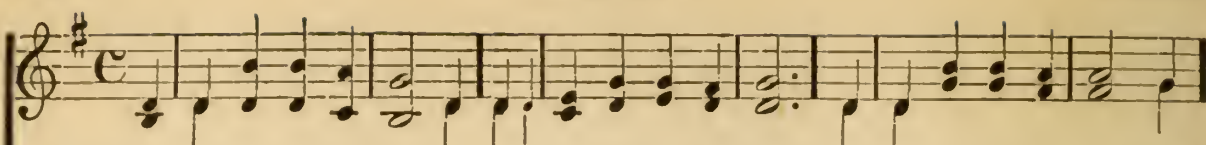
Unless Thy face
Shall near me shine,
With looks of grace
And light divine?

Blest Saviour, ever let my heart
Be found a home for Thee!
Ne'er may I grieve the tender Guest,
Who stoops to dwell with me!
O keep me Thine
When death is nigh,
And still be mine
Beyond the sky!

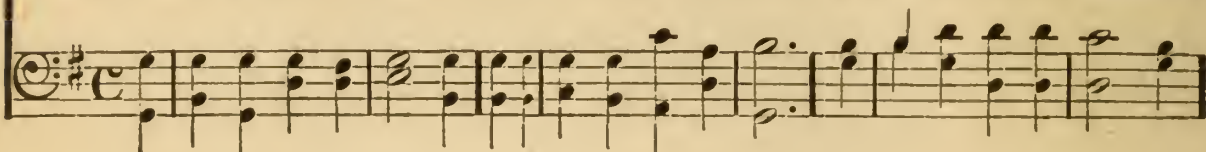
80

Chenies.

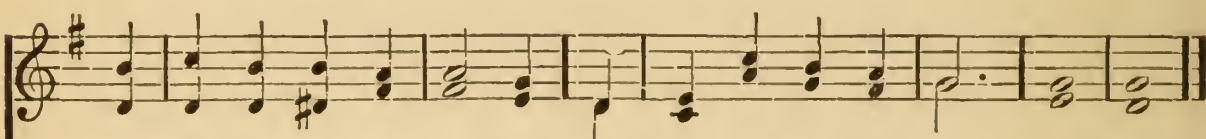
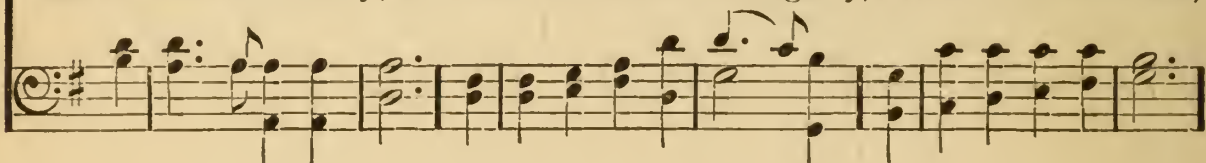
7676 D.



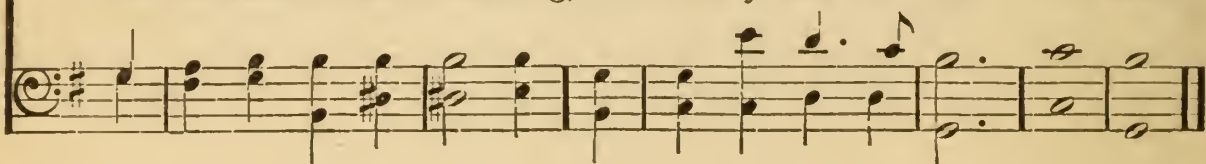
A little lamb went straying Among the hills, one day, Leaving its faithful shepherd



Because it loved to stray; And while the sun shone brightly, It knew no tho't of fear,



For flow'rs around were blooming, And balm-y was the air. A - MEN.



But night came over quickly,
The hollow breezes blew,
The sun soon ceased its shining,
All dark and dismal grew.
The little lamb stood bleating,
As well indeed it might!
So far from home and shepherd,
And on so dark a night.

But ah, the faithful shepherd
Soon missed the little thing,
And onward went to seek it,
And home again to bring.
He sought on hill, in valley,
And called it by its name—
He sought, nor ceased his seeking
Until he found his lamb.

Then, to his gentle bosom,
The little lamb he pressed,
And as he bore it homeward,
He fondly it caressed.

The little lamb was happy
To find itself secure,
The shepherd, too, was joyful
Because his lamb he bore.

And now, dear little children,
There's a Shepherd up on high,
Who came to seek the straying,
Who all deserved to die;
For sin each lamb had ruined,
And far from God had led;
But oh, what love unbounded,
He suffered in their stead!

And won't you love that Shepherd,
So gentle and so good?
Who, that you might be happy
Let sinners shed His blood:
And Who now sits in heaven,
Inviting all to come,
And take His free salvation,
And share His glorious home.

81

Brondesbury.

86868685.

Hundreds of years have rolled away Since first the feast was spread,

And many, ma - ny hun-gry souls Have glad - ly from it fed;

Still is it spread, and ma - ny still Ac-cept the call to "come:."

Ma-ny this day are press-ing in, And "yet there is room." A - MEN.

Jesus, the Master of the feast,
 Stands with His arms spread wide,
 Showing the place for weary souls
 Close to His loving side.
 Long has the cry been sounded forth,
 "All things are ready: come:"
 The mansions there are filling fast,
 And "yet there is room."

Each guest is sprinkled with the blood
 Of the Lamb that once was slain;
 Thus every spot is washed away
 Of sin's accursèd stain;

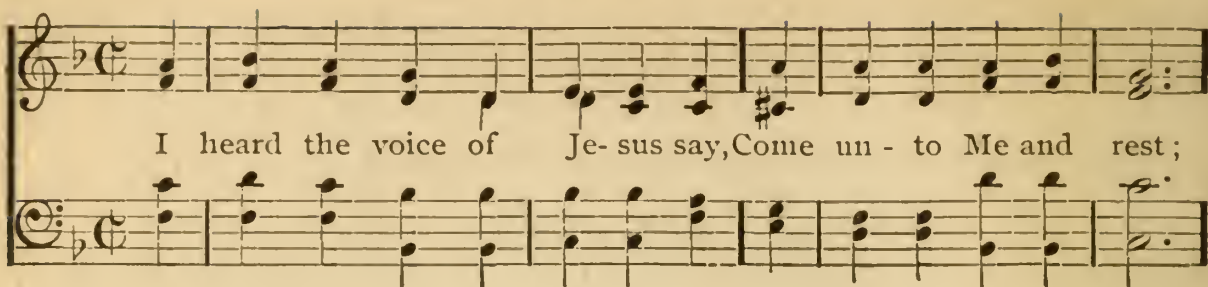
And loud the alleluias ring,
 Amid that heavenly dome,
 From many a weary soul made glad,
 And "yet there is room."

Again to-day we hear the call,
 To those of every clime,
 To come and share this gospel feast,
 Flowing with milk and wine.
 Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,
 The feast awaits you: come!
 Press in, press in on every side,
 For "yet there is room."

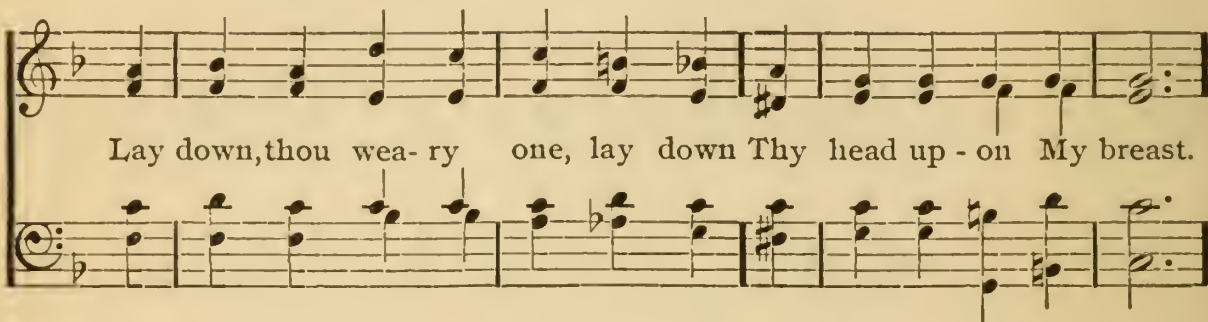
82

Blenden.

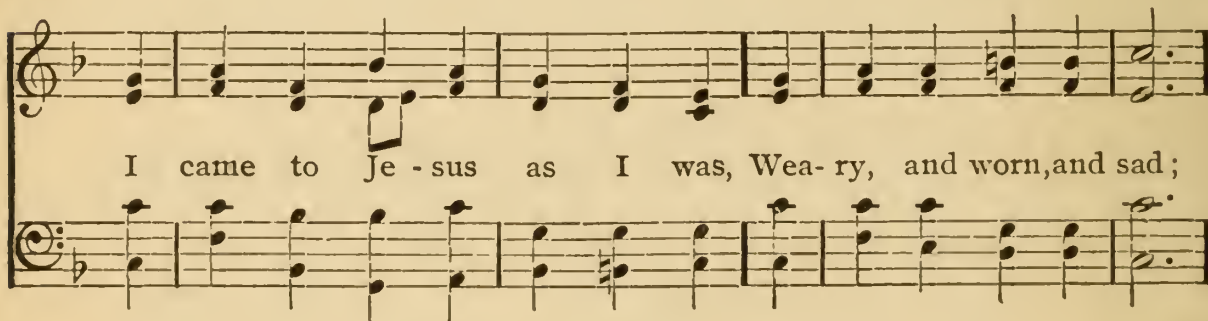
C. M. D.



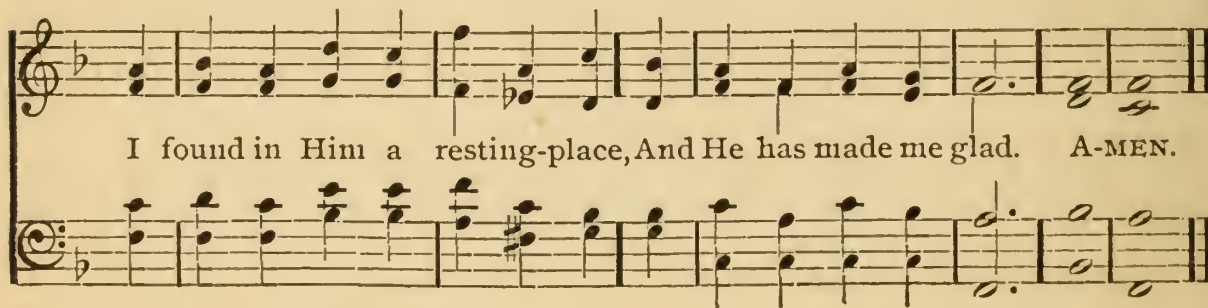
I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to Me and rest ;



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast.



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad ;



I found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad. A-MEN.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream :
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's Light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

83 (First Tune.)

Hartland.

7575.

Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je - sus now;

Hum-bly at His gracious throne In sub-mis - sion bow. A - MEN.

At His feet confess your sin ;
 Seek forgiveness there ;
 For His blood can make you clean—
 He will hear your prayer.

Seek His face without delay ;
 Give Him now your heart ;
 Tarry not, but while you may,
 Choose the better part.

Come to Jesus, little one,
 Come to Jesus now ;
 Humbly at His gracious throne
 In submission bow.

Composed by the Author
 83 (Second Tune.) St. Lawrence.

7575.

Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je - sus now ;

Hum-bly at His gracious throne In submission bow. A - MEN.

84

Invitation.

C. M.

See, Is-rael's gen-tle Shep-herd stands, With all - en - gaging charms ;

Hark how He calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in His arms.

f CHORUS.

Al - le - lu - ia to the Lamb Who died on Mount Cal - va - ry,

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A - MEN.

"Permit them to approach," He cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.—CHO.

He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.—CHO.

The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.—CHO.

85

Pilgrimage.

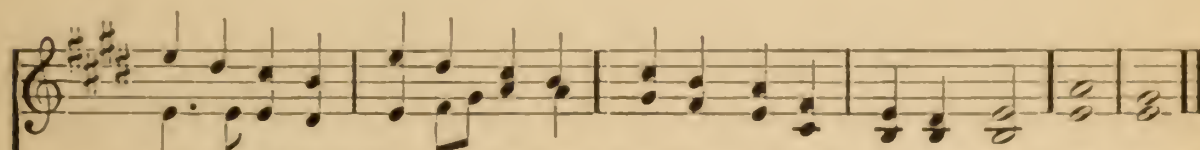
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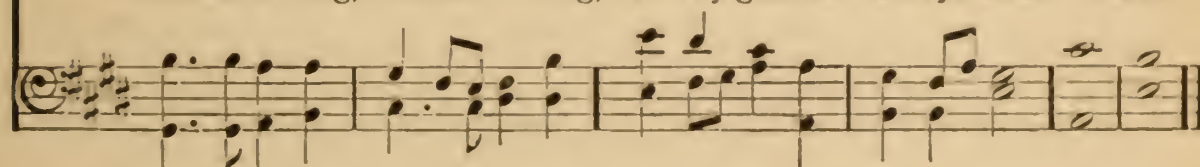
Saviour, round Thy footstool bending, See our youthful band ap-pear;



Let Thy Spir-it, now de-scending, Our pe-ti-tions deign to hear;



Thou art willing, Thou art willing, For Thy grace is always near. A-MEN.



Once, on earth to share Thy blessing
Children sought to meet Thine eye,
While the anxious parents pressing,
Brought their helpless infants nigh;
For Thy favor
All their wants could well supply.

No harsh word of indignation
Drove those tender lambs from Thee;
Gentle was the invitation,
"Suffer them to come to Me;
Holy children,
Shall My heavenly kingdom seek."

Gracious Saviour, Thou has taught us
That Thy words unchanged remain;
To Thy feet our friends have brought us,
Heavenly blessings to obtain;
Oh, receive us!
Thou wilt not our prayer disdain.

Take us, then, Thou kind Protector,
Fold us 'neath Thy watchful care;
Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director,
In Thine arms of mercy bear:
Guide to glory;
We shall dwell in safety there.

86

St. Peter.

C. M.

Soon as my youthful lips can speak Their fee - ble prayer to Thee,

Oh, let my heart Thy favor seek! Dear Lord, remember me. A - MEN.

In childhood's following years, my
tongue
Tuned to Thy praise shall be,
And this th' expressive, humble song,
Dear Lord, remember me.

From every sin that wounds the heart,
May I be taught to flee;
Oh, bid them all from me depart!
Dear Lord, remember me.

When with life's heavy load oppressed,
I bend the trembling knee,
Then give my suffering spirit rest,
Dear Lord, remember me.

Oh, let me, on the bed of death,
Thy great salvation see!
And cry, with my expiring breath,
Dear Lord, remember me.

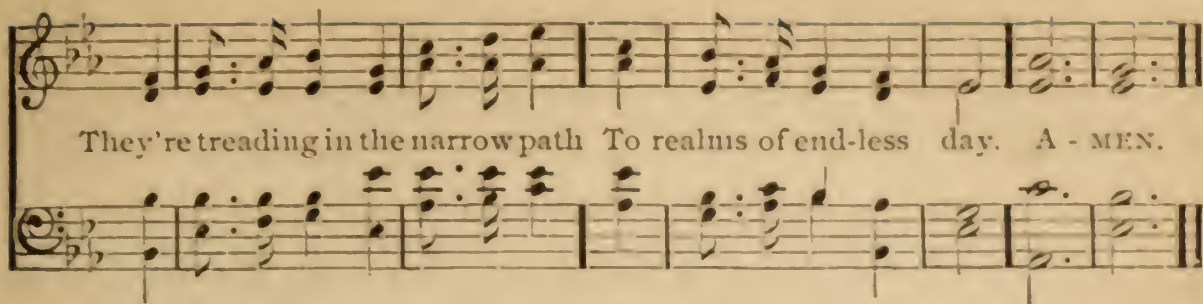
87

Darina.

C. M. D.

{ Now who are these whose lit - tle feet Are march-ing bravely on }
{ With fac-es bright, with cheerful hearts, And voi - ces raised in song? }

These are the chil-dren of the King, And walk-ing in His way,



They're treading in the narrow path To realms of end-less day. A - MEN.

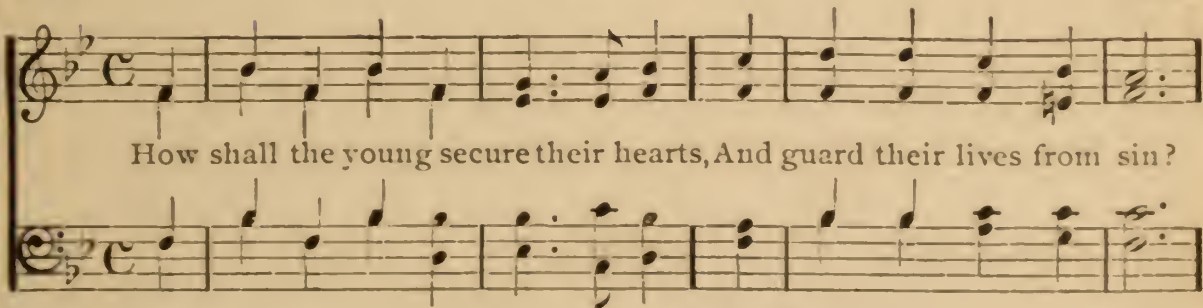
What is the song these children sing,
 With voices sweet and clear,
 That gives the weary traveler hope,
 And angels bend to hear?
 It is a hymn of humble praise
 To God their Father given—
 Of trust in Him who shows the road
 That leads them on to heaven.

Who is the Captain of this band,
 Who makes their pathway bright,
 Who guides their steps, Who clears their way,
 Who makes their burden light?
 'Tis Jesus Christ, the children's friend,
 Who saved them by His love:
 Who died for them that they might share
 His home in heaven above.

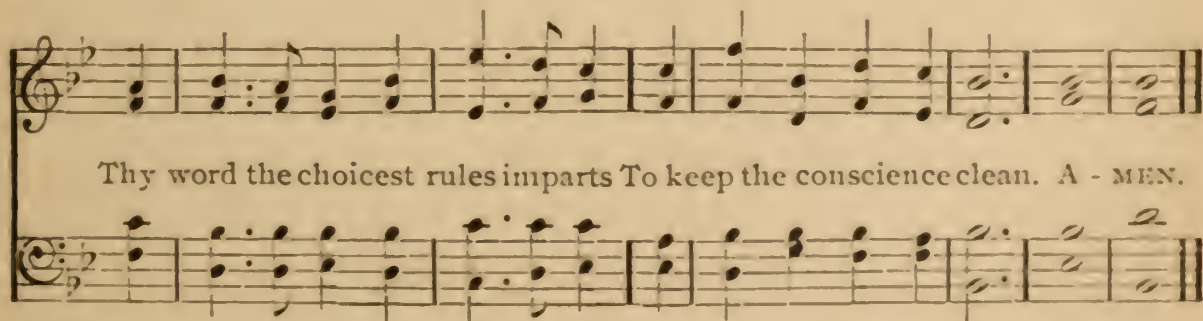
88

Brent.

C. M.



How shall the young secure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin?



Thy word the choicest rules imparts To keep the conscience clean. A - MEN.

When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And through the dangers of the night
 A lamp to lead our way.

The men that keep Thy law with care,
 And meditate Thy word,
 Grow wiser than their teachers are,
 And better know the Lord.

Thy word is everlasting truth;
 How pure is every page!
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

89 (First Tune.)

Newton.

C. M.

I am a lit - tle child, you see, My strength is lit - tle, too,

But yet I fain would sav-èd be; Lord, teach me what to do. A- MEN.

Thou, gracious Saviour, for my good
Wast pleased a child to be,
And Thou didst shed Thy precious blood
Upon the cross for me.

Come then, and take this heart of mine,
Come take me as I am;
I know that I by right am Thine,
Thou loving, gracious Lamb.

Preserve my little heart secure
From every hurt and stain;
First make it and then keep it pure,
And shut to all that's vain.

If early Thou wilt take me hence,
Oh, that no harm will be;
Since endless bliss will then commence,
When I shall live with Thee.

If Thou wilt have me longer stay,
In years and stature grow;
Help me to serve Thee night and day,
While I am here below.

Then, after walking in Thy ways,
And serving Thee in love,
Receive me to Thyself in peace,
To sing Thy praise above.

89 (Second Tune.)

Holy Cross.

C. M.

I am a lit - tle child you see, My strength is lit - tle too,

But yet I fain would sav-èd be; Lord, teach me what to do. A- MEN.

90

(fides.) *Fidelis*

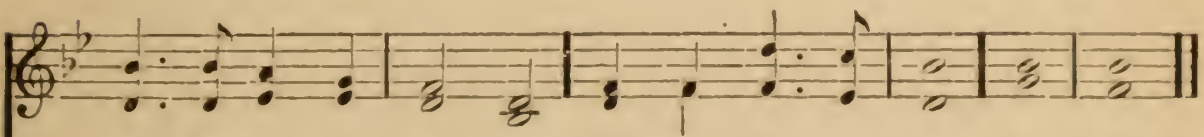
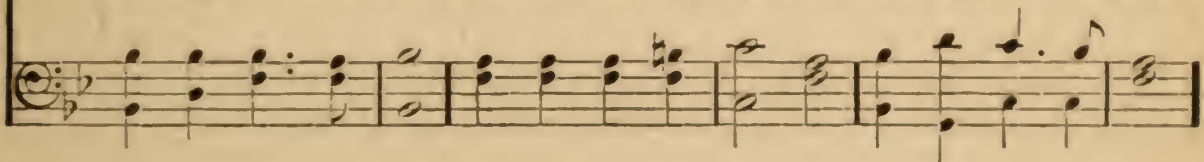
6565D.



I would come to Je - sus, In my early youth, Trusting in His mer - cy,



Rest-ing on His truth. Je - sus, lov-ing Sav-iour, Hear my humble plea ;



Let me share Thy fa - vor, Let me live to Thee. A - MEN.



I would follow Jesus
Closely every day ;
I would call Him " Master,"
And His word obey.
Every task assigned me,
I would fain fulfil ;
Teach me, dear Redeemer,
How to do Thy will.

I would live like Jesus,
Free from every sin ;
May His Holy Spirit
Make me pure within.
I would toil for Jesus,
Strengthened by His grace,
Till in endless glory,
I behold His face.

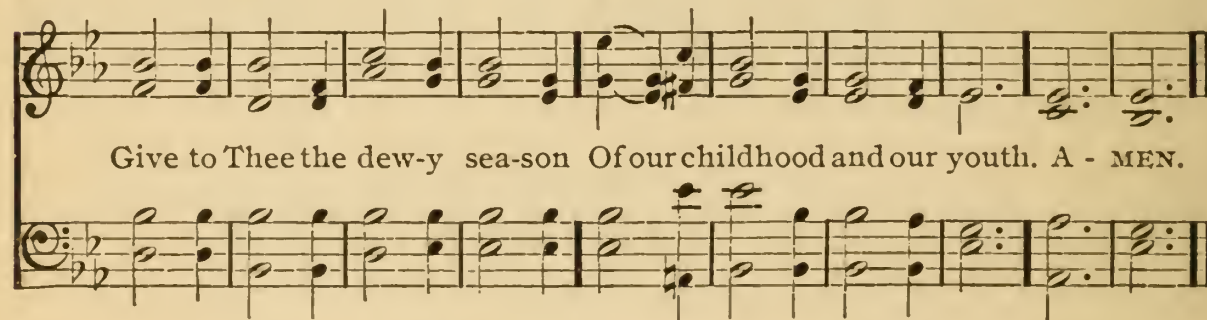
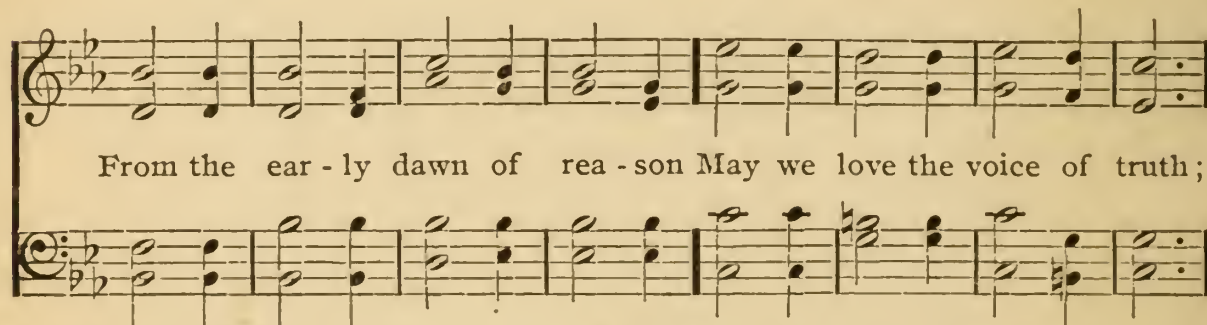
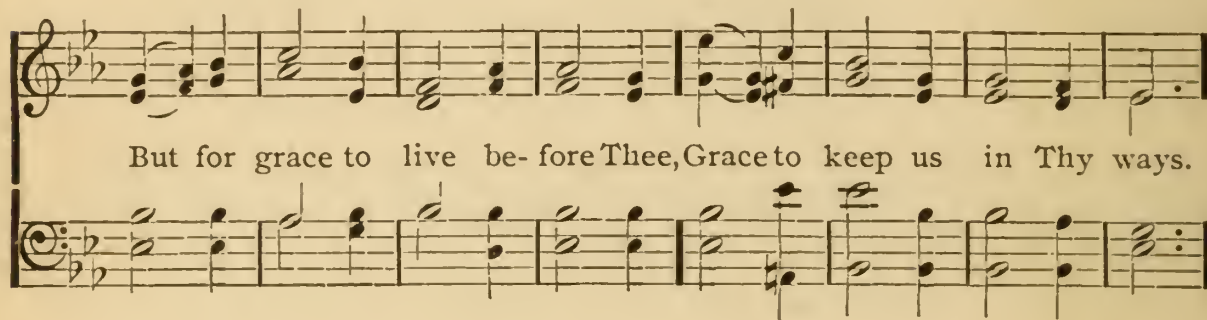
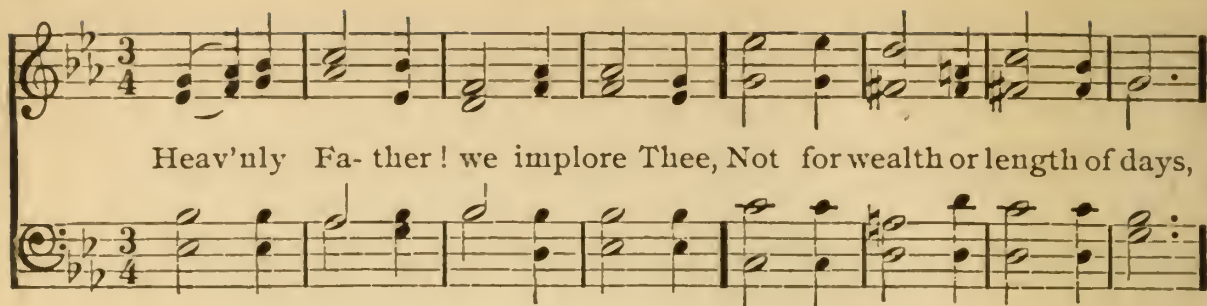
I would tell to Jesus
Every grief and care ;
He delights to answer
Humble, fervent prayer.
Through the changeful future,
Jesus, be my guide ;
In Thy great compassion,
Keep me near Thy side.

I would trust in Jesus
All my journey through ;
He is ever faithful,
He is ever true.
Saviour, in my bosom,
Shed abroad Thy love ;
When I die, receive me
To Thy home above.

91

Comequps.

8787 D.



May the wondrous love of Jesus,
 On our hearts be deep impressed:
 May the thought, He ever sees us,
 Teach us in His love to rest.
 In the Bible Thou hast given,
 We can learn of joys on high;
 Of a bright and glorious heaven,
 Far above the starry sky.

Upward, Lord, would we be soaring,
 Nothing here can satisfy;
 Hear our spirits' deep imploring,
 Fit us, Lord, to dwell on high.
 Heavenly Father! we implore Thee,
 Not for wealth or length of days,
 But for grace to live before Thee,
 Grace to keep us in Thy ways.

92 (First Tune.)

Erfurt.

L. M.

Oh, happy they who know the Lord, While youthful days are bright and fair,

Who day and night peruse His word, And hearken to His teaching there! A- MEN.

Oh, happy those who trust the Lord,
Whose faith upon its Saviour leans;
His rod and staff shall help afford,
And guide them through life's changeful scenes!

Oh, happy they who fear the Lord,
When pleasure chants her guileful song;
With purer joys their souls accord,
And scorn to join her giddy throng!

Oh, happy those who serve the Lord,
From youth to age His word obey;
His smile shall be their rich reward,
And crowns that cannot fade away.

92 (Second Tune.)

Lohengrin.

L. M.

Oh, happy they who know the Lord, While youthful days are bright and fair,

Who day and night peruse His word, And hearken to His teaching there! A - MEN.

I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold;

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled;

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,

I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam. A-MEN.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child;
 He followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild;
 He found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint and lone;
 He bound me with His hands of love,
 He saved the wandering one.

Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole;

'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep,
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

No more a wandering sheep,
 I love to be controlled,
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
 I love the peaceful fold;
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam,
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home.

94

Fairford.

7676 D.

Come, faith-ful Shepherd, bind me With cords of love to Thee,

And ev - er - more re - mind me That Thou hast died for me;

Oh may the Ho - ly Spir - it Set this be - fore mine eyes,

That I Thy death and mer - it A - bove all else may prize. A - MEN.

Am I of my salvation
Assured through Thy love;
May I on each occasion
To Thee more faithful prove;
Hast Thou my sins forgiven,
Then, leaving things behind,
May I press on to heaven,
And bear the prize in mind.

Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake me,
Though I am oft to blame;
As Thy reward, oh, take me
Anew, just as I am:

G

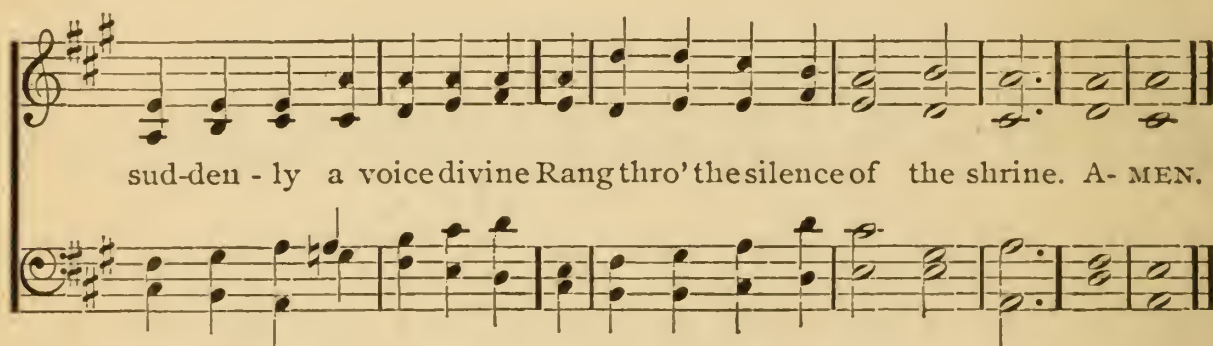
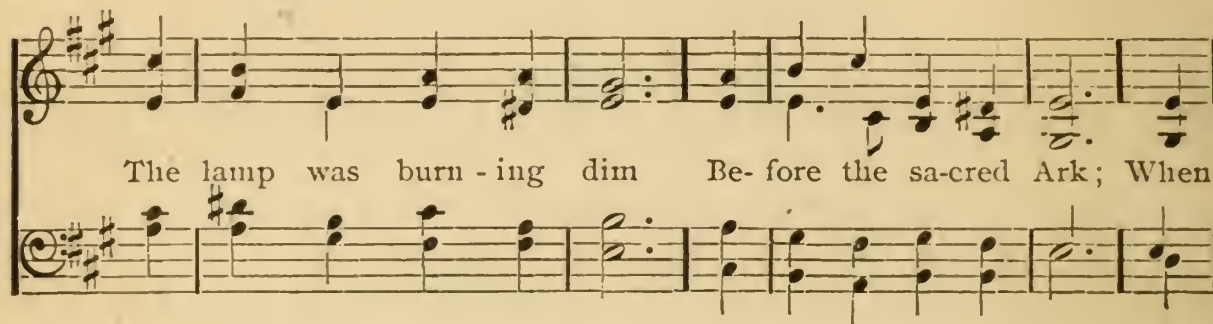
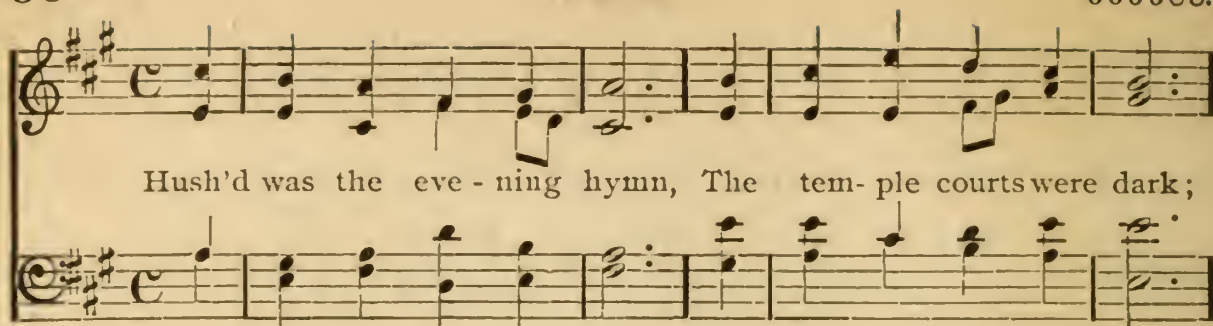
Grant me henceforth, dear Saviour,
While in this vale of tears,
To look to Thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears.

The ground of my profession
Is Jesus and His blood;
He gives me the possession
Of everlasting good;
Myself and whatsoever
Is mine, I cannot trust;
The gifts of Christ my Saviour
Remain my only boast.

95

Godric.

666688.



The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

O give me Samuel's ear!
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like Him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

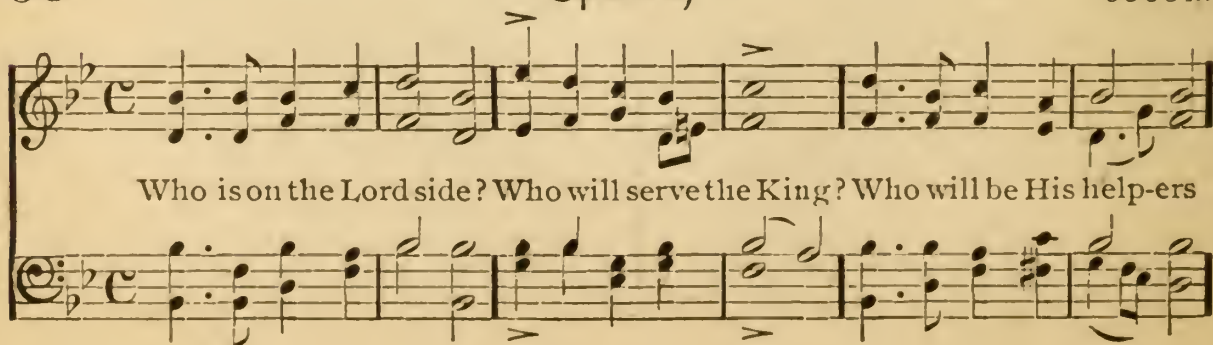
O give me Samuel's heart!
A lowly heart that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night: a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

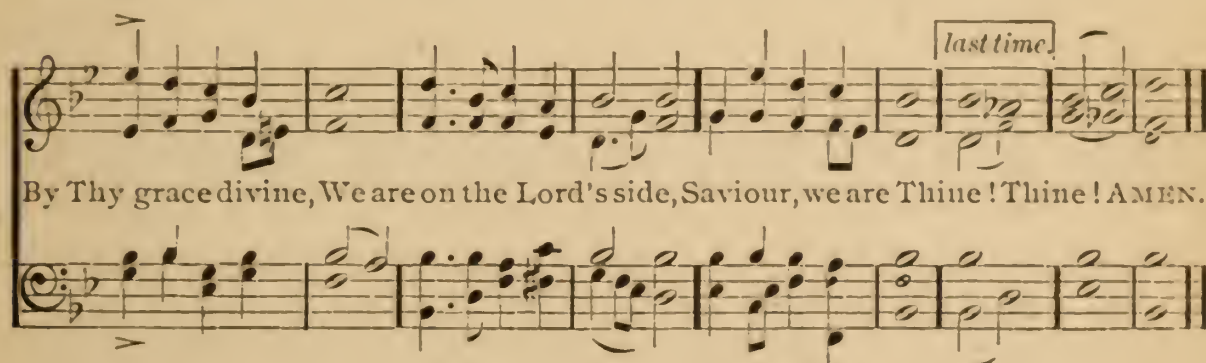
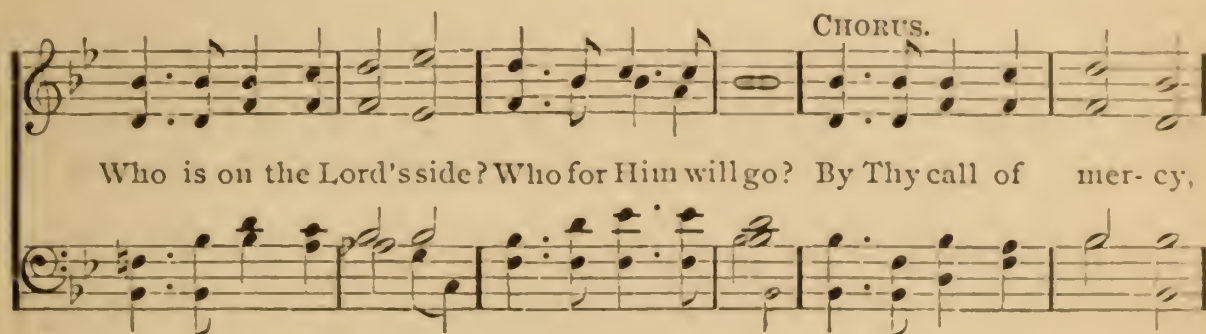
O give me Samuel's mind!
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

96

Epworth.

6565 D.





Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior-psalm:
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.

CHORUS.—By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.

CHORUS.—By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

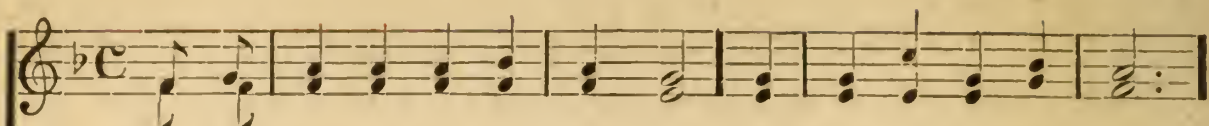
Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.

CHORUS.—Joyfully enlisting,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

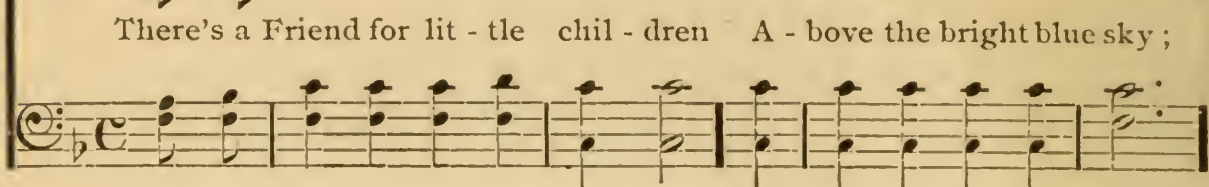
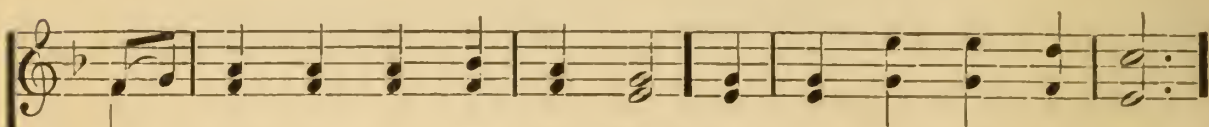
Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
"Chosen, called and faithful"
For our Captain's band.
In the service royal,
Let us not grow cold,
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.

CHORUS.—Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine!

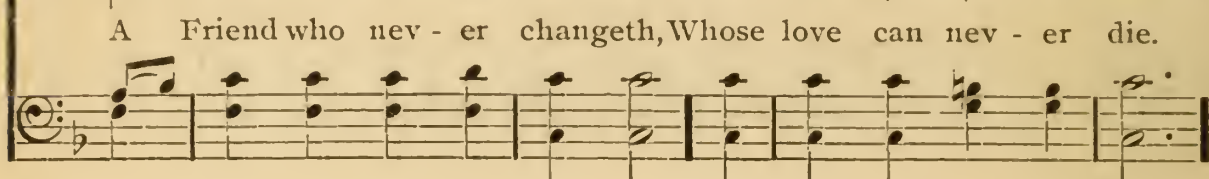
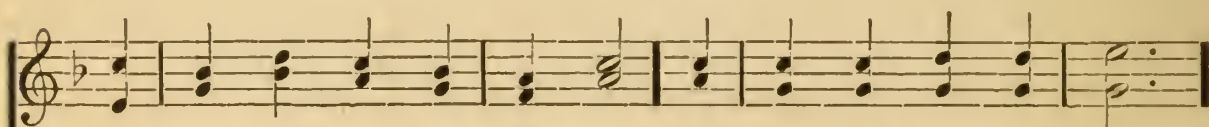
Impromptu for Two Voices



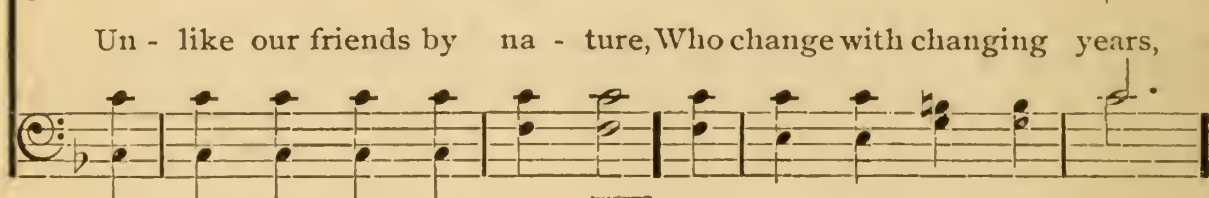

There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky ;

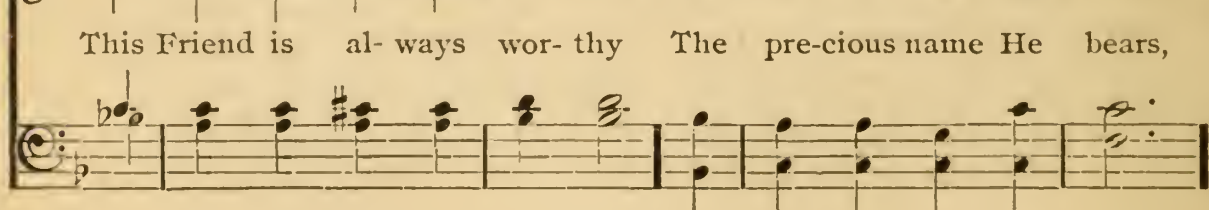
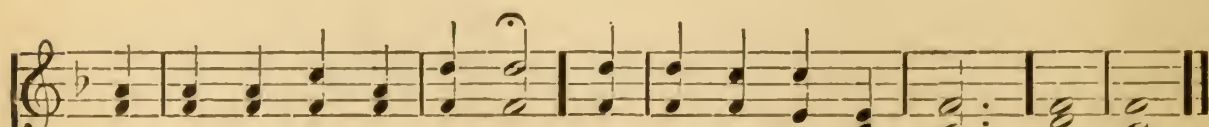
A Friend who nev - er changeth, Whose love can nev - er die.

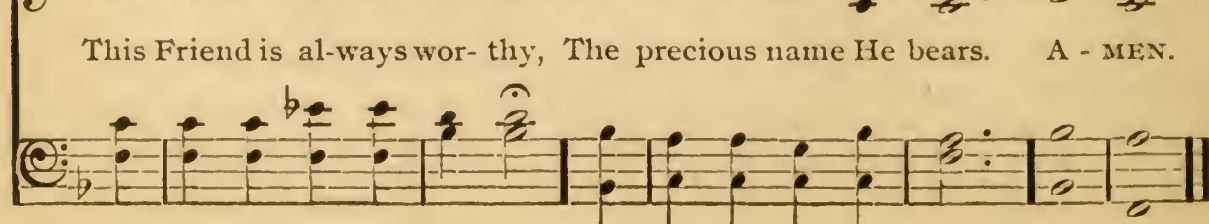
Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with changing years,

This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious name He bears,

This Friend is al - ways wor - thy, The pre - cious name He bears. A - MEN.



There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
For those who love the Saviour,
And to their Father cry.
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it;
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

There are crowns for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear them by-and-by;

Yea, crowns of brightest glory,
Which He will sure bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

There's a song for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

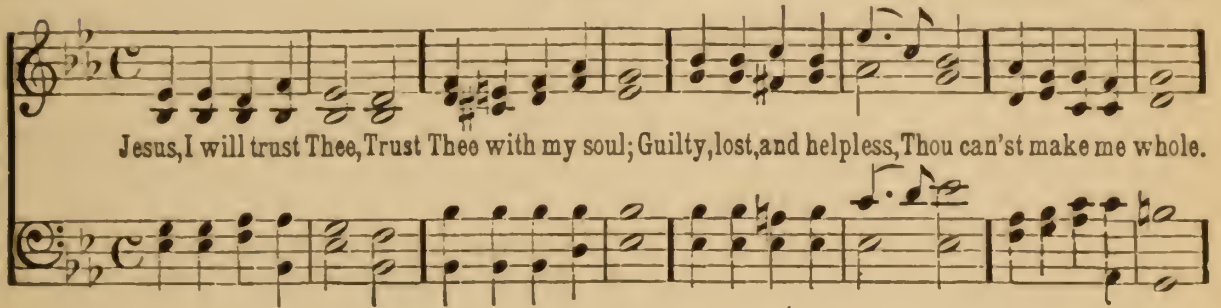
There's a robe for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
A harp of sweetest music,
And palms of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

FAITH AND TRUST.

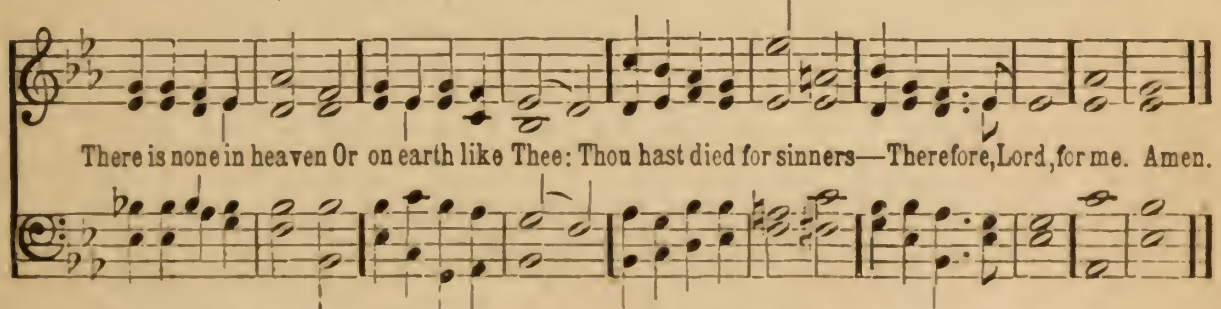
98

Cephas.

6565D.



Jesus, I will trust Thee, Trust Thee with my soul; Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou can'st make me whole.



There is none in heaven Or on earth like Thee: Thou hast died for sinners—Therefore, Lord, for me. Amen.

Jesus, I may trust Thee,
Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel
At Thy wondrous birth;
Written, and for ever,
On Thy cross of shame,
Sinners read and worship,
Trusting in His name.

Jesus, I must trust Thee,
Pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy
All Thine earthly days:
Sinners gathered round Thee,
Lepers sought Thy face—
None too vile or loathsome
For a Saviour's grace.

Jesus, I can trust Thee,
Trust Thy written word,
Though Thy voice of pity
I have never heard:
When Thy Spirit teacheth,
To my taste how sweet—
Only may I hearken,
Sitting at Thy feet.

Jesus, I do trust Thee,
Trust without a doubt:
"Whosoever cometh
Thou wilt not cast out,"
Faithful is Thy promise,
Precious is Thy blood
These my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God!

99 (First Tune.)

Allen. *Bullingham*

8583.

I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je- sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee;

Trust-ing Thee for full sal- va - tion, Great and free. A - MEN.

I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy
Trusting now.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

I am trusting Thee to guide me,
Thou alone shalt lead!

Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail:
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

99 (Second Tune.)

Wambold.

8583.

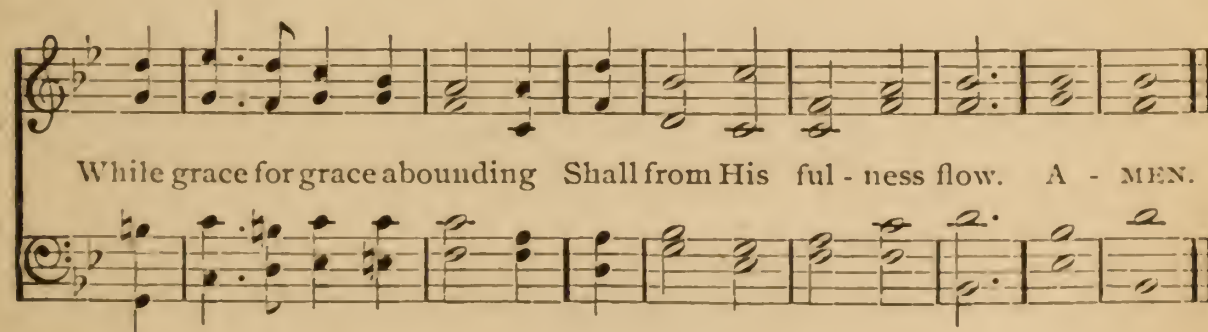
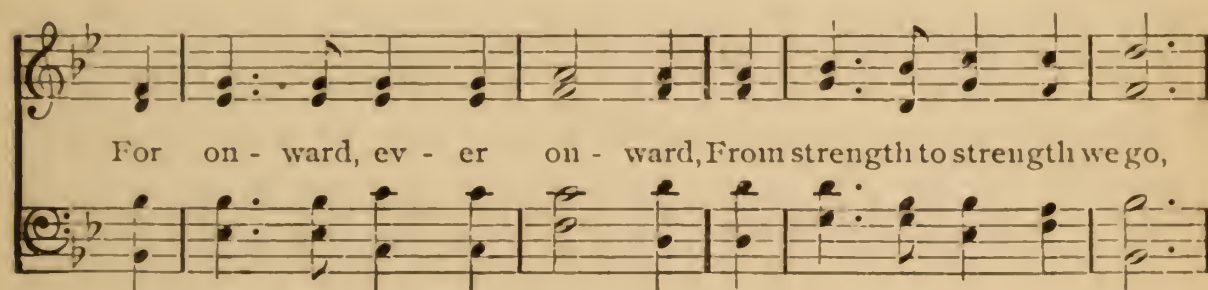
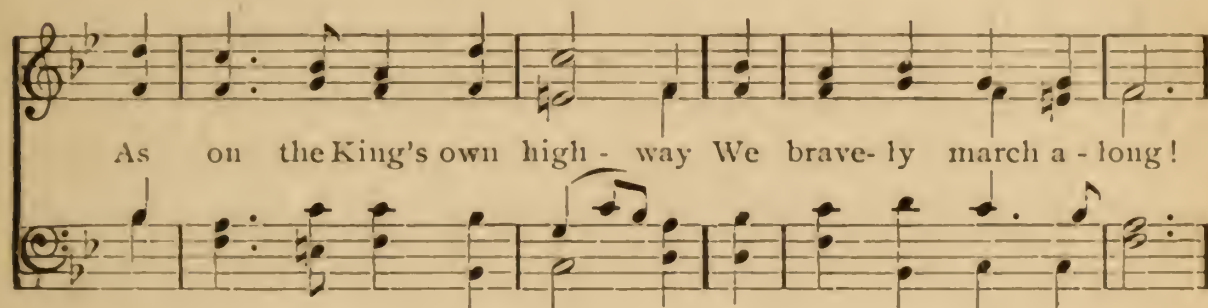
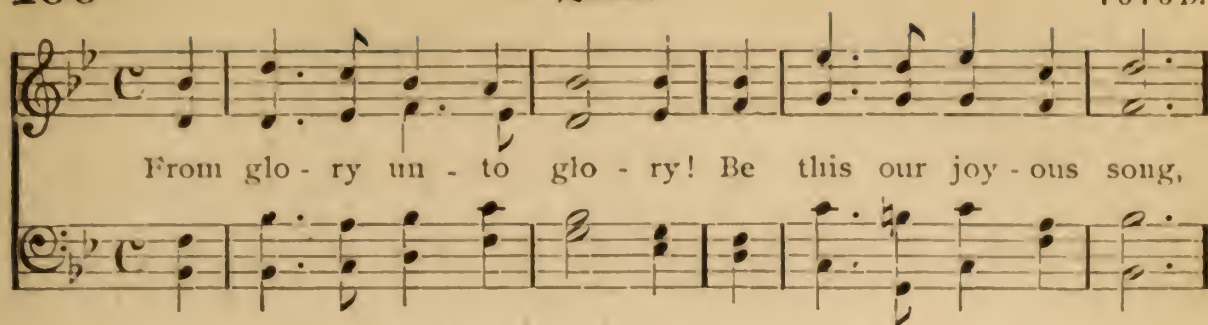
I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee;

Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free. A - MEN.

100

Zoan.

7676D.



From glory unto glory!
 What great things He hath done!
 What wonders He hath shown us,
 What triumphs He hath won!
 But greater things, far greater,
 Our longing eyes shall see!
 We can but wait and wonder
 What greater things can be!

From glory unto glory!
 Without a shade of care,
 Because the Lord who loves us
 Will every burden bear;
 Because we trust Him fully,
 And know that He will guide,
 And know that He will keep us
 At His beloved side.

From glory unto glory!
 Though tribulation fall,
 It cannot touch our treasure,
 When Christ is All in all!
 Whatever lies before us,
 There can be naught to fear;
 For what are pain and sorrow
 When Jesus Christ is near?

From glory unto glory!
 What mighty blessings crown
 The lives for which our Lord laid
 His own so freely down!
 The arm of God to keep us;
 The hand of God to guide;
 Jehovah's Triune Presence
 Within us to abide.

101

Southgate.

84848884.

{ Through the love of God our Sav-iour, All will be well; }
 { Free and changeless is His fa - vor, All, all is well. }

Precious is the blood that healed us; Per-fect is the grace that sealed us;

Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us; All must be well! A - MEN.

Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well;
 Ours is such a full salvation,
 All, all is well.
 Happy, still in God confiding;
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
 All must be well!

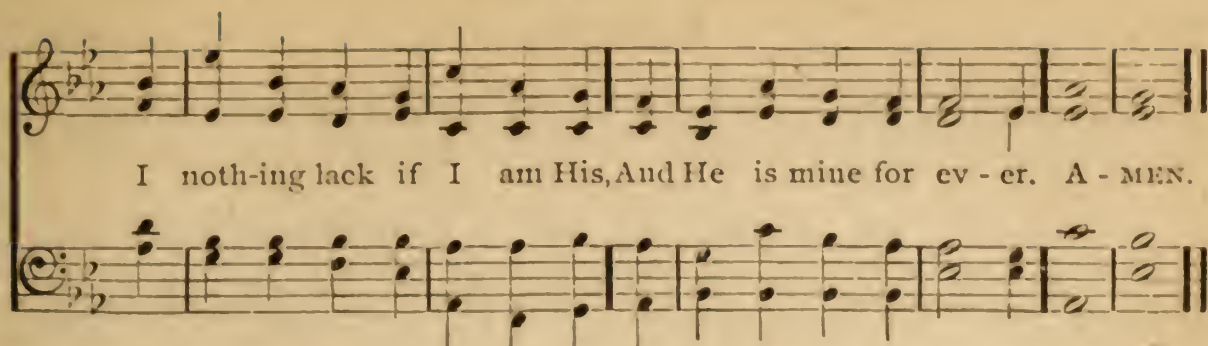
We expect a bright to-morrow,
 All will be well;
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well.
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living or in dying,
 All must be well!

102

Perivale.

8787.

The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness fail-eth nev - er;



I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for ev - er. A - MEN.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

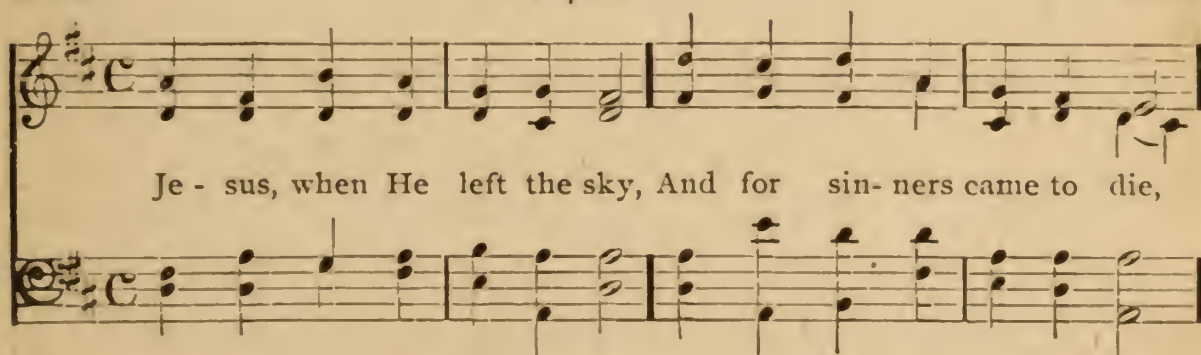
In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

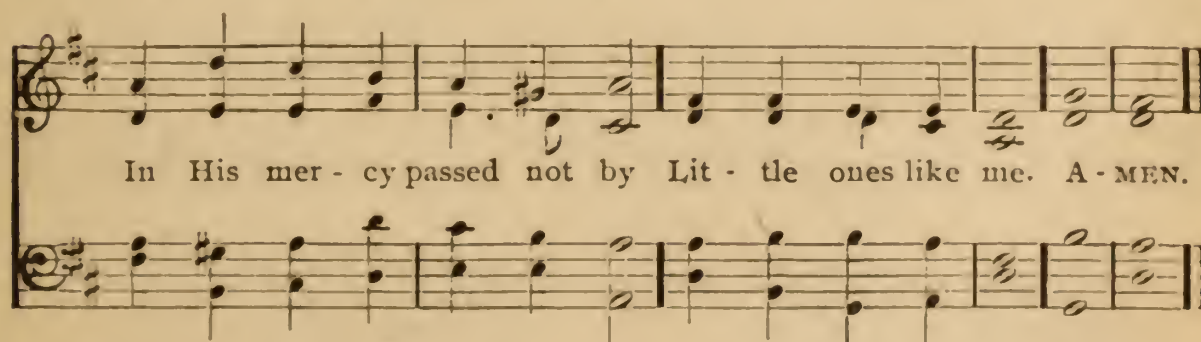
103

Capetown.

7775.



Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die,



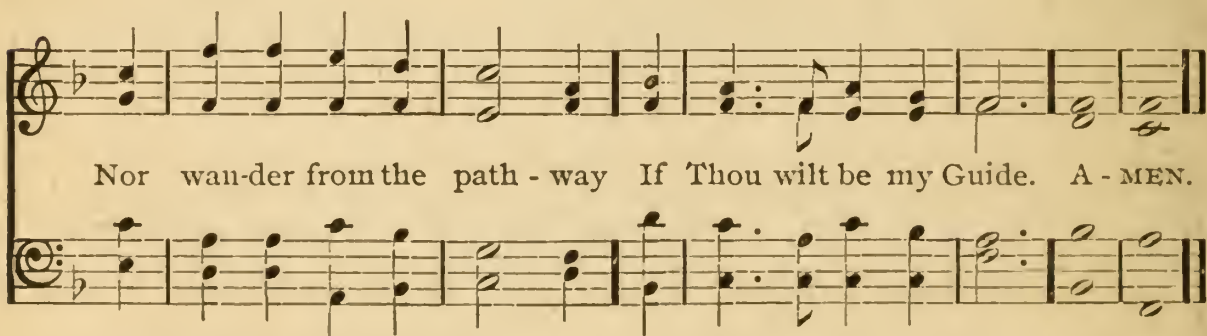
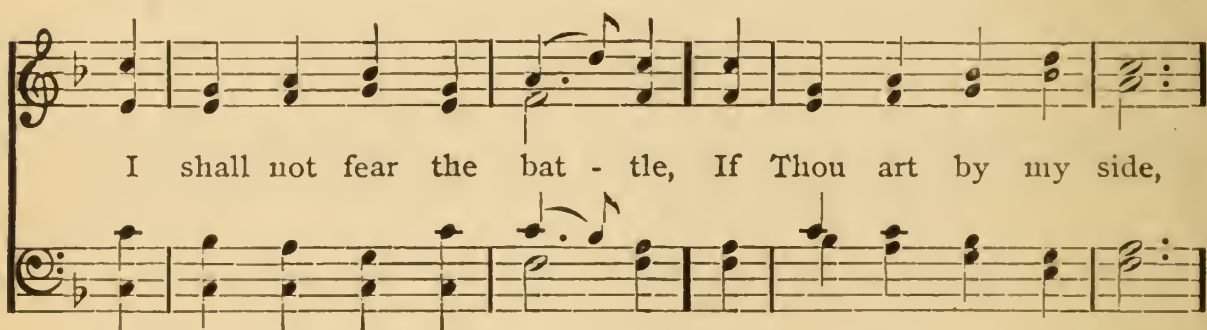
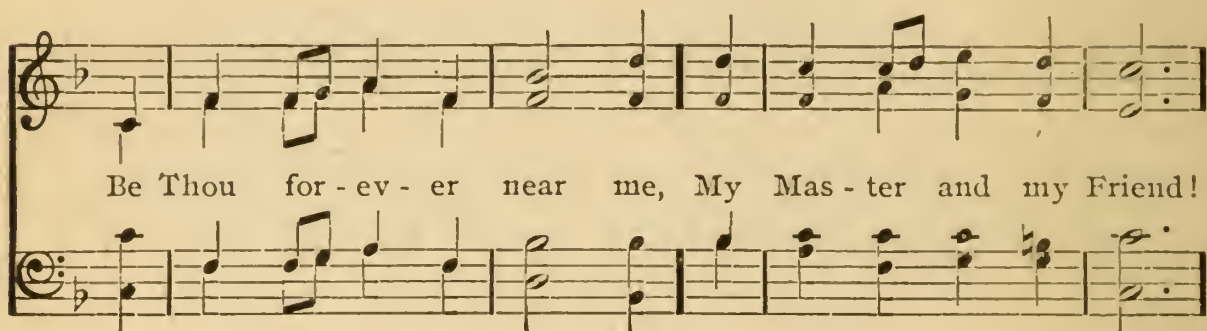
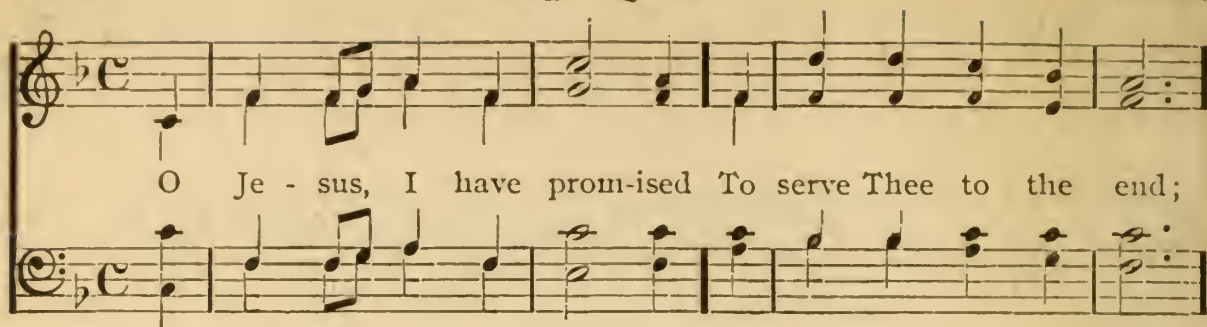
In His mer - cy passed not by Lit - tle ones like me. A - MEN.

Mothers then the Saviour sought
In the places where He taught,
And to Him their children brought,
Little ones like me.

Did the Saviour say them nay?
No; He kindly bid them stay,
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

'Twas for them His life He gave,
To redeem them from the grave:
Jesus able is to save
Little ones like me.

Children then should love Him now,
Strive His holy will to do;
Pray to Him, and praise Him, too,
Little ones like me.



O let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near;
I see the lights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;

And Jesus I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

O let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own,
My hope to follow truly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

105

Bartley.

868688.

One Priest a - lone can par - don me, Or bid me

"Go in peace;" Can breathe that word, "Ab - sol - vo te," *

And make these heart-throbs cease; My soul has heard His

priest-ly voice; It said, "I bore thy sins—re-joice!" A - MEN.

He showed the spear mark in His side,
The nail-print on His palm;
Said, "Look on me, the Crucified;
Why tremble thus? Be calm!
All power is mine; I set thee free;
Be not afraid—"Absolvo te."

By Him my soul is purified,
Once leprous and defiled;
Cleansed by the water from His side,
God sees me as a child:
No priest can heal or cleanse but He;
No other say, "Absolvo te."

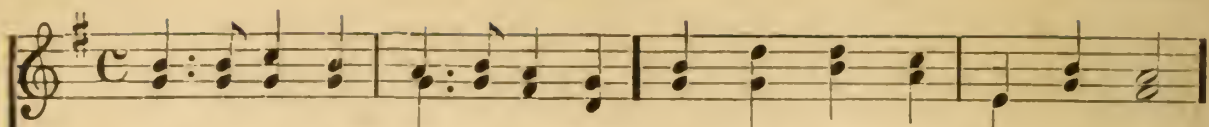
In heaven He stands before the throne,
The great high priest above;
"Melchizedek"—that name alone

* I pardon thee.

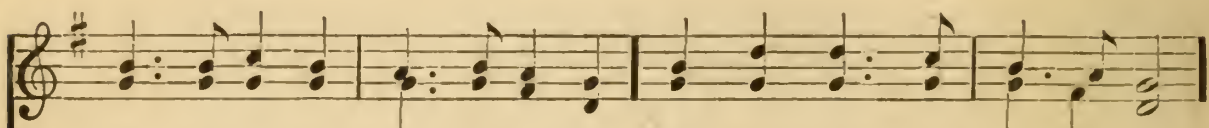
Can sin's dark stains remove;
To Him I look, on bended knee,
And hear that sweet "Absolvo te."

A girded Levite here below,
I willing service bring,
And fain would tell to all I know
Of Christ, the priestly King;
Would woo all hearts from sin to flee,
And hear Him say, "Absolvo te."

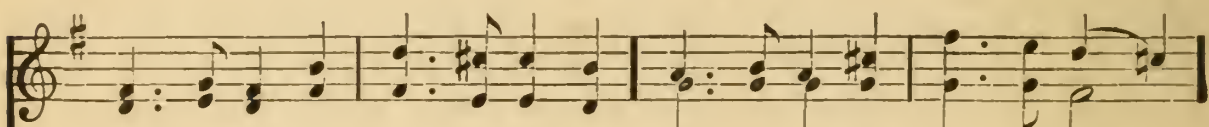
"A little while," and He shall come
Forth from the inner shrine,
To call His pardoned brethren home;
O bliss supreme, divine!
When every blood-bought child shall see
The Priest who said, "Absolvo te."



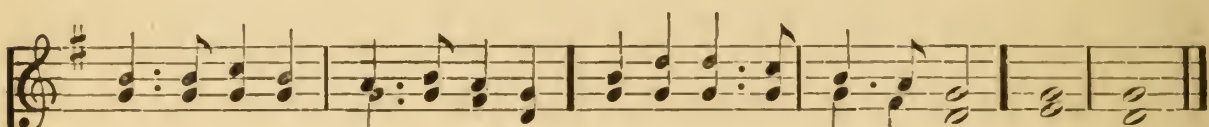
Love Divine, all loves ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!



Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwelling, All Thy faith-ful mercies crown.



Je-sus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;



Vis-it us with Thy sal-vation, En-ter ev'ry trembling heart. A - MEN.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast!
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find Thy promised rest;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,—
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing;
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be:
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee.
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place:
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

107 (First Tune.)

Ludgett.

66666.

O love that casts out fear, O love that casts out sin, Tarry no more without,

But come and dwell within, But come and dwell within. A - MEN.

True sunlight of the soul
 Surround me as I go:
 So shall my way be safe,
 My feet no straying know.

Great love of God, come in,
 Wellspring of heavenly peace;
 Thou, Living Water, come,
 Spring up, and never cease.

Love of the living God,
 Of Father and of Son,
 Love of the Holy Ghost,
 Fill thou each needy one.

Praise to the Father give,
 The Spirit and the Son;
 Praise for the mighty love
 Of the great Three-in-One.

107 (Second Tune.)

Denys.

66666.

O love that casts out fear, O love that casts out sin,

Tar - ry no more with - out, But come and dwell with - in. A - MEN.

108 (First Tune.)

Hilldrop.

L. M.

It is a thing most wonder-ful, Almost too won-der-ful to be,

That God's own Son should come from heav'n, And die to save a child like me. AMEN.

And yet I know that it is true;
He came to this poor world below,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and
Only because He loved me so. [died,

I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.

I sometimes think about the cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails, the crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me.

Yet could I even see Him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great love which, like a fire,
Is always burning in His heart.

It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so full and sure,
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;
Oh, light the flame within my heart!
And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

108 (Second Tune.)

Missionary Chant.

L. M.

It is a thing most wonderful, Al-most too won-der-ful to be,

That God's own Son should come from heav'n, And die to save a child like me. AMEN.

I ought to love the Sav - iour; No earth - ly friend can be

So lov - ing, kind and faith - ful As He hath been to me.

Be - fore my lips could ut - ter His sweet and precious name,

Un - til the present mo - ment His love hath been the same. A - MEN.

He left His home in glory,
To save my soul from death,
And now in all life's dangers
He still sustains my breath.
I lay me down in slumber
All through the hours of night,
And wake again in safety
To hail the morning light.

It is but very little
For Him that I can do,
Then let me seek to serve Him
My earthly journey through;

And without sigh or murmur
To do His holy will,
And in my daily duties
His wise commands fulfil.

And when I reach the mansion
He has prepared for me,
'Twill be my grateful pleasure
My Saviour's face to see;
And 'mid the angels' music,
Which then will greet my ear,
How eagerly I'll listen
My Saviour's voice to hear

Thou hidden love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathomed no man knows:

I see from far Thy beauteous light, And in - ly sigh for Thy re- pose:

My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest, till it find rest in Thee. A - MEN.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

Oh, hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All:
To feel thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

Thee will I love, my strength, my tow'r, Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;

Thee will I love with all my pow'r, In all Thy works, and Thee a-lone :

Thee will I love, till sacred fire Fill my whole soul with chaste desire. A-MEN.

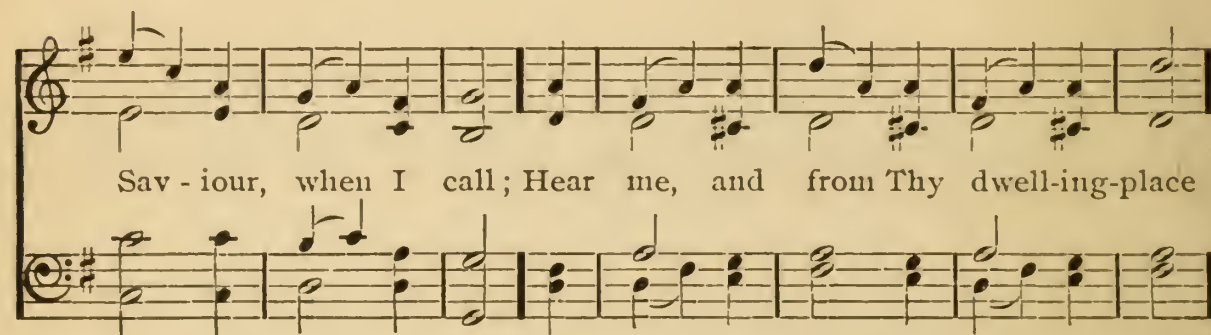
I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
 That Thy bright beams on me have shined :
 I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind ;
 I thank Thee, Whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
 Still to press forward in Thy way ;
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
 Fill, satiate with Thy heavenly light.

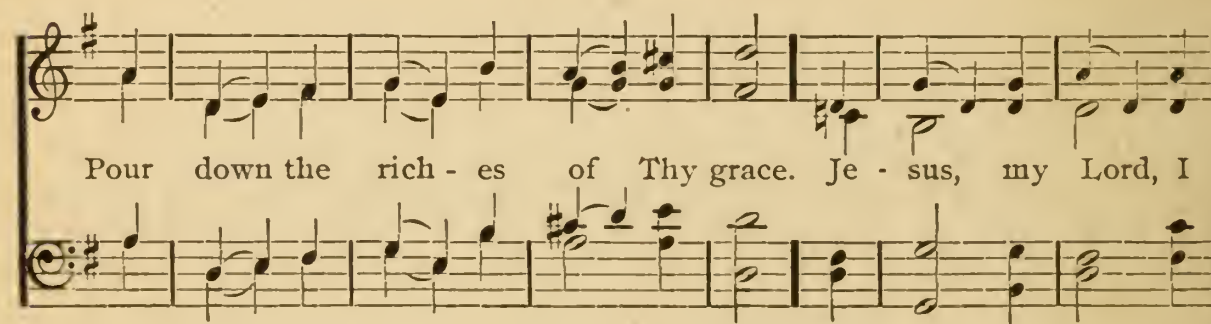
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God !
 Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
 Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod ;
 What though my flesh and heart decay,
 Thee shall I love in endless day.



Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest



Sav - iour, when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place



Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace. Je - sus, my Lord, I



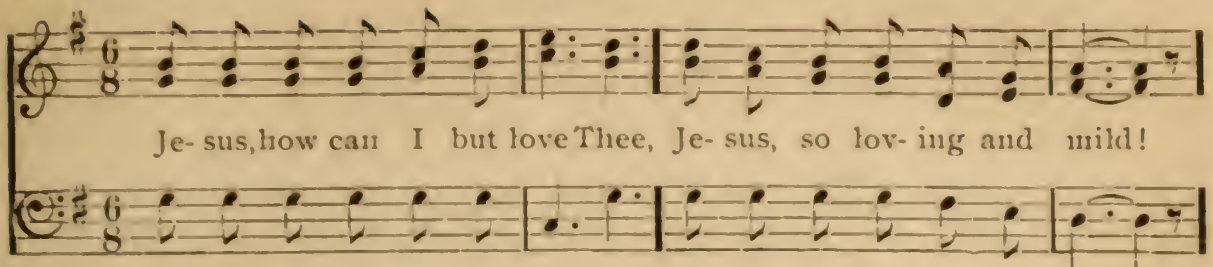
Thee a - dore; Oh make me love Thee more and more. A - MEN.

Jesus, alas! too coldly sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

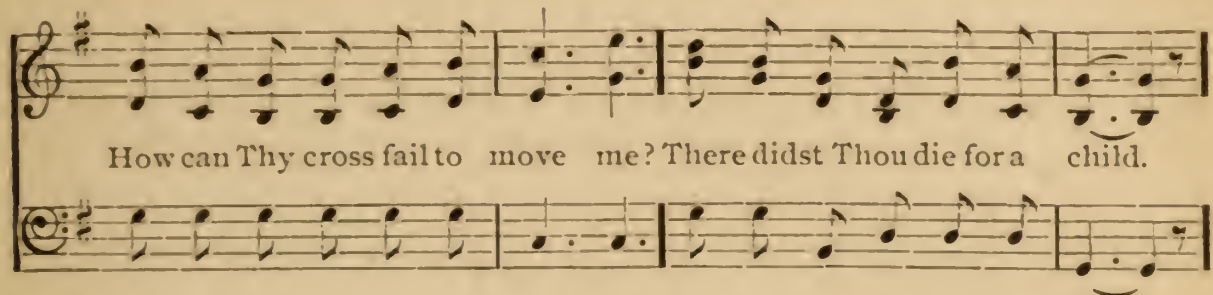
Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast
brought!

Oh, far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I am or have is Thine;
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

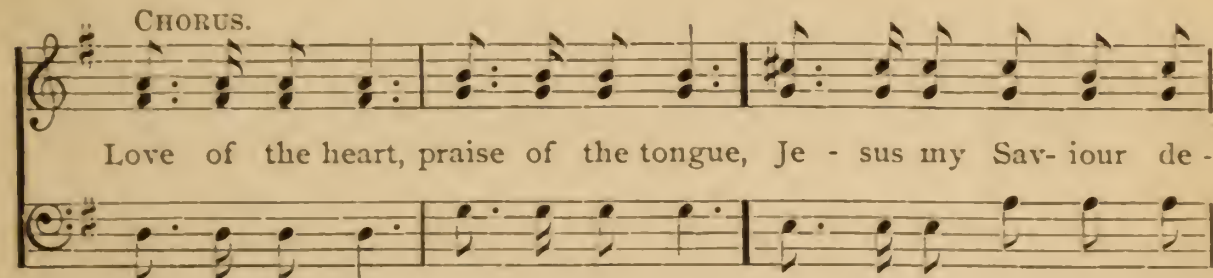


Je- sus, how can I but love Thee, Je- sus, so lov- ing and mild!

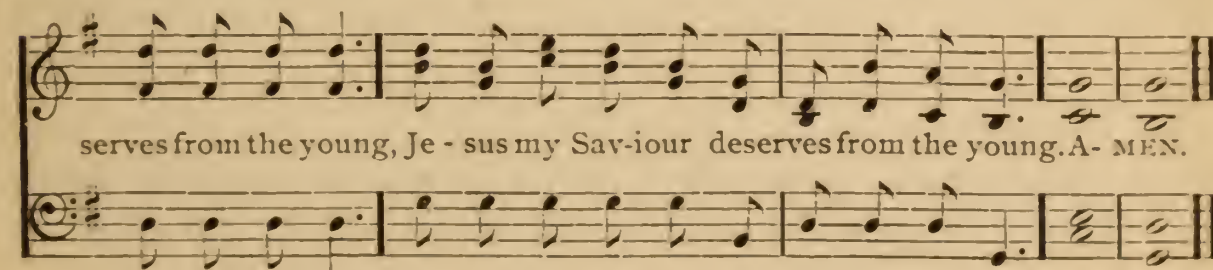


How can Thy cross fail to move me? There didst Thou die for a child.

CHORUS.



Love of the heart, praise of the tongue, Je - sus my Sav- iour de -



serves from the young, Je - sus my Sav- iour deserves from the young. A- MEN.

There in the day of Thy anguish,
Mocked by the guilty around,
There didst Thou suffer and languish,
Bleeding from many a wound.
CHO.—Love of the heart, etc.

Where are the friends that clung to Thee?
Thee they would never disown!
Now from a distance they view Thee
Treading the wine-press alone.
CHO.—Love of the heart, etc.

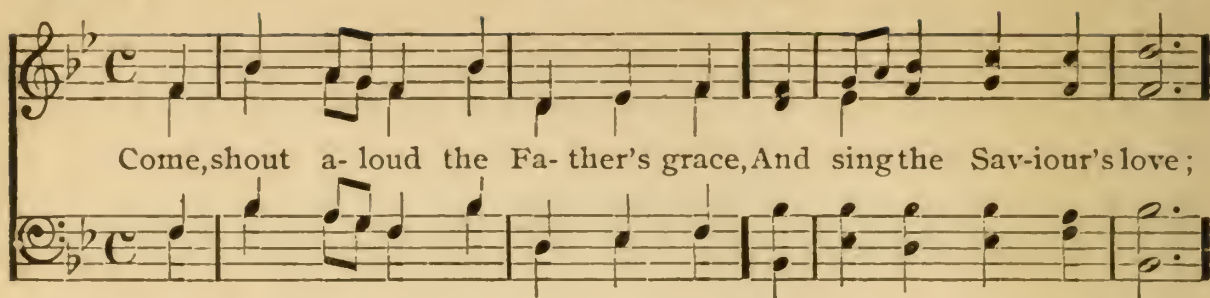
Help me, my Saviour, to love Thee
Though Thy dear name is reviled;
Then at Thy bar I shall prove Thee
Saviour and Friend of Thy child.
CHO.—Love of the heart, etc.

In that dear cross would I glory
Which the proud world may despise,
And let the wonderful story
Tune my sweet harp in the skies.
CHO.—Love of the heart, etc.

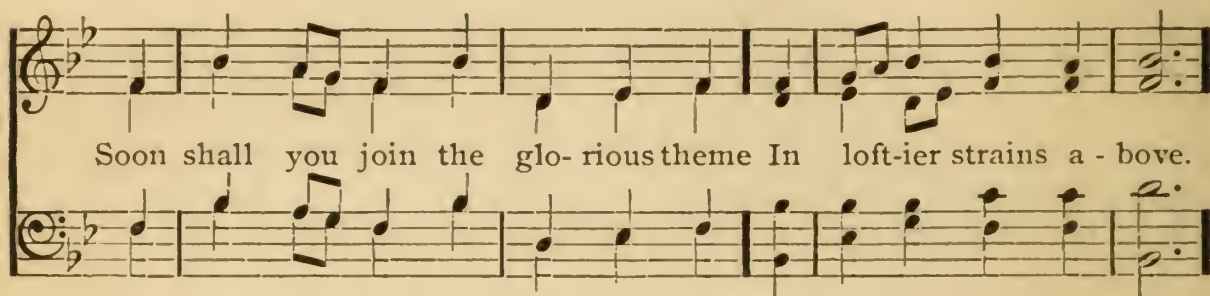
114

Ellacombe.

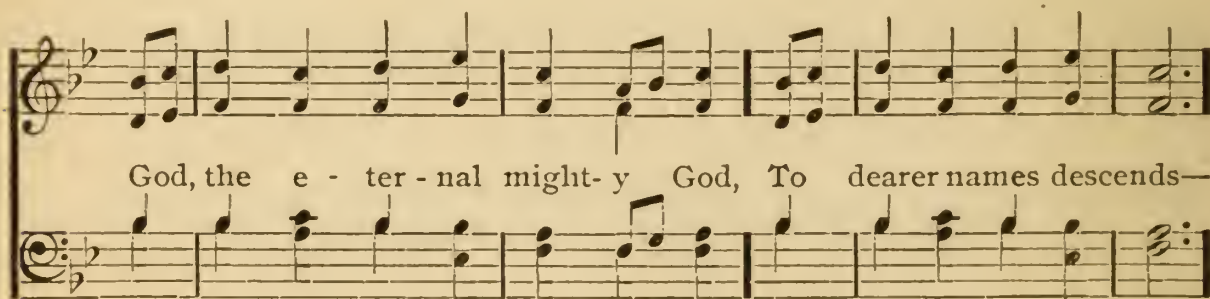
C. M. D.



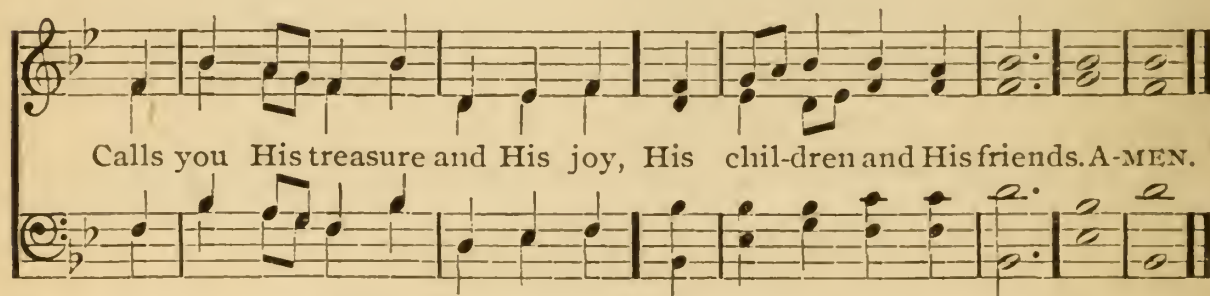
Come, shout a-loud the Fa-ther's grace, And sing the Sav-iour's love;



Soon shall you join the glo-rious theme In loft-ier strains a - bove.



God, the e - ter - nal might- y God, To dearer names descends—



Calls you His treasure and His joy, His chil-dren and His friends. A-MEN.

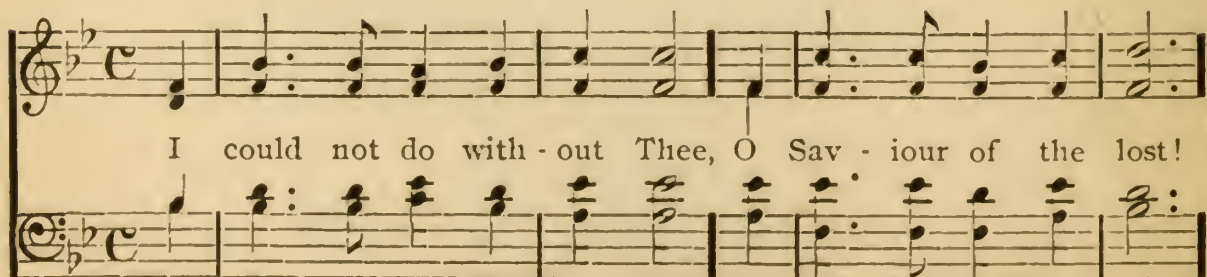
My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow,
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

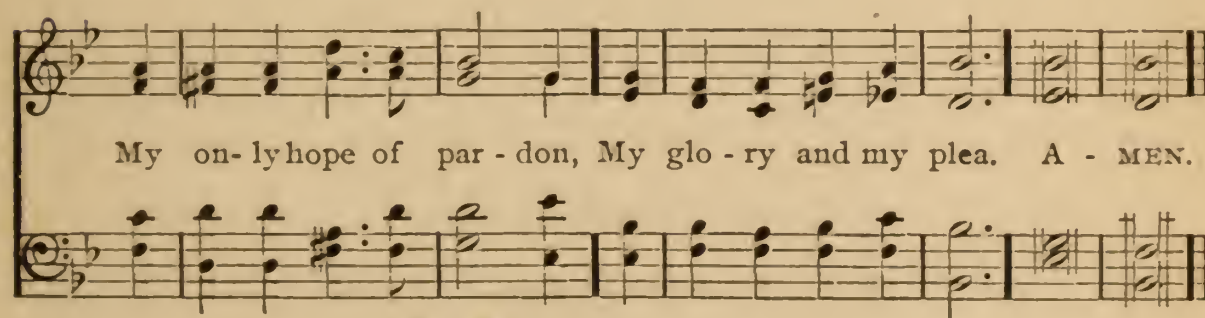
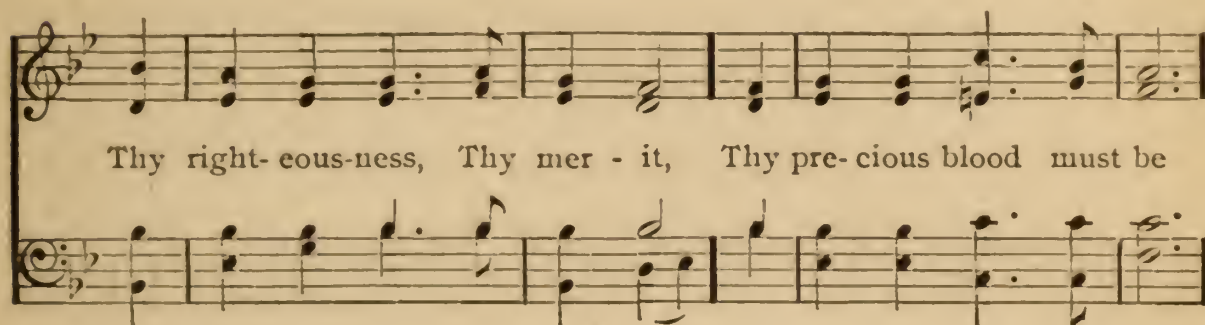
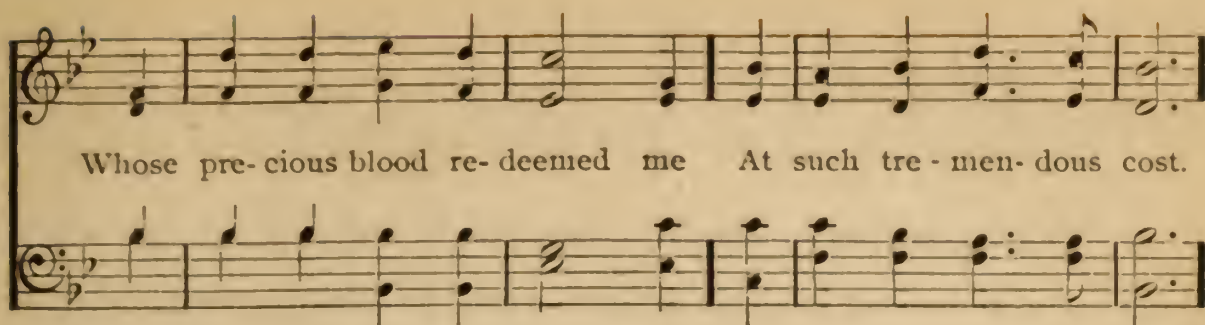
115

Fairbanks.

7676 D.



I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost!



I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone ;
I have no strength nor goodness,
No wisdom of my own ;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

I could not do without Thee,
For O the way is long ;
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without Thee ?
I do not know the way ;
Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
And will not let me stray.

I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear !
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.

How dreary and how lonely
This changeful world would be,
Without the sweet communion—
The secret rest with Thee.

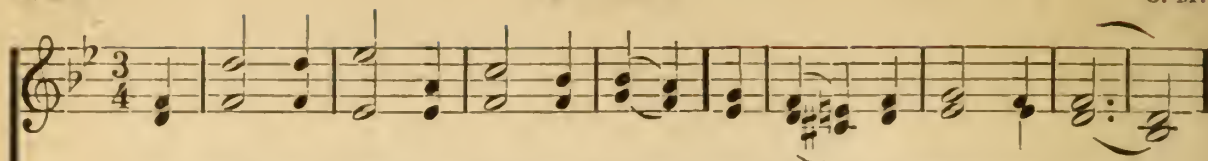
I could not do without Thee ;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange, deep longing,
Interpreting its need.
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessed Lord, like Thine.

I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed ;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, " It is I."

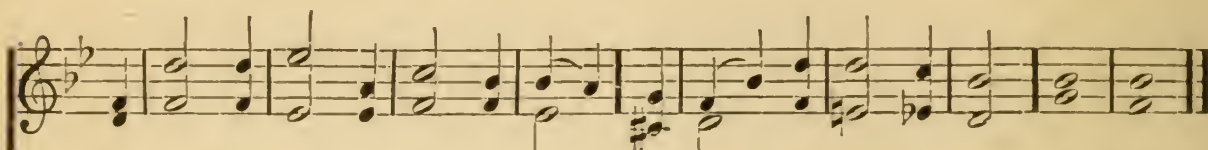
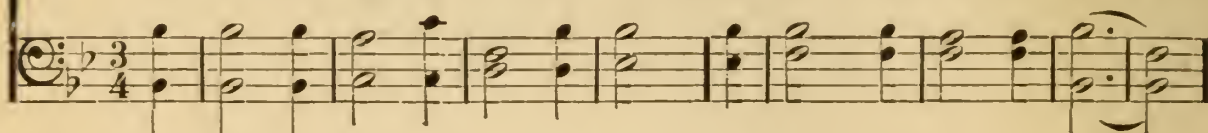
116

Berwick.

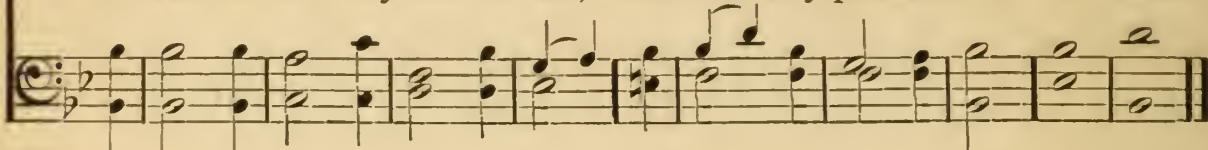
C. M.



Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;



But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest. A - MEN.



No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

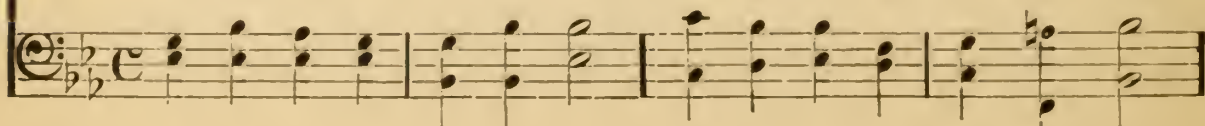
117

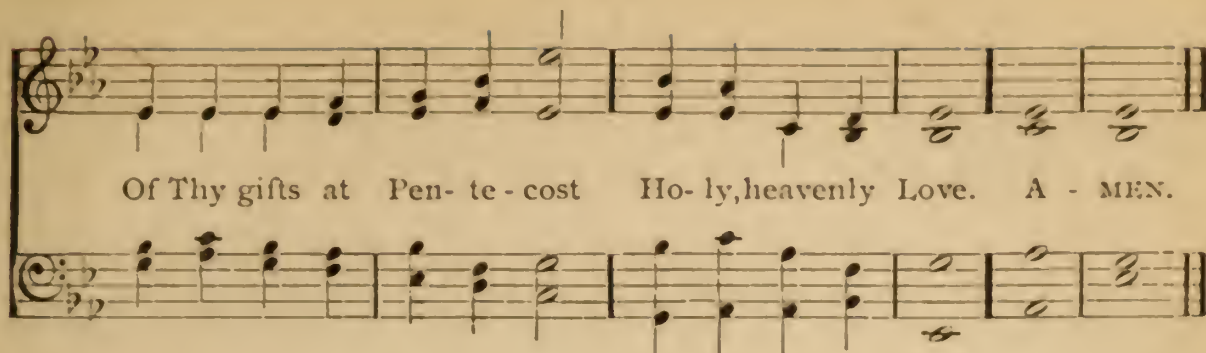
Ronal.

7775.



Gracious Spir- it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov - et most





Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us Love.

Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;

Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us Love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

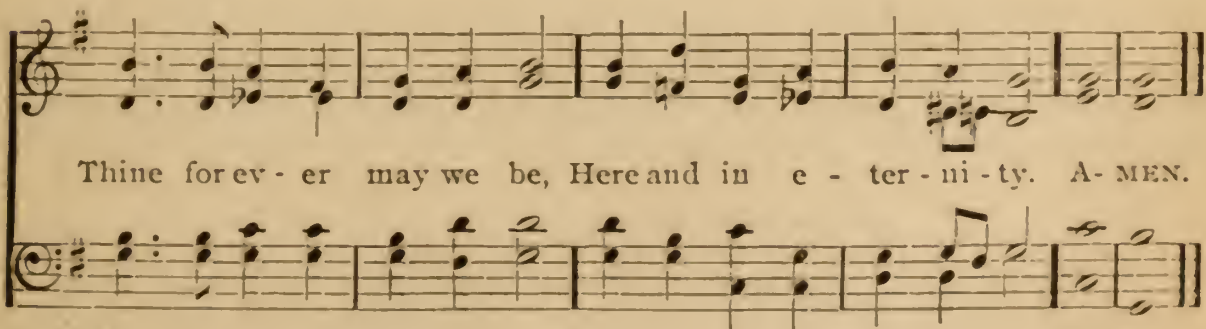
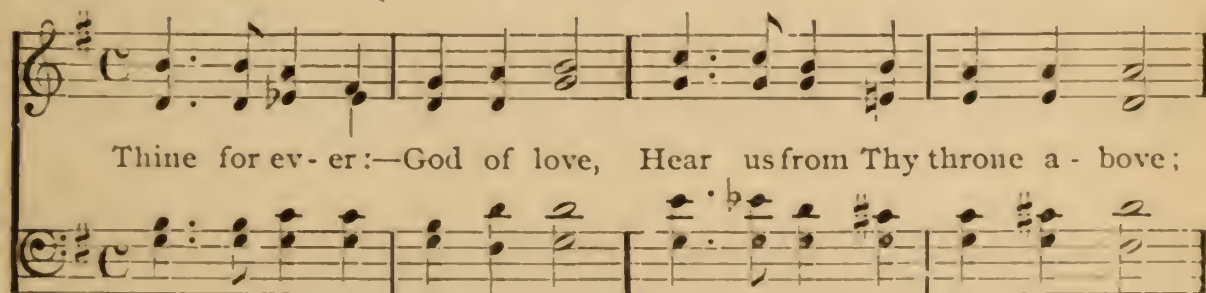
From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly Love.

Rev a 5 m. m. m. m.

118

Confirmation.

7777.

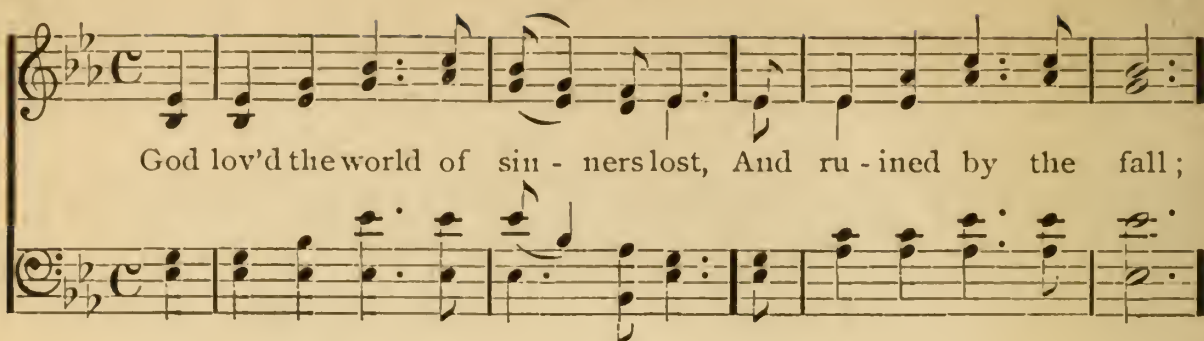


Thine for ever:—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

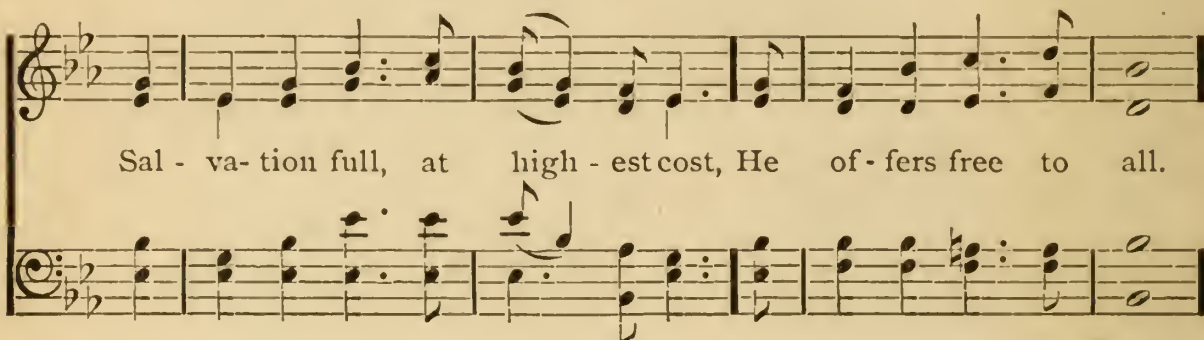
Thine for ever:—O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever:—Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share

Thine for ever:—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

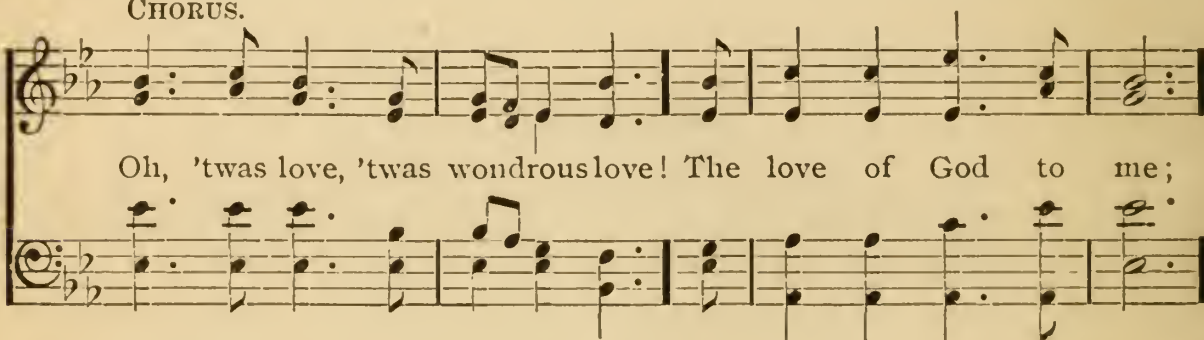


God lov'd the world of sin - ners lost, And ru - ined by the fall;

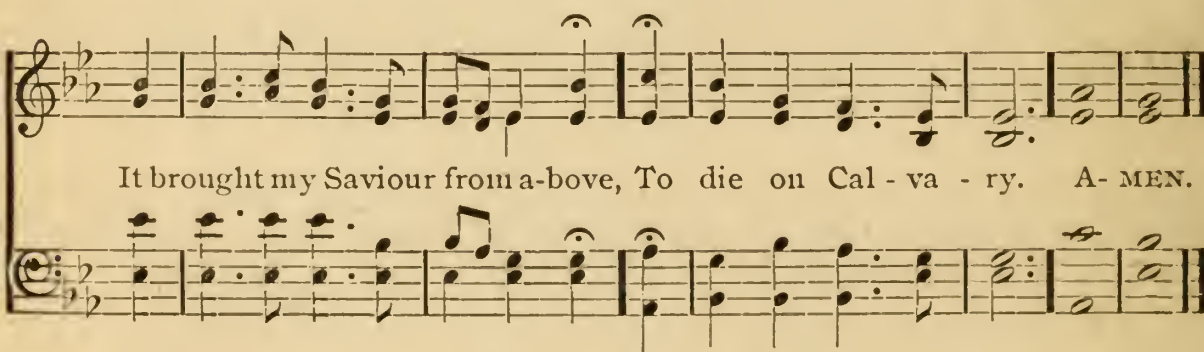


Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.

CHORUS.



Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me;



It brought my Saviour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry. A - MEN.

E'en now by faith I claim Him mine;
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through His blood.—CHO.

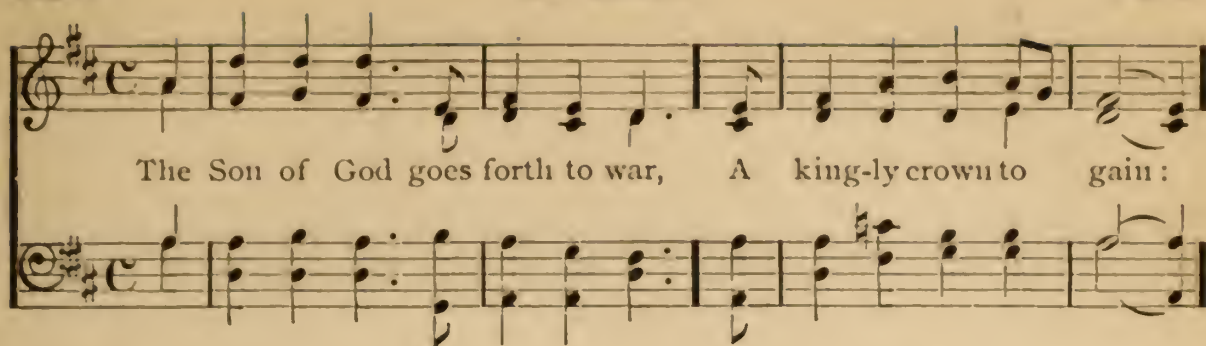
Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessèd rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.—CHO.

Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.—CHO.

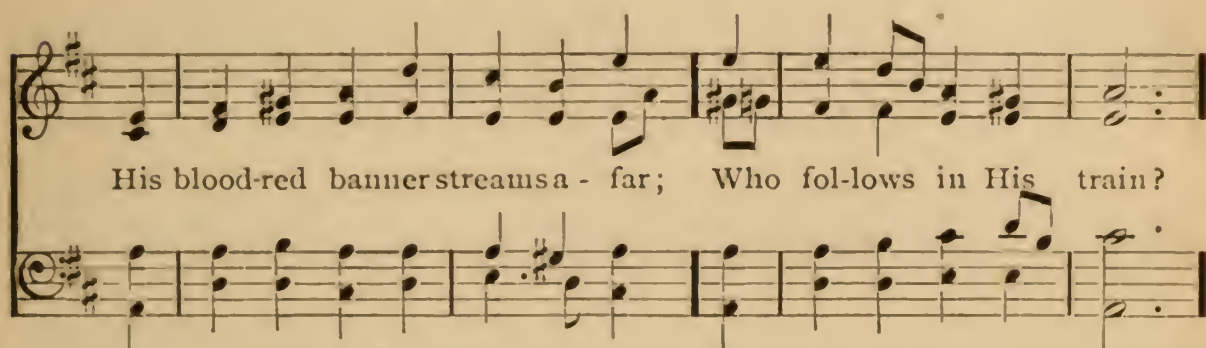
120

De Koven.

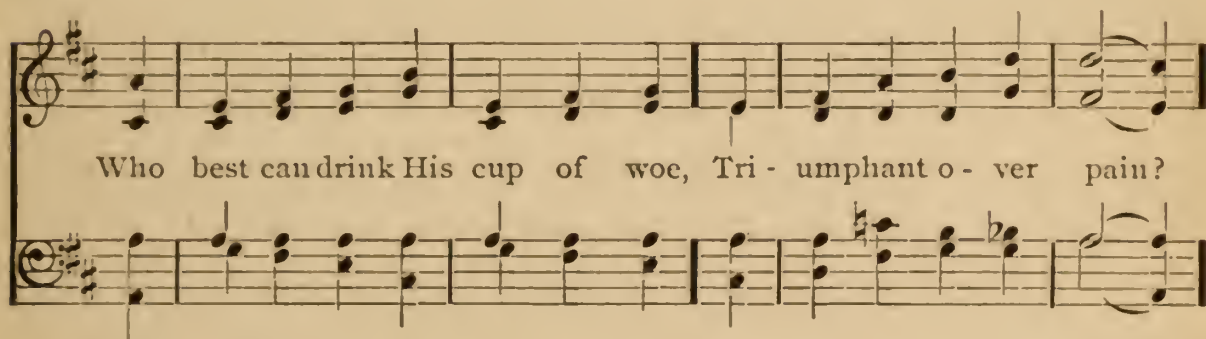
C. M. D.



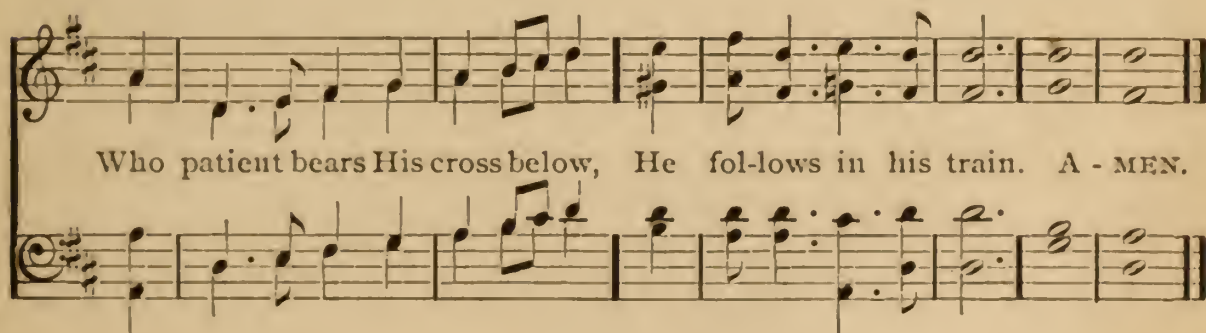
The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain :



His blood-red banner streams a - far; Who fol-lows in His train?



Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - umphant o - ver pain?



Who patient bears His cross below, He fol-lows in his train. A - MEN.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave;
 Who saw His Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save;
 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong:
 Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
 And mocked the cross and flame:

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane;
 They bowed their necks the death to feel:
 Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil and pain;
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

121

Onward.

55556565.

Breast the wave, Chris - tian, When it is strong - est;

Watch for day, Chris - tian, When the night's long - est;

On - ward and on-ward still, Be thine en - deav - or;

The rest that re - main - eth, Will be for - ev - er. A - MEN.

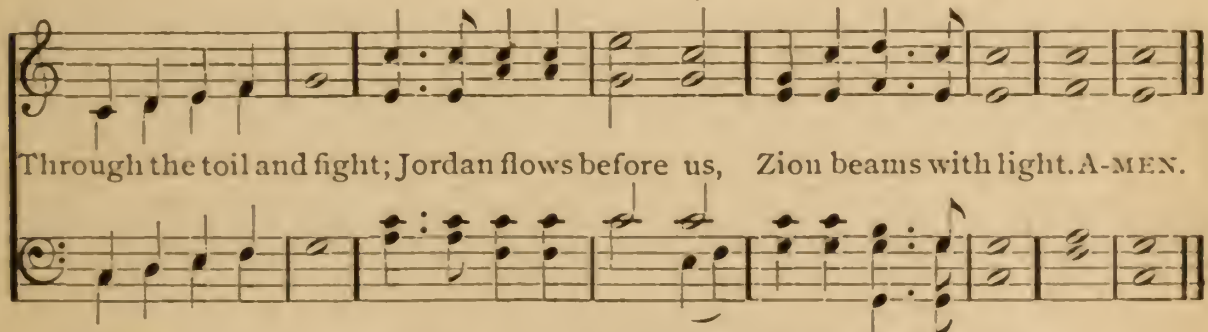
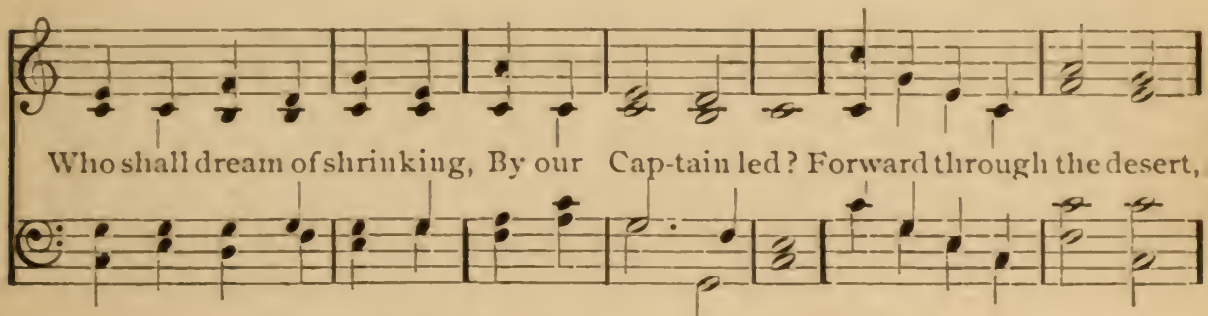
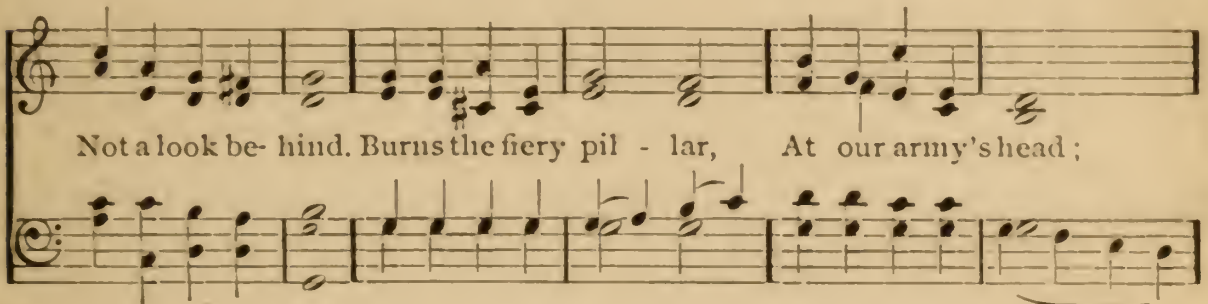
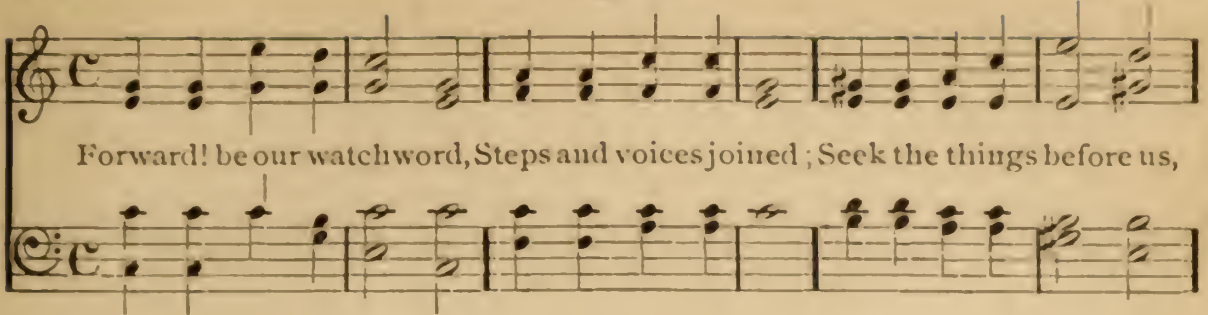
Fight the fight, Christian,
 Jesus is o'er thee;
 Run the race, Christian,
 Heaven is before thee;
 He who hath promised
 Faltereth never;
 He who hath loved so well,
 Loveth for ever.

Lift thine eye, Christian,
 Just as it closeth;
 Raise thy heart, Christian,
 Ere it reposeth;
 Thee from the love of Christ
 Nothing shall sever;
 And, when thy work is done,
 Praise Him for ever.

122

Armageddon.

6565 D.



Forward, when in childhood
 Buds the infant mind ;
 All through youth and manhood,
 Not a thought behind ;
 Speed through realms of nature,
 Climb the steps of grace ;
 Faint not till in glory
 Gleams our Father's face.
 Forward, all the lifetime,
 Climb from height to height ;
 Till the head be hoary,
 Till the eve be light.

Glories upon glories
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love Him
 One day to be shared.
 Eye hath not beheld them,
 Ear hath never heard ;

Nor of these hath uttered
 Thought or speech or word.
 Forward, ever forward,
 Clad in armor bright,
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight.

Far o'er yon horizon
 Rise the city towers,
 Where our God abideth ;
 That fair home is ours.
 Flash the streets with jasper ;
 Shine the gates with gold ;
 Flows the gladdening river,
 Shedding joys untold.
 Thither, onward thither,
 In the Spirit's might ;
 Pilgrims to your country,
 Forward into light.

If you would find sal - va - tion, And taste its joys be - low,

Don't par - ley with temp - ta - tion, But promptly an - swer, No!

CHORUS.

Have cour - age to do right, Have cour - age to do right;

The world may sneer, but nev - er fear, Have cour - age to do right.

If lured by sinful pleasure,
Look upward and resist;
For sorrow without measure
Shall rend the guilty breast.—CHO.

If sinners should revile you,
With patience bear the cross;
Their aim is to defile you,
And glory in your loss.—CHO.

The world will strive to charm you,
And Satan hurl the dart;
But who or what can harm you
While Jesus guards the heart?—CHO.

Stand up then for the truthful,
Stand up then for the pure;
Let courage nerve the youthful
The conflict to endure.—CHO.

124

Garden.

878747.

For His sake who bought my par - don, Heal - ing, bless - ing,

ev - er stood, And, to save me, in the gar - den

Deigned to shed His pre - cious blood, Let me meek - ly

On - ly live in do - ing good, On - ly live in do - ing good. A - MEN.

Giving freely, lowly kneeling
 Where the outcast's moan is heard,
 For the heathen deeply feeling,
 Spreading far God's holy word,
 By his Spirit
 With a love unceasing stirred ;

Where the widow's weary fingers
 Wipe the death-dew from her child,
 Where the Sabbath-teacher lingers
 Fondly o'er young faces mild,
 Lambs of Jesus,
 Emblems of the undefiled ;

Home, abroad, by mart or altar,
 Land or sea, 'mid human kind,
 Let me, toiling, never falter,
 In the strength of Christ resigned,
 Ever trusting
 Till the Land of Rest I find.

Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flowers;

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A-MEN.

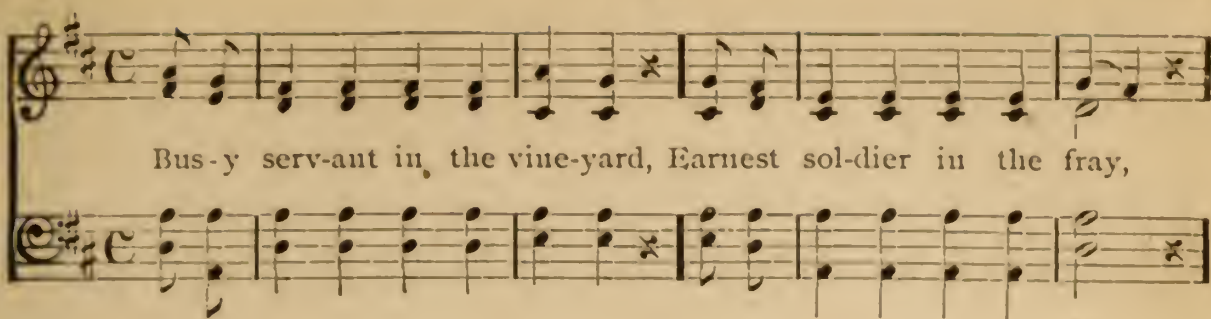
Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth—
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is dark'ning,
 When man's work is o'er.

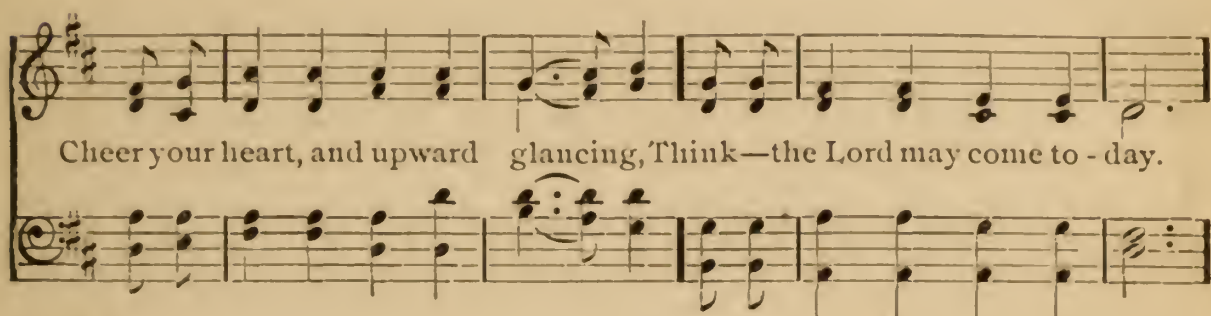
126

Stirling.

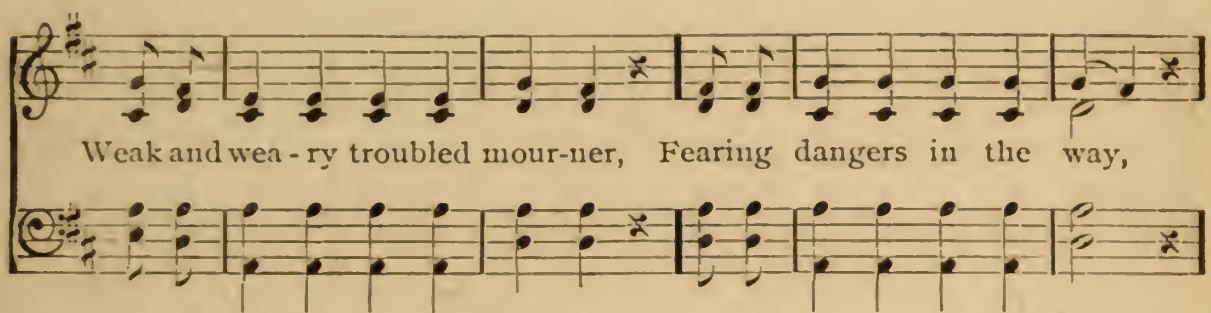
8787 D.



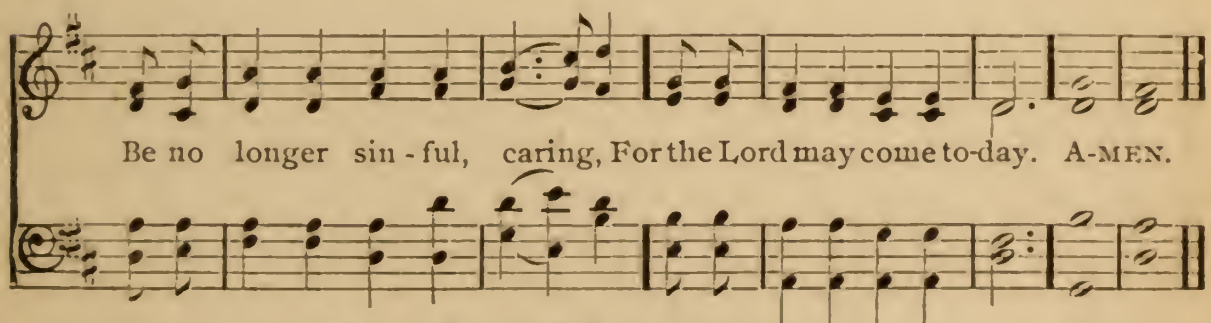
Bus-y serv-ant in, the vine-yard, Earnest sol-dier in the fray,



Cheer your heart, and upward glancing, Think—the Lord may come to-day.



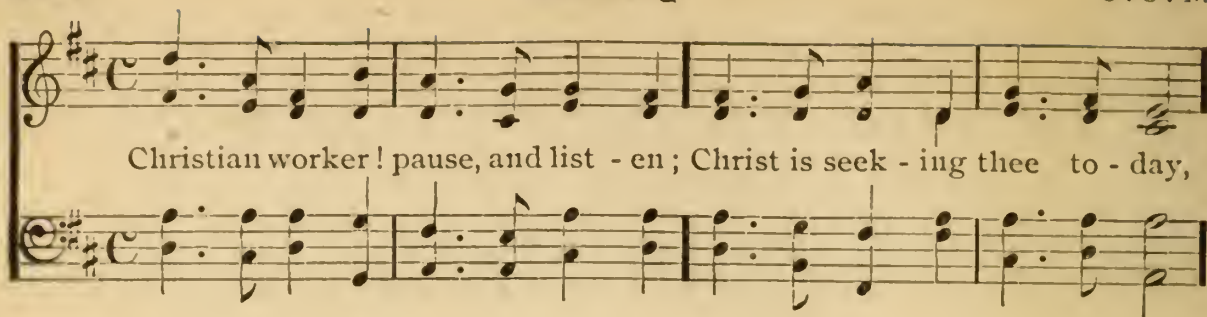
Weak and wea-ry troubled mour-ner, Fearing dangers in the way,



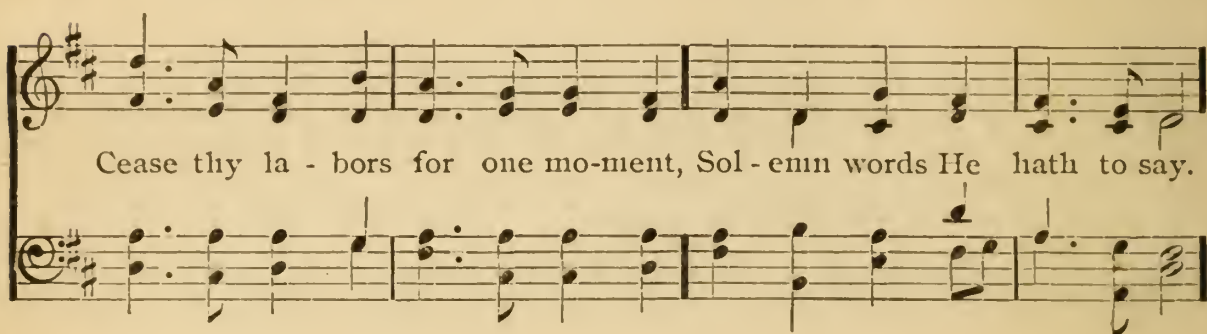
Be no longer sin-ful, caring, For the Lord may come to-day. A-MEN.

Are you busy, all too busy
 With the things that fade away—
 Wealth, or fame, or gain, or pleasure?
 Drop them, He may come to-day.
 Or an idler in the vineyard—
 Others pass you on the way?
 Wake, and live as an immortal,
 Lest the Lord should come to-day.

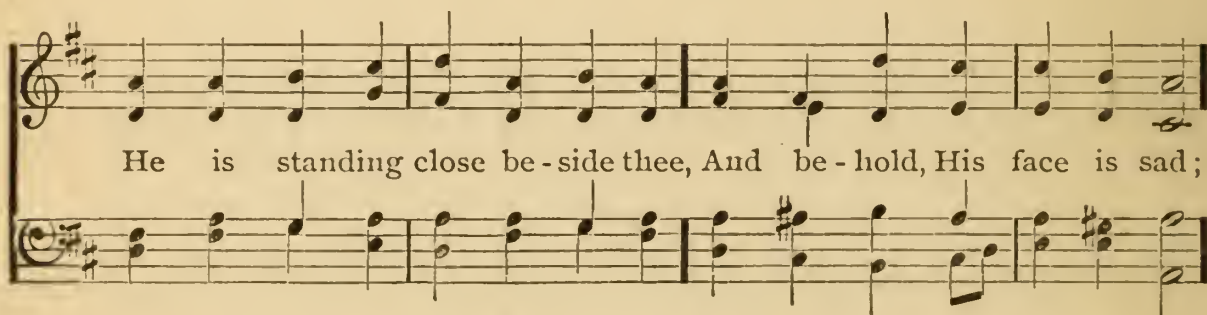
Is the blood upon your garments:
 Have you on His pure array?
 Naught can hide a guilty sinner,
 If in light he come to-day.
 Are you waiting for the Master?
 He is surely on His way;
 We can almost hear His footfall—
 Blessèd Jesus! come to-day.



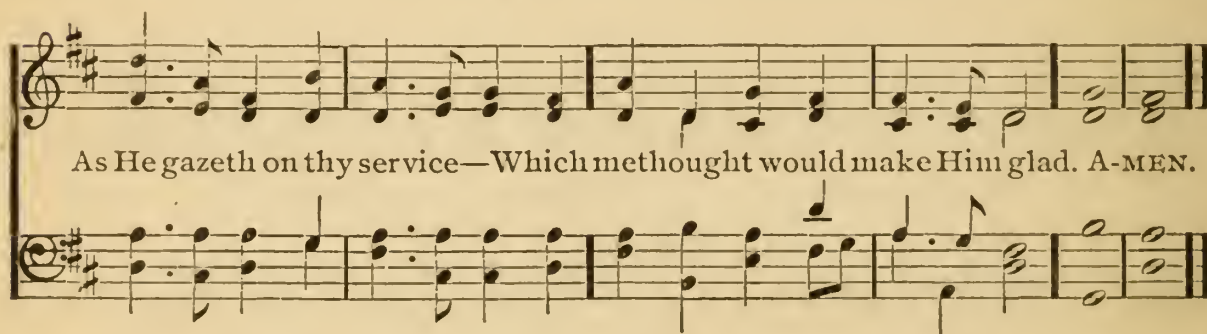
Christian worker! pause, and list - en; Christ is seek - ing thee to - day,



Cease thy la - bors for one mo - ment, Sol - emn words He hath to say.



He is standing close be - side thee, And be - hold, His face is sad;



As He gazeth on thy service—Which methought would make Him glad. A-MEN.

Such unwearied self-devotion!
 Such untiring, earnest zeal!
 Such rich eloquence and pathos!
 Burning words that wound to heal.
 Still the Lord is sadly gazing,
 Hark! He now doth question thee;
 Listen well, His tones are gentle—
 "Dost thou work from love to Me?"

Ah! how often, fellow-Christians,
 Do we need this question still?
 Are we now from pure affection
 Working out our Saviour's will?
 If our secret spring of action
 Were exposed to mortal view,
 Would it bear examination?
 Could it be pronounced quite true?

Does not conscience sometimes tell us
 That the motive power is wrong,
 Of what seems our fairest action,
 Of what sounds our sweetest song?
 Jesus, Saviour, O forgive us,
 As with shame we this confess;
 May our love to Thee grow stronger,
 May our love of self grow less!

O reveal Thyself so plainly,
 That our one desire may be
 Just to let ourselves be nothing,
 Lost, in love of pleasing Thee.
 Christian worker! pause, and listen;
 Christ is seeking thee to-day,
 Cease thy labors for one moment,
 Solemn words He hath to say.

Robert Montgomery

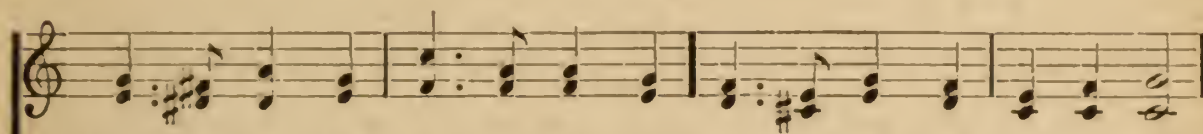
Voices in unison.



Live for Je - sus! All the pleasure That can come from earthly things



E - quals not one hour's en-joy-ment, Which His blessèd service brings.



Live for Je - sus! for thus on - ly Does our life de-serve the name;



To thy heart be - fore all oth-ers Je - sus has a per-fect claim. A - MEN.



Live for Jesus! round His banner
 Gather souls while time doth last:
 To His cross invite poor sinners,
 Soon the work-day will be past.
 Thousands of such wand'ers round thee,
 After peace and comfort sigh;
 Tell them of the Friend who only
 Can their longings satisfy.

Tell them simply of salvation
 Thou thyself in Him hast found;
 Of the grace and loving-kindness
 Wherewith He thy life has crowned.

Live for Jesus! Life's young springtide
 Give Him, and thy summer's prime;
 Live for Him when fading autumn
 Speaks to thee of shortening time.

Give thyself entirely to Him;
 Thus He gave Himself for thee,
 When He lived on earth despisèd,
 When He died on Calvary.
 Give up all for Him, well knowing
 Thus to lose is all to gain;
 Live for Jesus, till with Jesus
 Thou forever rest and reign.

O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest,

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rapture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A-MEN.

O Paradise, O Paradise!
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold?
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise!
 'Tis weary waiting here,
 I long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see Him near;
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise!
 I want to sin no more,
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore:
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise!
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me;
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise!
 I feel 'twill not be long;
 Patience! I think I almost hear
 Faint fragments of thy song;
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

130

Regent Square.

878787.

Light's a - bode, Ce - les - tial Sa - lem, Vis - ion whence true

peace doth spring; Bright - er than the heart can fan - cy,

Man - sion of the High - est King. O how glo - rious

are the prais-es Which of thee the proph - ets sing! A - MEN.

There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken,
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

There no cloud nor passing vapor
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noonday, glorious noonday,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labor,
There unknown are toil and care.

O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong and free;
Full of vigor, full of pleasure,
That shall last eternally.

Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labors,
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

We are but stran - gers here, Heav'n is our Home;

Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is our Home.

Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round us on ev - 'ry hand,

Heav'n is our Fa - ther - land, Heav'n is our Home. A-MEN.

What though the tempests rage?
 Heaven is our Home;
 Short is our pilgrimage,
 Heaven is our Home.
 And Time's wild wintry blast
 Soon shall be overpast,
 We shall reach Home at last;
 Heaven is our Home.

There at our Saviour's side,
 Heaven is our Home;
 May we be glorified;
 Heaven is our Home:

There are the good and blest,
 Those we love most and best,
 Grant us with them to rest;
 Heaven is our Home.

Grant us to murmur not,
 Heaven is our Home;
 Whate'er our earthly lot,
 Heaven is our Home.
 Grant us at last to stand
 There at Thine own Right Hand
 Jesus, in Fatherland:
 Heaven is our Home!

132

Homeland.

7676 D.

For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;

For ver - y love be - hold - ing Thy happy name, they weep,

The men - tion of thy glo - ry, Is unc - tion to the breast,

And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A - MEN.

O one, O only mansion;
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy;
 The Lamb is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified thy praise;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays;
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced;
 The saints build up its fabric,
 The corner-stone is Christ.

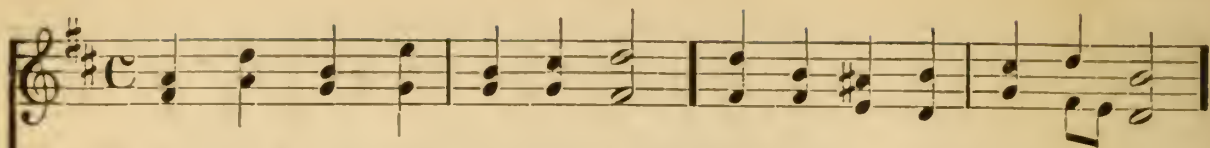
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

O sweet and blessèd country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessèd country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

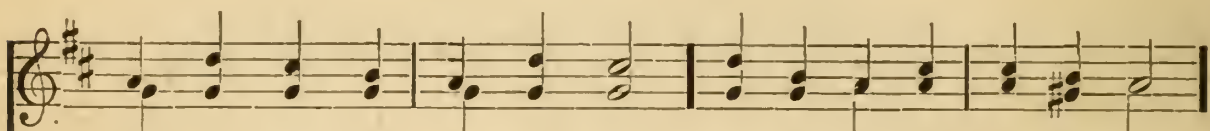
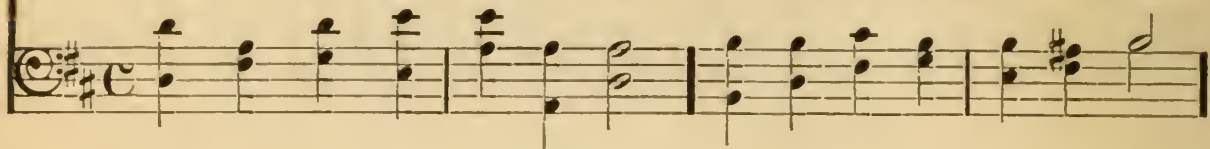
133

Pemsell.

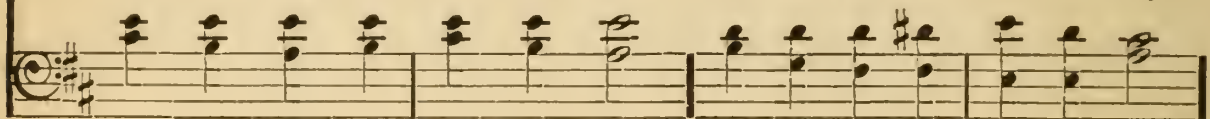
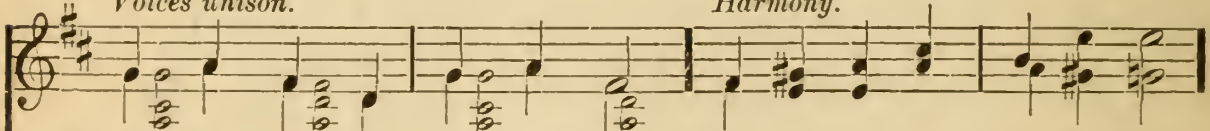
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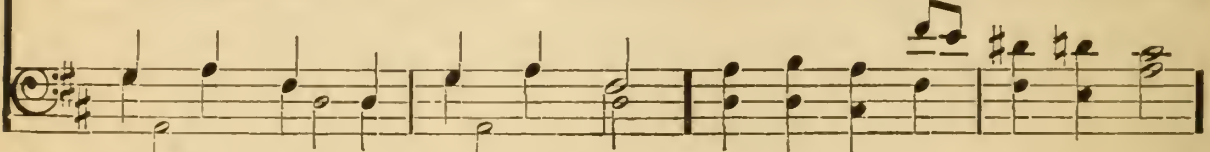
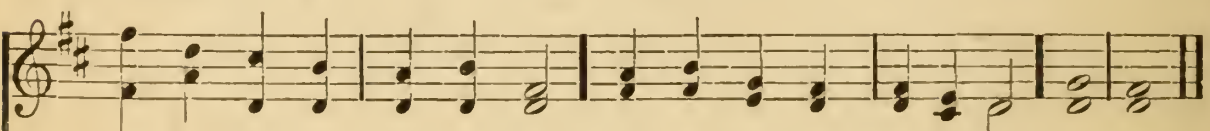
March, march on - ward, soldiers true ! Take through cloud and mist your way,



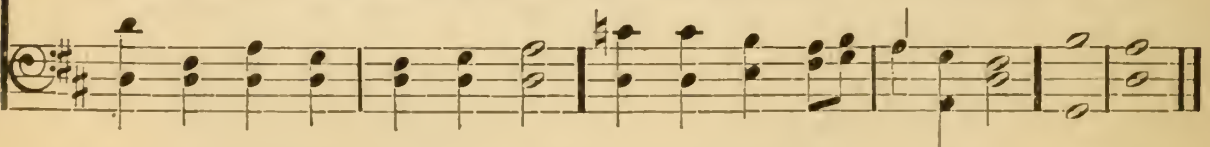
Yon - der flows the fount of life, Yon-der dwells e - ter - nal day.

*Voices unison.**Harmony.*

March, though myr-iad foes are nigh, For-ward till ye reach the shore ;

*Organ.*

Then, when all the strife is done, Rest in peace for ev-er-more. A-MEN.



Hark, hark, loud the trumpet sounds !

Wake, ye children of the light ;

Time is past for sloth and sleep ;

Wake and arm you for the fight.

Spear and sword each warrior needs,

Foes are round you, friends are few ;

Faint not, though the way be long :

Fainting, still your way pursue.

See, see, yonder shines your home ;

Gates of pearl and walls of gold,

Joy that heart hath never known,

Bliss that tongue hath never told.

Victors then through Christ your Lord,

Gathered round His glorious throne,

Be it yours to sing His praise,

Praise that He, your King, shall own.

Praise, praise Him who reigns on high !

Praise the co-eternal Son,

Praise the Spirit, Lord of life,

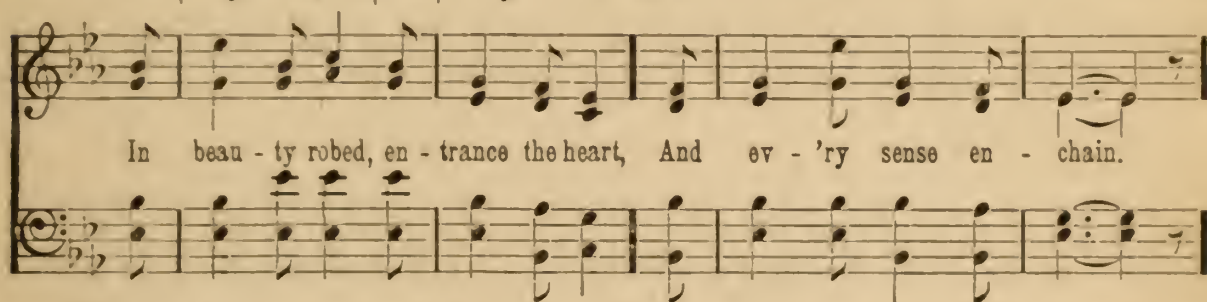
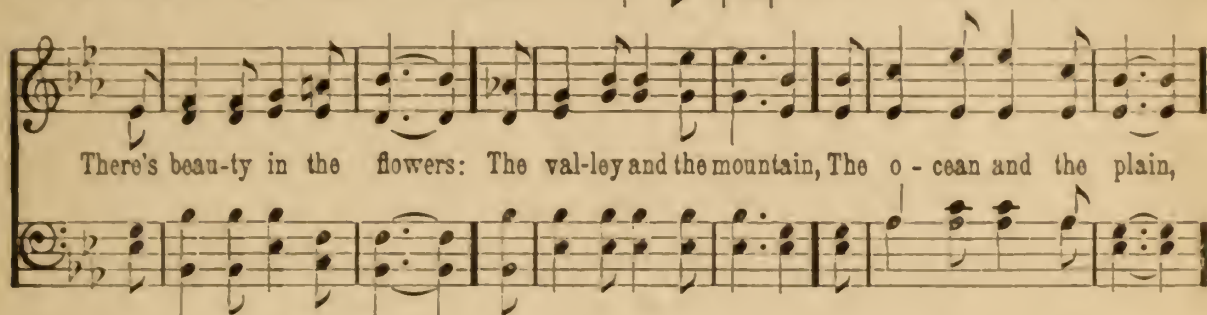
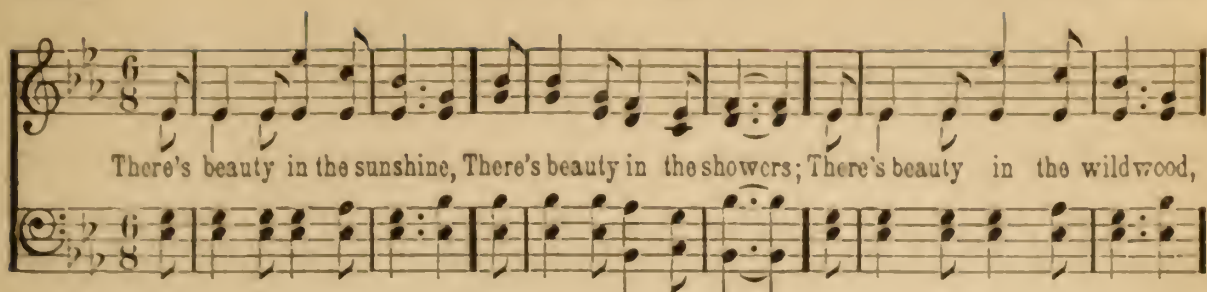
Praise the blessèd Three in One.

Praise Him, ye who toil and fight ;

Praise Him, ye who bear the palm ;

As the sound of mighty seas,

Pour your everlasting psalm.



CHORUS.



But there's a world above us
More beautiful and pure,
Where all that's bright and lovely
For ever shall endure:
No angry storms assail it,
No blast nor sickly blight,
No chilling winds, no burning heats,
No dark and dreary night.—CHO.

We weep, for here we languish,
But there's no sorrow there;
The eye that fondly gazes
Shall never shed the tear:

No pangs of sad bereavement
Shall pierce the mourner's heart,
No grassy grave shall mar the ground,
No death shall hurl the dart.—CHO.

One season bland and vernal
Shall bless that hallowed ground,
And changeless and eternal
Shall beauty smile around:
From hunger, thirst, and weakness
The ransomed souls are free;
They drink the stream, they pluck the
Of immortality.—CHO. [fruit

J. H. Hopkins

135 (First Tune.)

Jerusalem, my Home.

P. M.

Je - ru - sa-lem, my Home, I see thy walls a - rise;

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a C-clef and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff begins with an F-clef and a common time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Their jas - per clear and sardine-stone Flash radiance through the skies.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The treble staff continues with the main melody, and the bass staff provides the harmonic support.

In clouds of heav'n de - scend - ing, With an - gel train at -

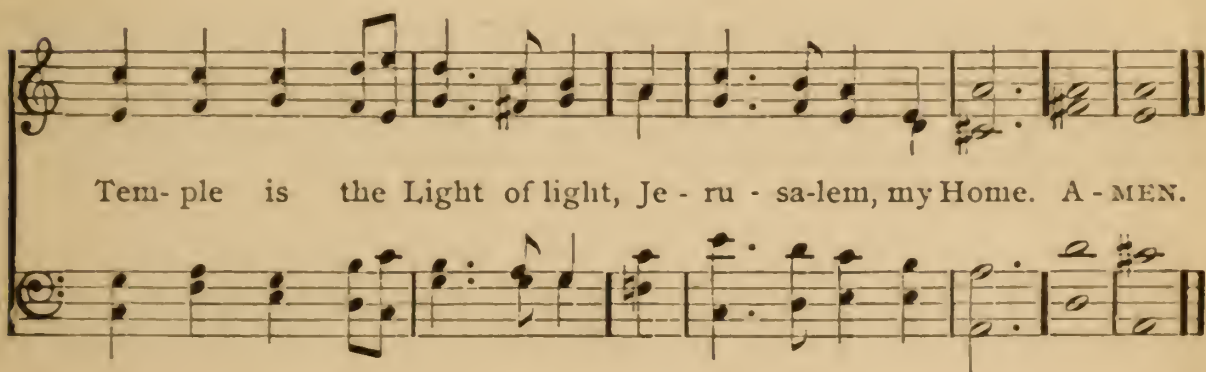
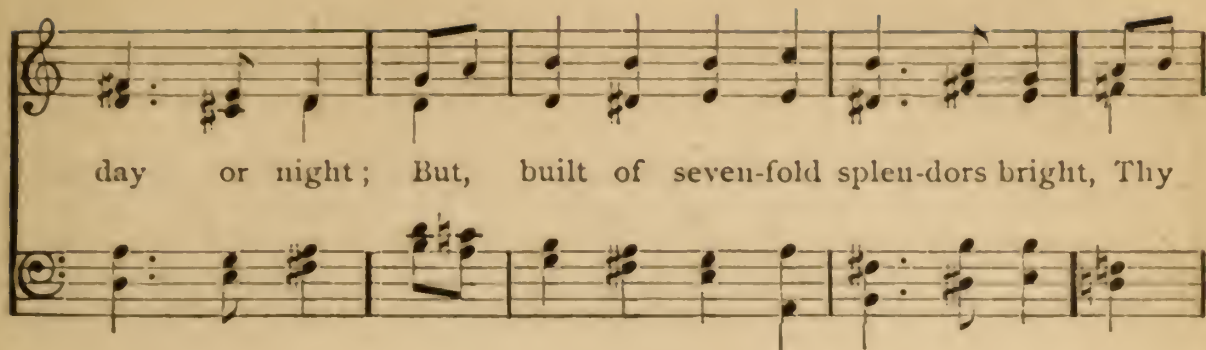
The third system of musical notation. The melody in the treble staff includes some chromatic movement, with notes like G# and A# appearing. The bass staff continues with the accompaniment.

- tend - ing, Thy gates of glis - t'ring pearl un - fold

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a long, flowing melodic line with many sharps, indicating a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff continues with the accompaniment.

On streets of glass - y gold. No sun is there, no

The fifth and final system of musical notation on this page. It concludes the phrase 'On streets of glass - y gold. No sun is there, no'.

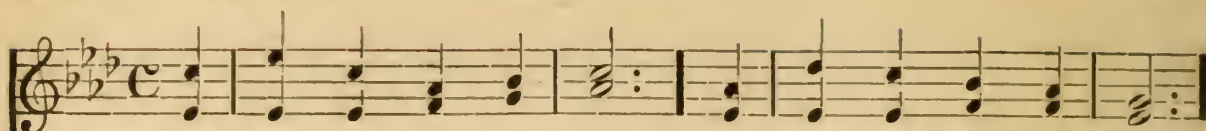


Jerusalem, my Home,
Where shines the royal Throne;
Each king casts down his golden crown
Before the Lamb thereon.
Thence flows the crystal River,
And, flowing on for ever,
With leaves and fruits, on either hand,
The Tree of Life shall stand.
In blood-washed robes, all white and fair,
The Lamb shall lead His chosen there,
While clouds of incense fill thy air,
Jerusalem, my Home.


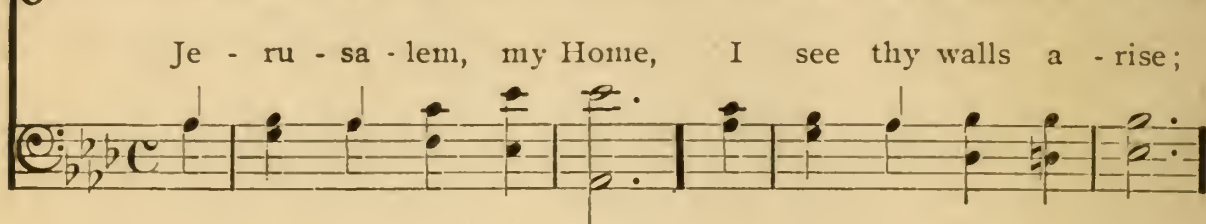
Jerusalem, my Home,
Where saints in triumph sing,
While, tuned in tones of golden harps,
Heaven's boundless arches ring.
No more in tears and sighing
Our weak hosannas dying,
But alleluias loud and high
Roll thundering through the sky.
One chorus thrills their countless throngs;
Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues
Fill thee with overwhelming songs,
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Thou sole, all-glorious Bride,
Creation shouts with joy to see
Thy Bridegroom at thy side:
The Man yet interceding,
His Hands and Feet yet bleeding,
And Him the billowy hosts adore
Lord God for evermore.
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry
The choirs that crowd thy courts on high,
Resounding everlastingly,
Jerusalem, my Home.

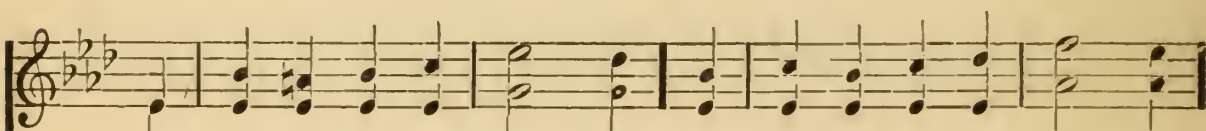
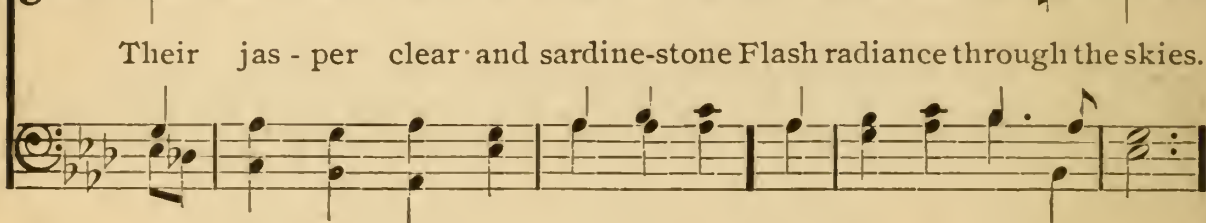
Jerusalem, my Home,
Where saints in glory reign,
Thy haven safe O when shall I,
Poor storm-tossed pilgrim, gain?
At distance dark and dreary,
With sin and sorrow weary,
For thee I toil, for thee I pray,
For thee I long away.
And lo! mine eyes shall see thee, too:
O rend in twain, thou veil of blue,
And let the Golden City through,—
Jerusalem, my Home!




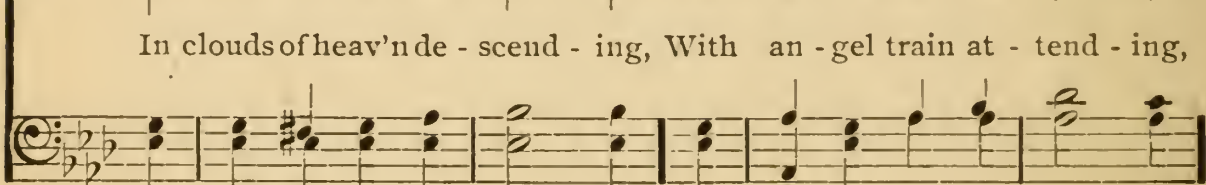
Je - ru - sa - lem, my Home, I see thy walls a - rise;



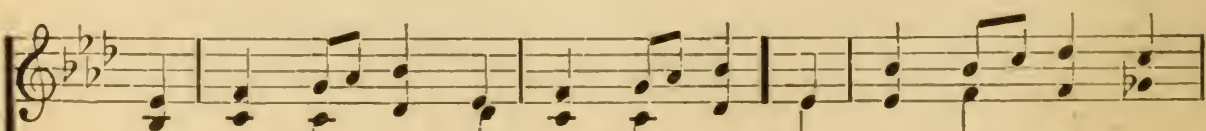
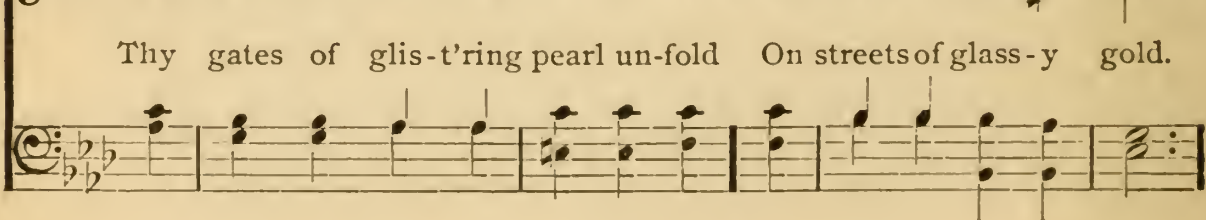
Their jas - per clear and sardine-stone Flash radiance through the skies.



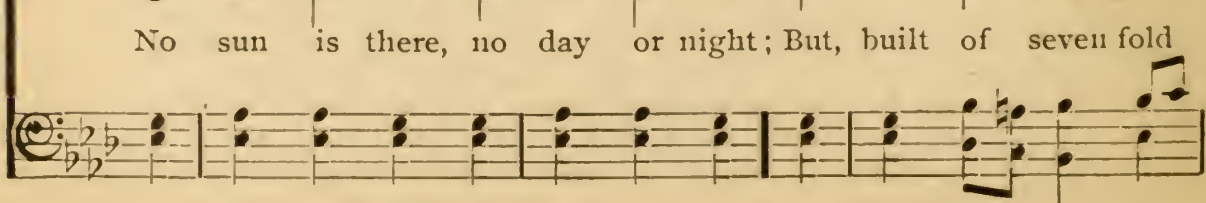
In clouds of heav'n de - scend - ing, With an - gel train at - tend - ing,

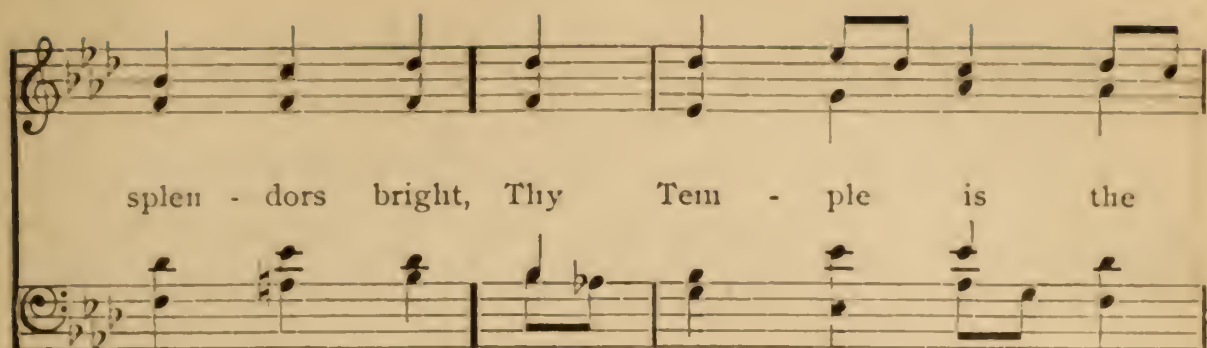


Thy gates of glis-t'ring pearl un-fold On streets of glass-y gold.



No sun is there, no day or night; But, built of seven fold





Jerusalem, my Home,
Where shines the royal Throne;
Each king casts down his golden crown
Before the Lamb thereon.
Thence flows the crystal River,
And, flowing on for ever,
With leaves and fruits, on either hand,
The Tree of Life shall stand.
In blood-washed robes, all white and fair,
The Lamb shall lead His chosen there,
While clouds of incense fill thy air,
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Where saints in triumph sing,
While, tuned in tones of golden harps,
Heaven's boundless arches ring.
No more in tears and sighing
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Thou sole, all-glorious Bride,
Creation shouts with joy to see
Thy Bridegroom at thy side:
The Man yet interceding,
His Hands and Feet yet bleeding,
And Him the billowy hosts adore
Lord God, for evermore.
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry
The choirs that crowd thy courts on high,
Resounding everlastingly,
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Where saints in glory reign,
Thy haven safe O when shall I,
Poor storm-tossed pilgrim, gain?
At distance dark and dreary,
With sin and sorrow weary,
For thee I toil, for thee I pray,
For thee I long away.
And lo! mine eyes shall see thee, too:
O rend in twain, thou veil of blue,
And let the Golden City through,—
Jerusalem, my Home!

136

Brecon.

11 11 11 11.

I'm seek-ing a coun-try—the home of the blest, Where sin can-not

trou - ble—the wea - ry find rest; Each day I am near-er that

Cit - y of light, The thought is still dear-er—the hope still more bright.

CHORUS.

I'm seek - ing a coun - try where all will be peace;

I'm seek - ing a home where earth's troubles shall cease. A - MEN.

A pilgrim and stranger I onward would go,
Not loving the world, and all its vain show;
And, if rough be my road, and thorny my way,
I'll tread it the lighter, and with less delay.—CHO.

Then joyfully, joyfully onward I'll go,
Forgetting the things that I once sought below;
A pilgrim and stranger with glory in view,
I'll take little heed of the way I pass through.—CHO.

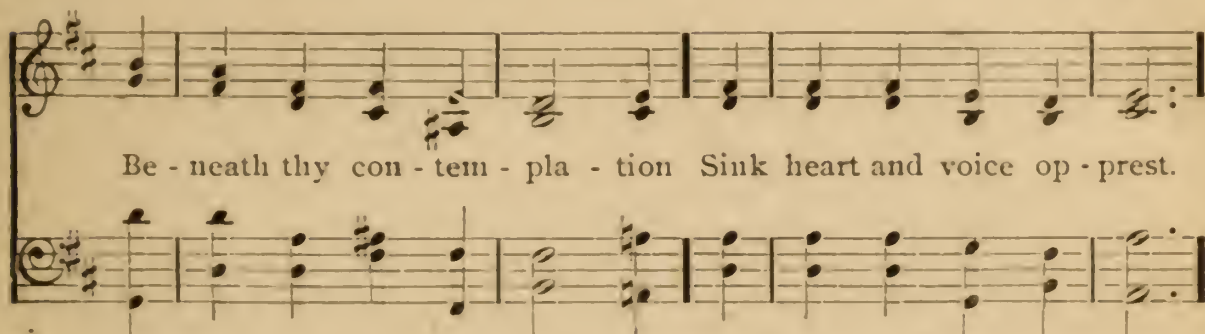
137

Ewing.

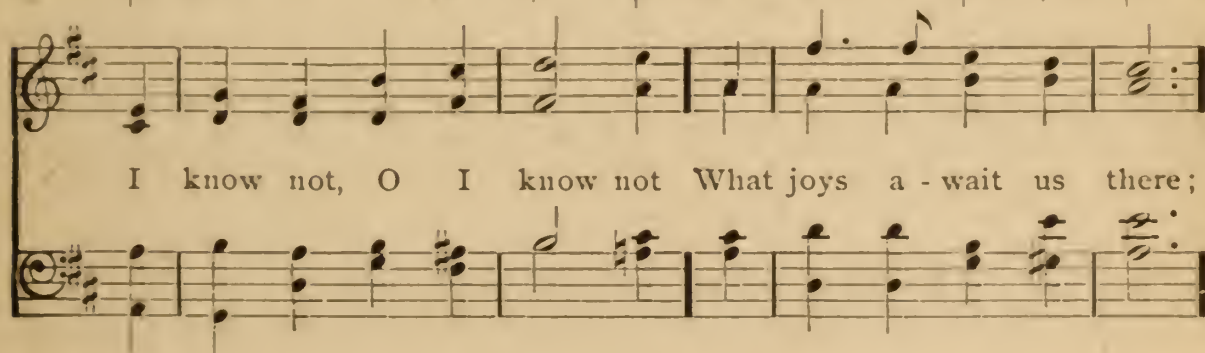
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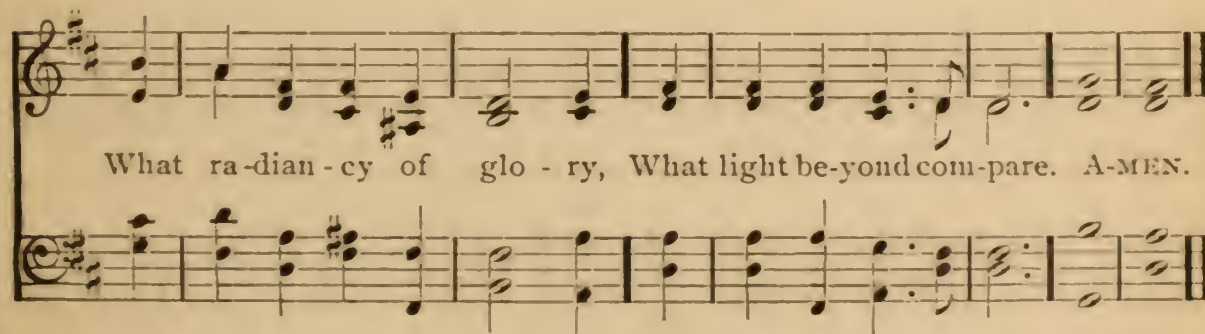
Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest:



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.



I know not, O I know not What joys a - wait us there;



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare. A - MEN.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.
 And they, who with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

138

Norwich.

P. M.

Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing
How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing

O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore:
Of that new life when sin shall (Omit)

be no more! An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,

Sing - ing to welcome The pil - grims of the night. night. A - MEN.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.—CHO.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—CHO.

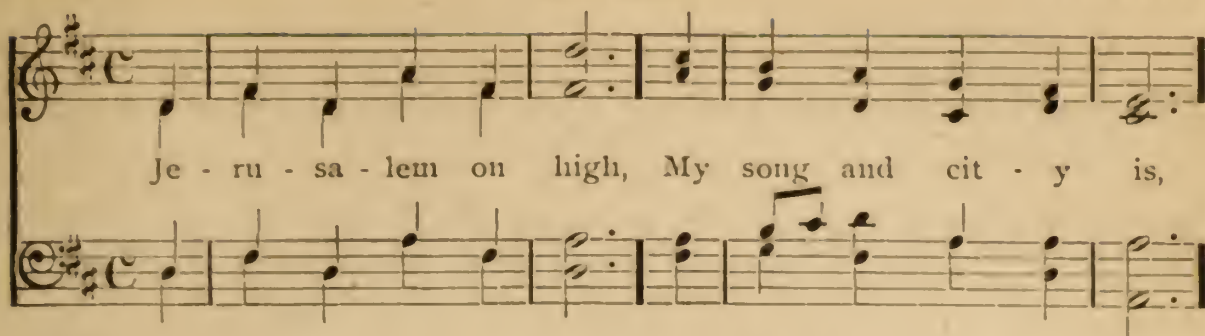
Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last—CHO.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—CHO.

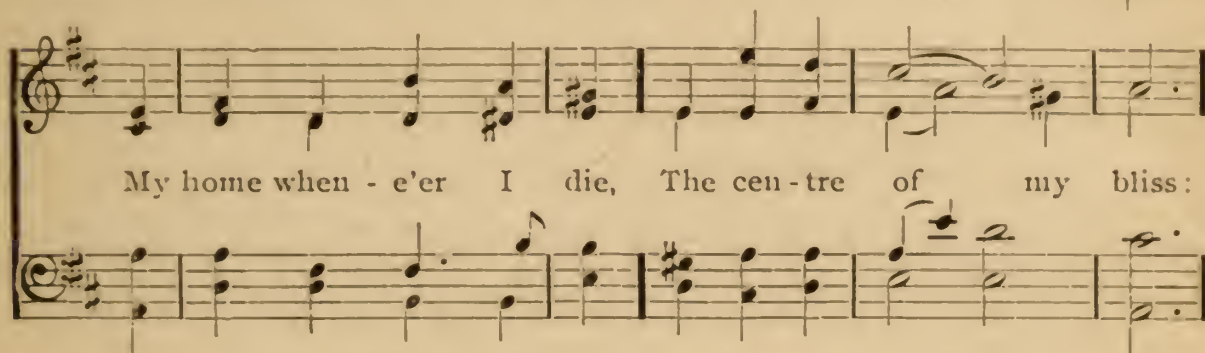
139

Darwall.

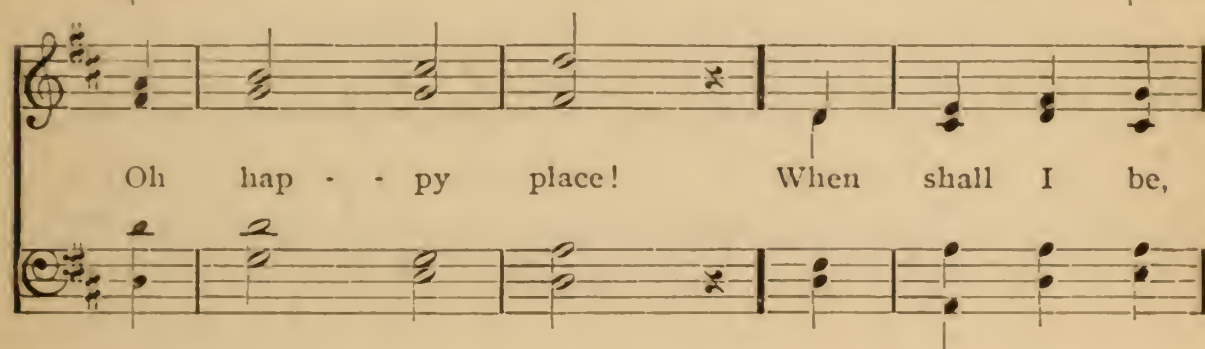
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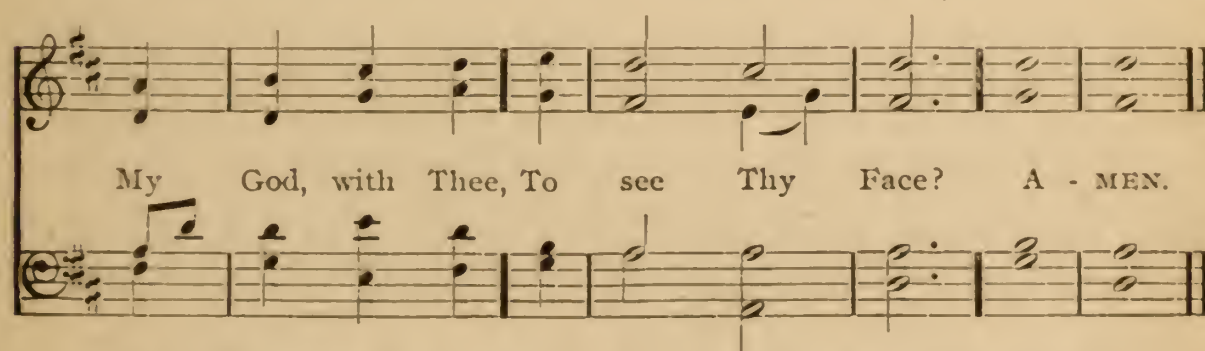
Je - ru - sa - lem on high, My song and cit - y is,



My home when - e'er I die, The cen - tre of my bliss:



Oh hap - - py place! When shall I be,



My God, with Thee, To see Thy Face? A - MEN.

There dwells my Lord, my King,
 Judged here unfit to live;
 There Angels to Him sing,
 And lowly homage give:
 Oh happy place! etc.

The Patriarchs of old
 There from their travels cease;
 The Prophets there behold
 Their longed-for Prince of Peace:
 Oh happy place! etc.

The Lamb's Apostles there
 I might with joy behold;
 The harpers I might hear
 Harping on harps of gold;
 Oh happy place! etc.

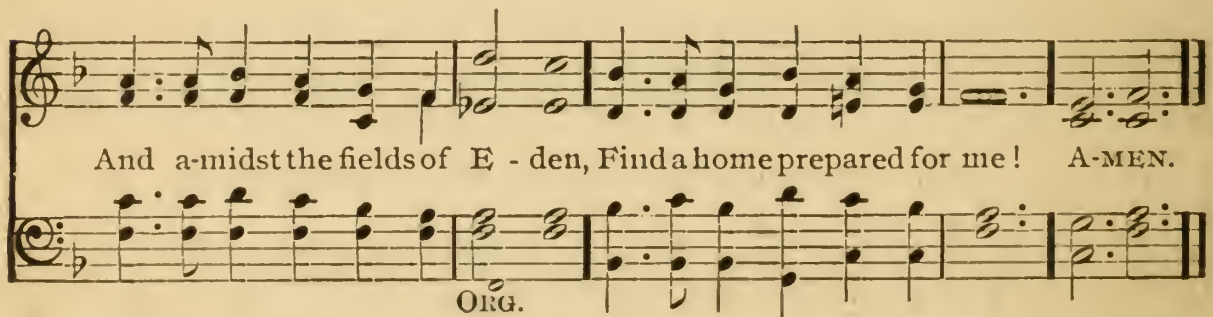
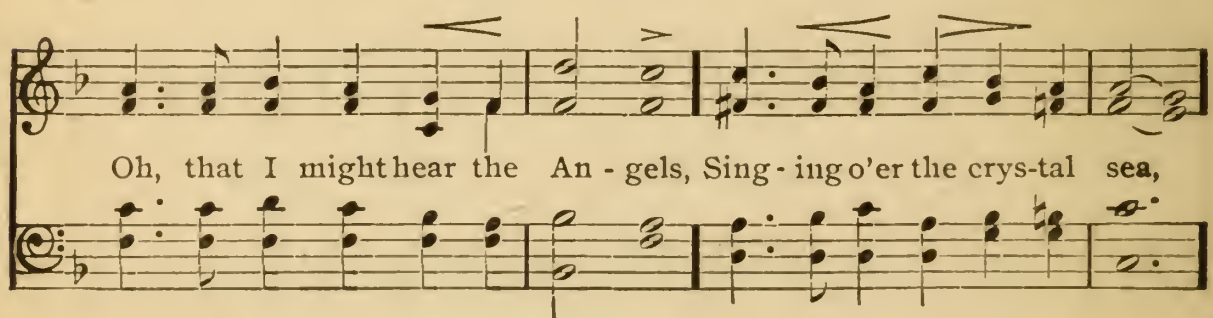
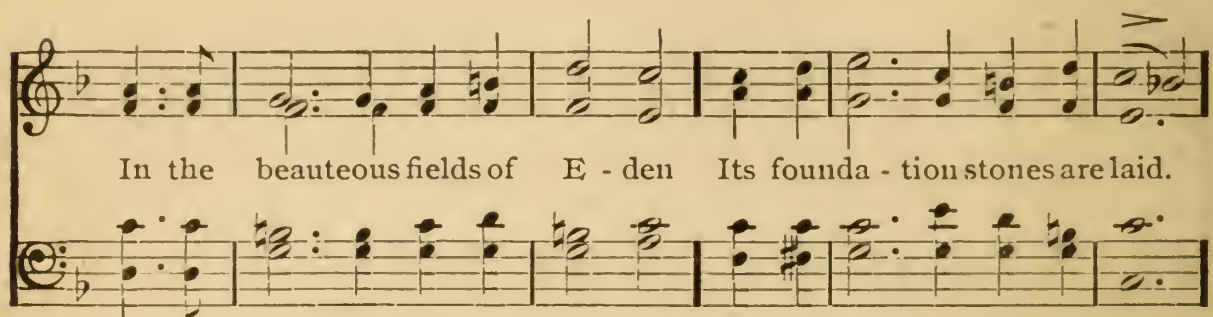
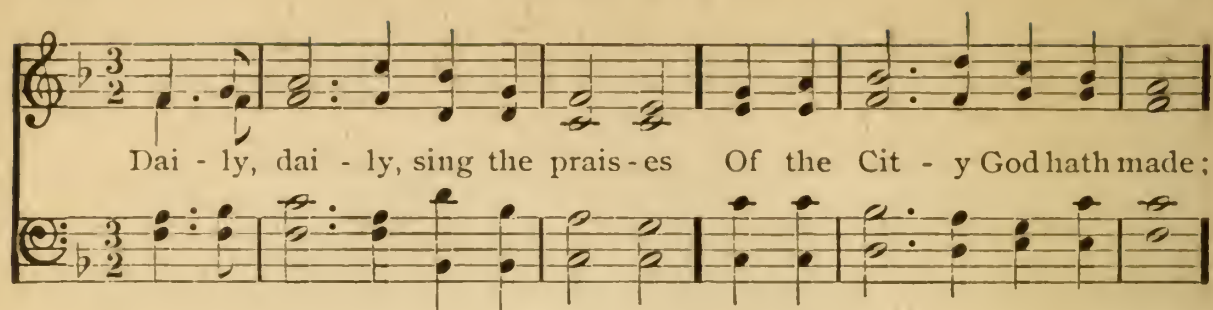
The bleeding Martyrs, they
 Within these courts are found,
 Clothèd in pure array,
 Their scars with glory crowned:
 Oh happy place! etc.

Ah me! Ah me! that I
 In Kedar's tents here stay;
 No place like that on high;
 Lord, thither guide my way:
 Oh happy place! etc.

140

Heavenly City.

8787D.



All the walls of that dear City
Are of bright and burnished gold;
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.
Oh, that I might, etc.

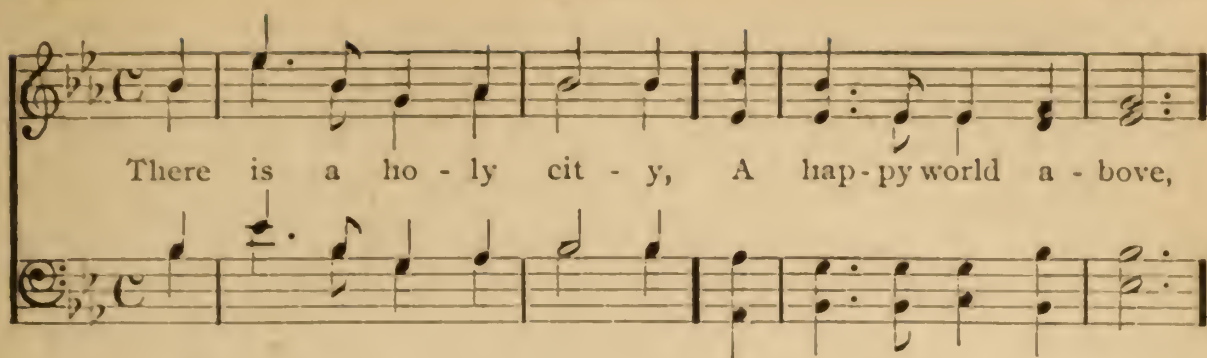
There are sounds of many voices
In the golden streets above,
Filling all the air with gladness,
Blended in eternal love.
Oh, that I might, etc.

In those quiet resting-places,
Midst the pastures green and fair,
Jesus gathers in the homeless,
And He dwells among them there.
Oh, that I might, etc.

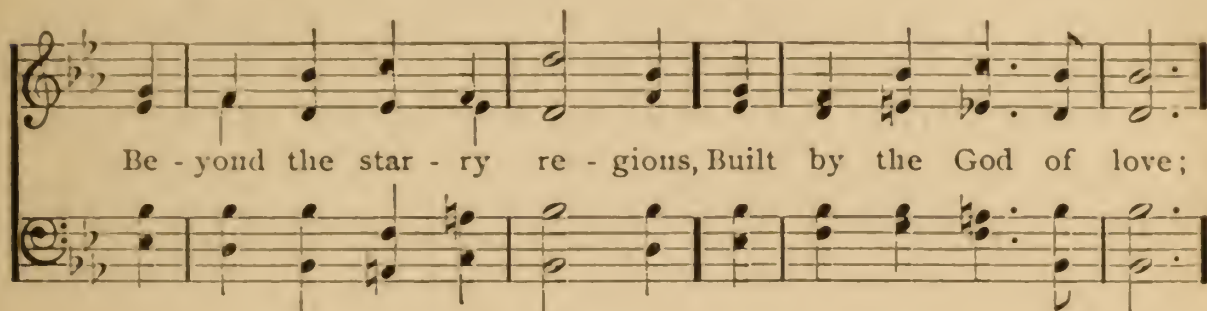
Can we see the happy faces
Of the dear ones gone before?
They are ready now to greet us
When we gain that blessèd shore.
Oh, that I might, etc.

Then the pearly gates, unfolding,
Never shall be closed again,
We shall see within the City
Jesus, 'mid His white-robed train.
Oh, that I might, etc.

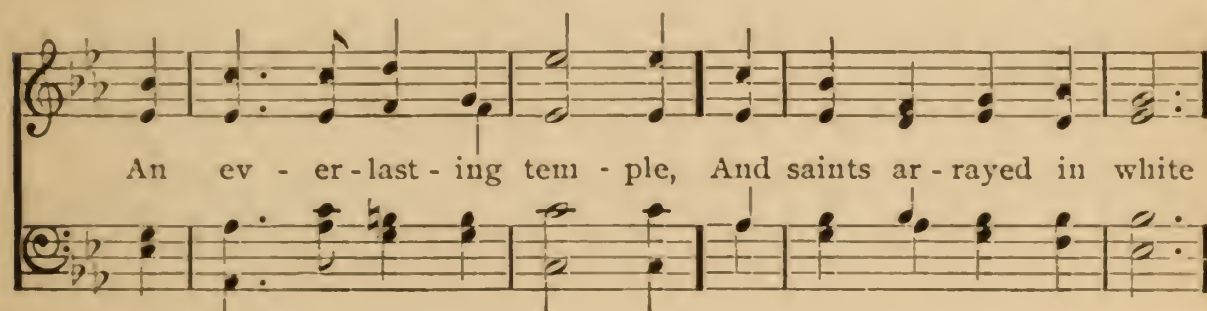
Oh, I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
Oh, I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain!
Oh, that I might, etc.



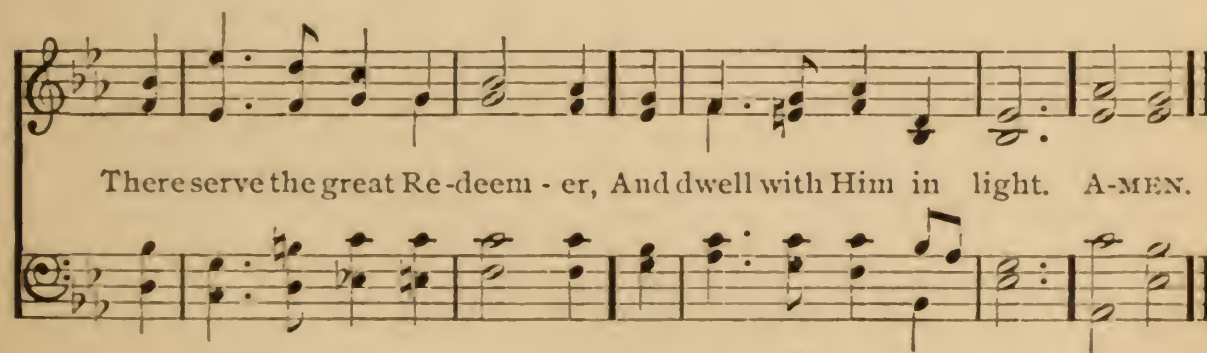
There is a ho - ly cit - y, A hap - py world a - bove,



Be - yond the star - ry re - gious, Built by the God of love;



An ev - er - last - ing tem - ple, And saints ar - rayed in white



There serve the great Re - deem - er, And dwell with Him in light. A-MEN.

The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted
In godlike majesty?
The elders fall before Him,
The angels bend the knee.

The hosts of saints around Him
Proclaim His work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race;
Who speak of fiery trials,
And tortures on their way;
They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.

And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know;
In every day of trouble
I'll raise my thoughts on high,
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.

142 (First Tune.)

Bradshaw.

64646764.

SOPRANO. SOPRANO AND ALTO. SOPRANO.

There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glory stand,

FULL.

Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Worthy is the

Saviour King ;" Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye. A - MEN.

Come to that happy land,
Come, come away!
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run!
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And, bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

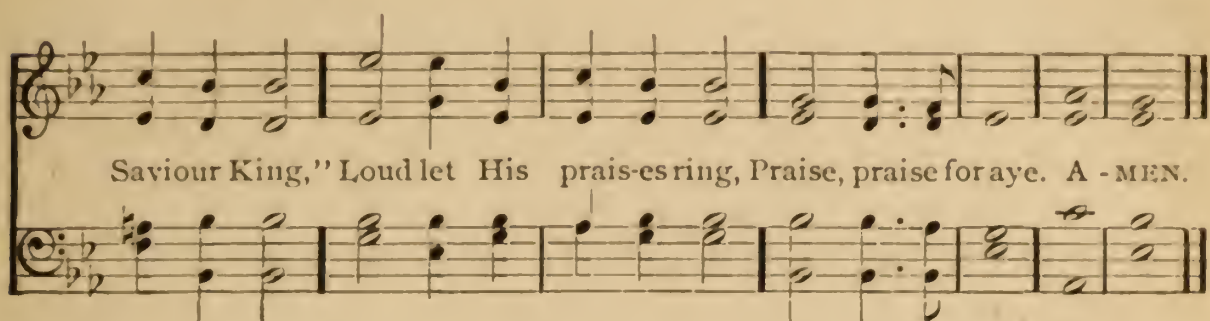
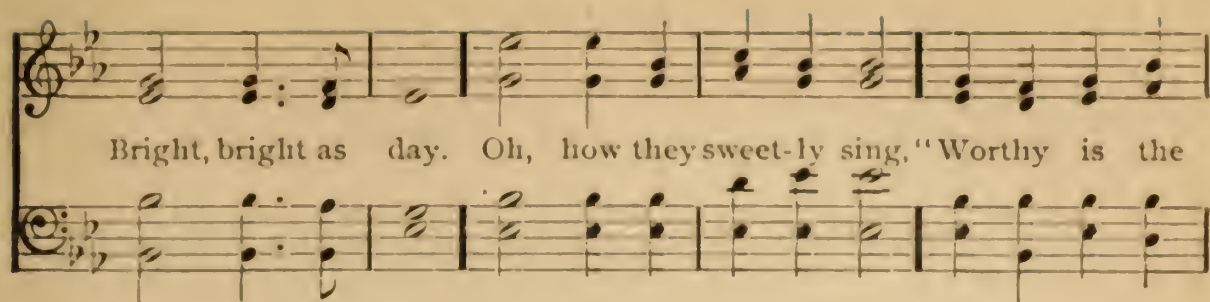
So, when we reach that land,
Far, far away;
And join that glorious band,
In bright array,
Then shall we joyful sing,
Till heaven's high arches ring,
"Glory to Christ our King;"
Through endless day.

142 (Second Tune.)

Bentley.

64646764.

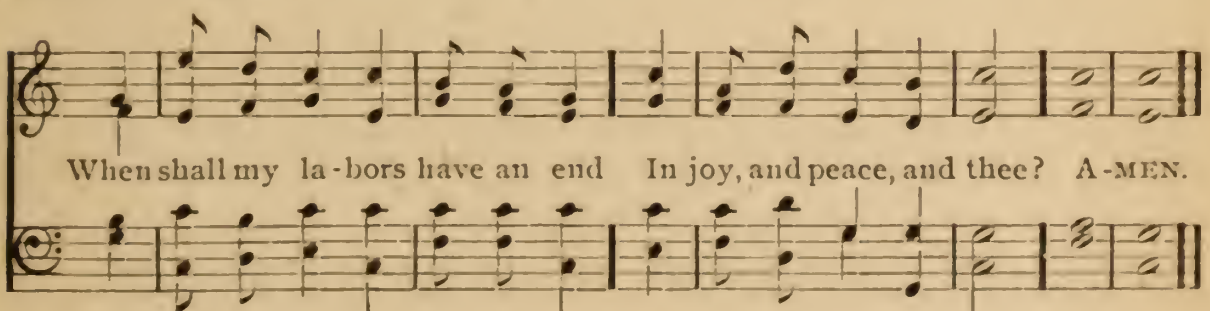
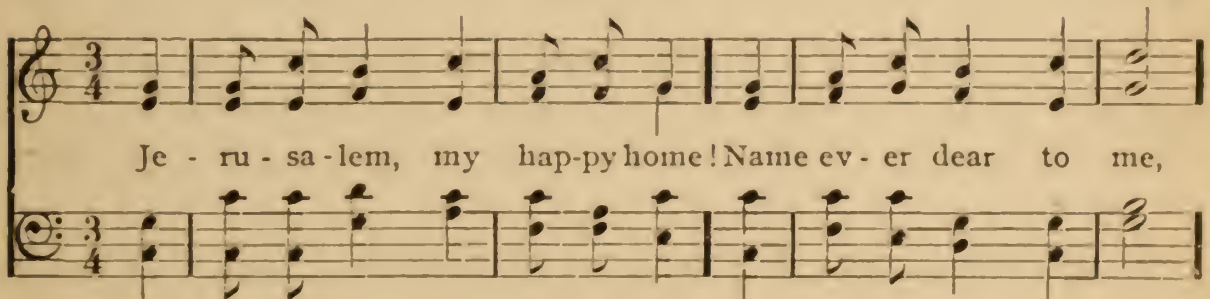
There is a happy land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glory stand,



143

Stanley.

C. M.



When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold; [walls
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

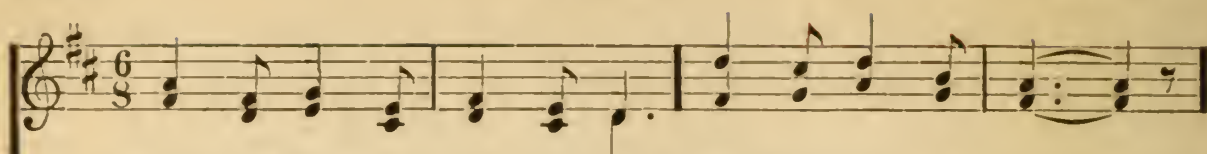
Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes,

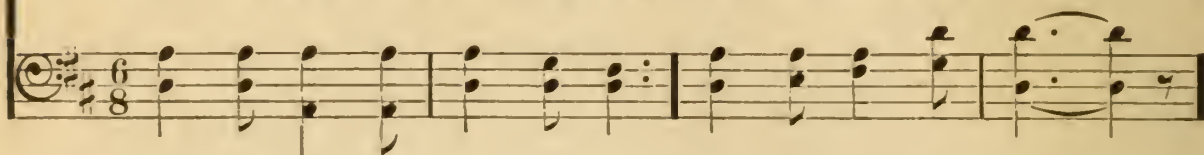
Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

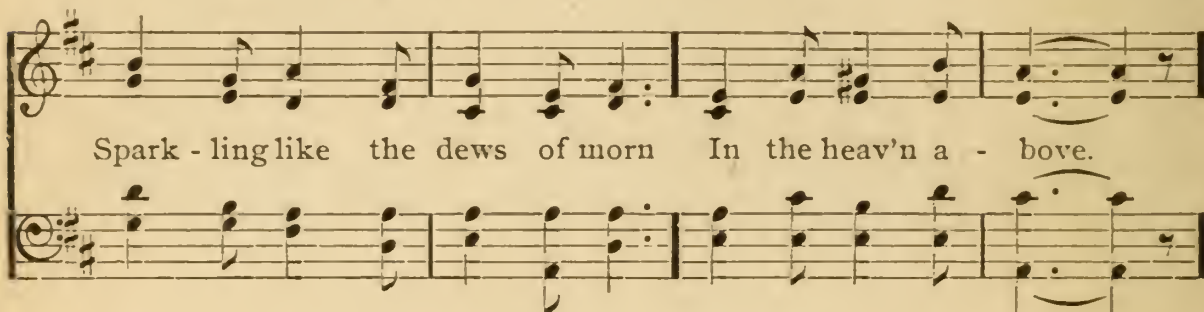
Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.



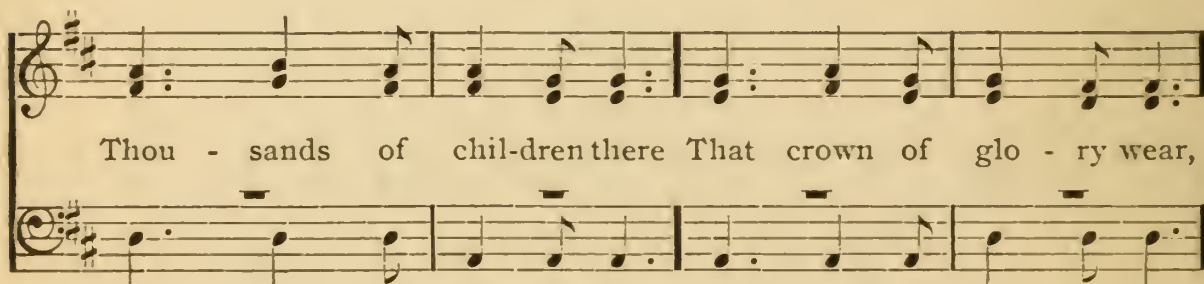
There's a bright, un - fad - ing crown In the heav'n a - bove,



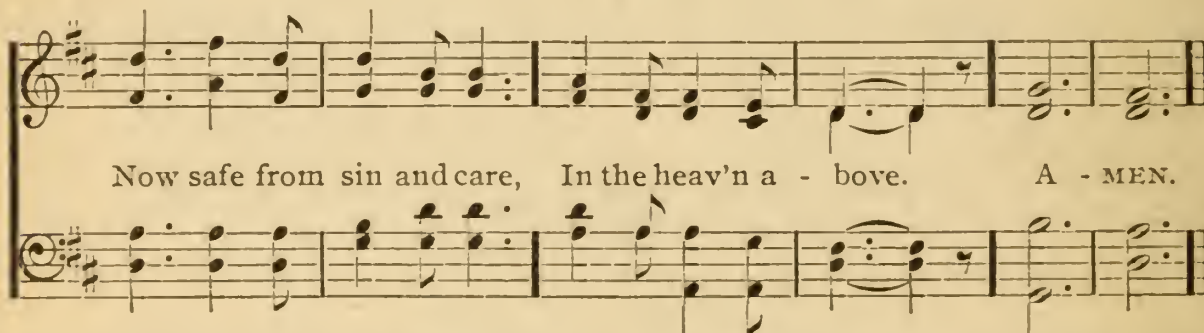
Spark - ling like the dews of morn In the heav'n a - bove.



Thou - sands of chil-dren there That crown of glo - ry wear,



Now safe from sin and care, In the heav'n a - bove. A - MEN.



There's a robe of righteousness
In the heaven above,
Worn by every heir of grace,
In the heaven above.
Happy and undefiled,
Many a ransomed child,
Shines like the starlight mild,
In the heaven above.

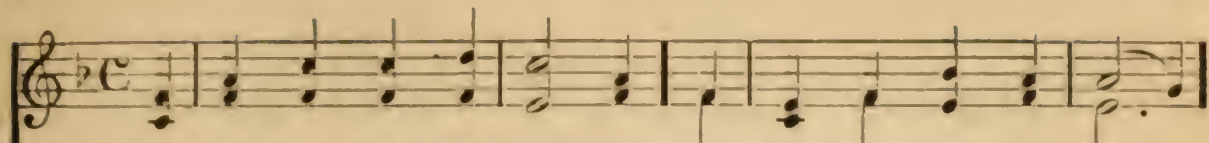
There's a tuneful harp of gold
In the heaven above;
Every hand a harp shall hold
In the heaven above.
Thousands of children sing
Praise to their Saviour King;
Loud sweep the tuneful string
In the heaven above.

Would you strike that golden wire
In the heaven above—
Wear that crown and that attire
In the heaven above?
Come then to Jesus, come;
Come in your youthful bloom;
Come, for there now is room
In the heaven above.

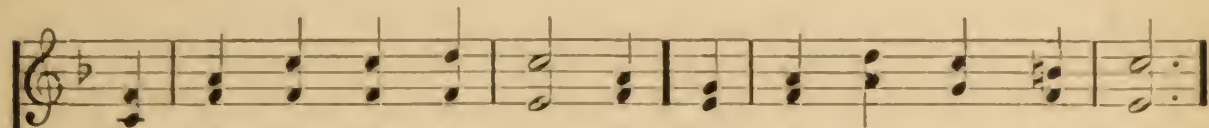
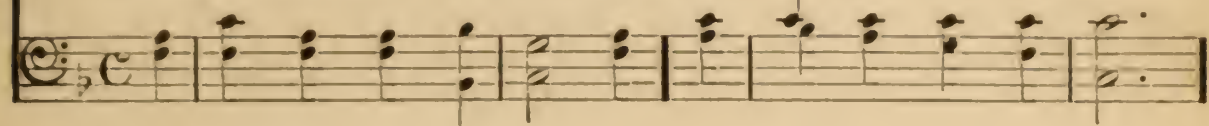
145

Missionary Hymn.

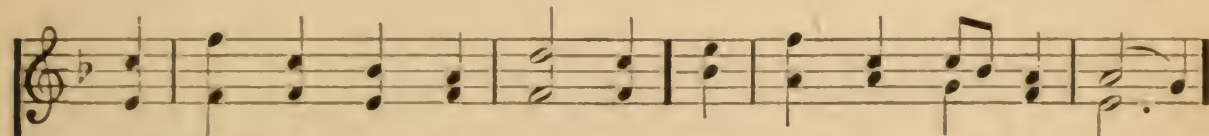
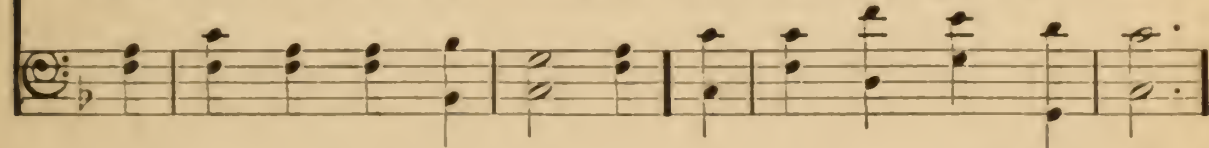
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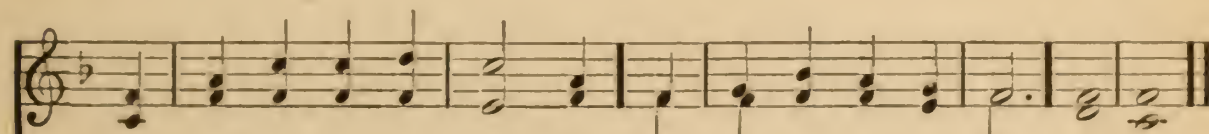
From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,



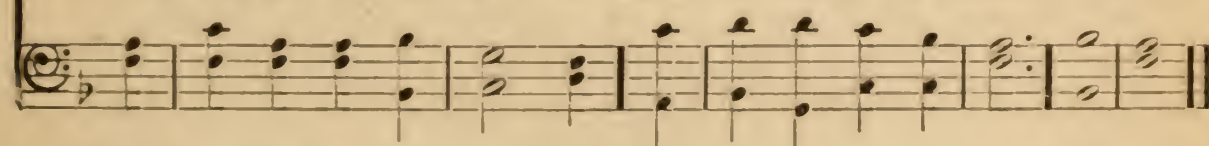
Where Af - ric's sun - ny fountains Roll down their gold - en sand;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A - MEN.



What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

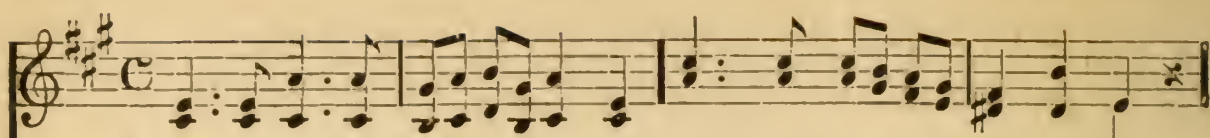
Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

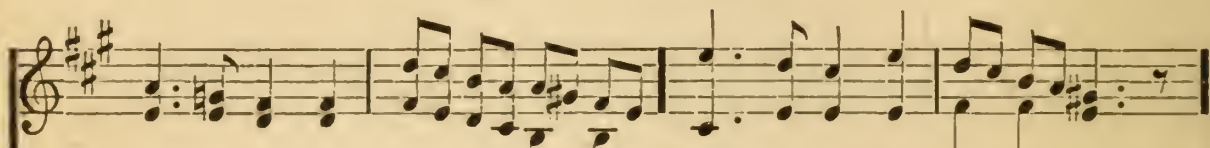
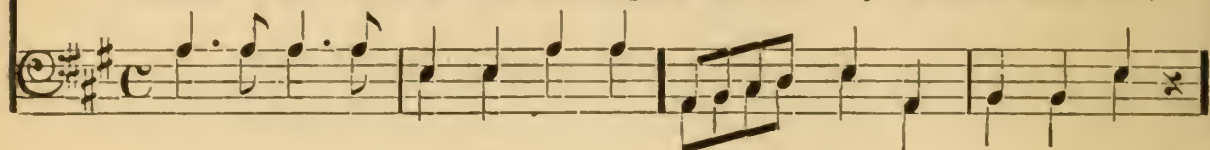
146

Cecil.

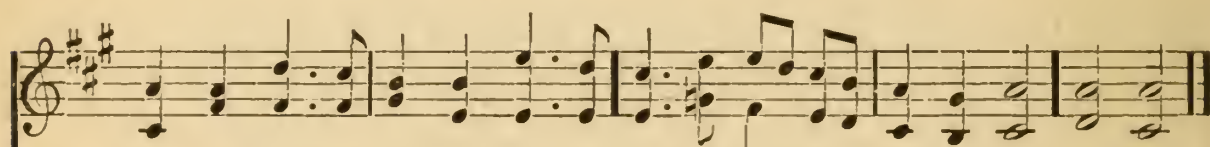
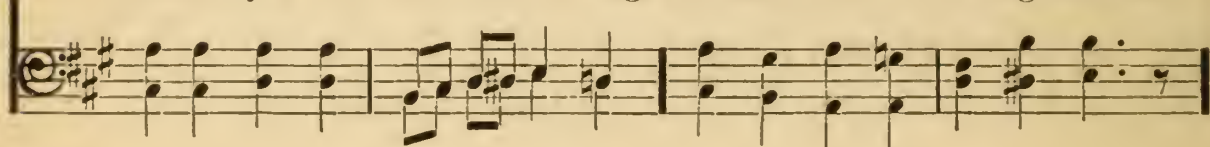
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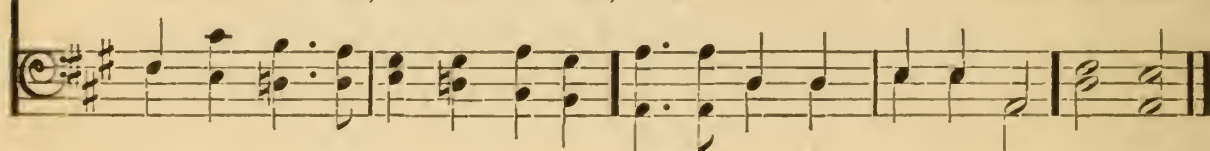
Hark! a dis-tant voice is call-ing: Mourn-ful - ly it meets the ear;



Loud-er yet its ac-cents fall - ing, Fill each heart with thoughtful fear:



Let us list-en, let us list-en, Now the sound of woe is near. A-MEN.



'Tis the moan of thousands dying;
Lost in sin's dark gloom they stray;
'Tis the voice of wand'ers crying,
"Ye who know the living way,
Come, and guide us
To the land of perfect day."

We would help them, O our Father!
Thou hast bid us freely give:
Wilt Thou not the wand'ers gather?
Shall not dying spirits live?
Hear our pleadings,
All our past neglect forgive.

Let us send to every nation,
News of life and light divine;
And to spread Thy free salvation,
Now in youth our lives resign:
Take these first-fruits,
Then let all our sheaves be Thine.

147

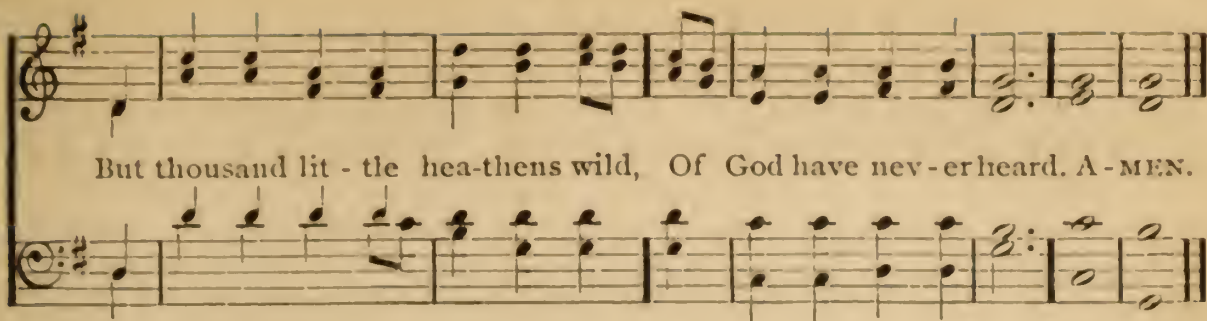
Dober.

C. M.



'Tis sweet to be a Christian child, And read God's ho - ly word;





They have no churches in their lands,
Where holy people meet;
Satan has bound them in his bands,
And keeps them at his feet.

No ministers of Christ have they,
To bring them near to God;
They do not know they've need to pray,
Or wash in Jesus' blood.

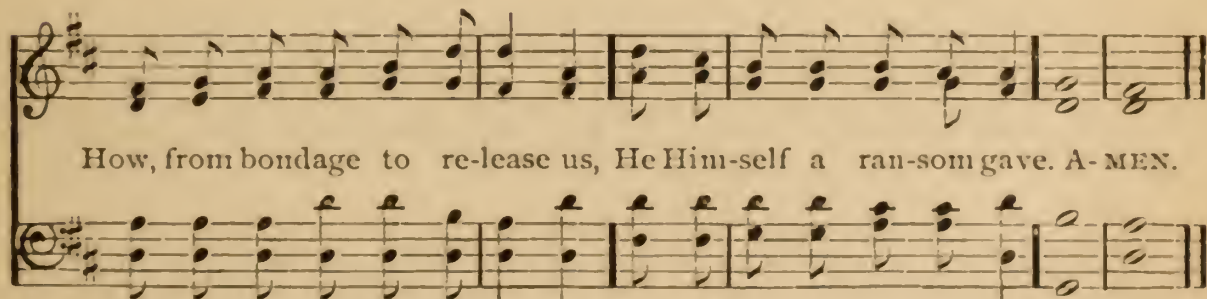
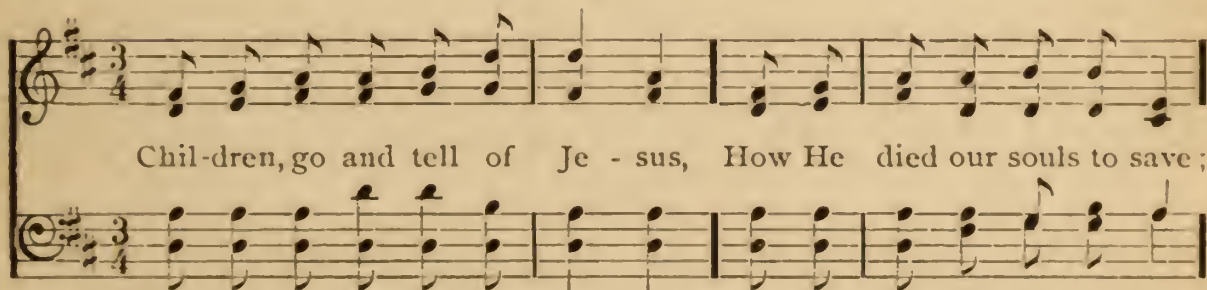
Since God on us so largely showers
The riches of His grace,
We'll all unite our feeble powers
To show our thankfulness.

Accept our praises, gracious Lord,
For all Thy mercies given;
On earth be Thy blest name adored,
As 'tis by saints in heaven.

148

Echoing Voices.

8787.



Tell about His life so lowly,
All His gracious acts repeat;
Tell the Saviour's precepts holy,
Tell His invitations sweet.

Tell around the wondrous story,
How on Calvary's cross He died;
There the Lord of life and glory
For our sins was crucified.

Tell of Jesus interceding
At the Father's throne on high;
There He stands for sinners pleading,
Tell them to His cross to fly.

Tell each loved one, sister, brother;
Schoolmate, friend, companion tell;
Children, go, tell one another,
Jesus loves each one so well.

Our Sav - iour's voice is soft and sweet When, bend - ing
from a - bove, He bids us gath - er
round His feet, And calls us by His love. A - MEN.

But while our youthful hearts rejoice
That thus He bids us come,
"Jesus!" we cry, with pleading voice,
"Bring heathen wanderers home."

They never heard the Saviour's name,
They have not learned His way;
They do not know His grace, who came
To take their sins away.

Dear Saviour, let the joyful sound
In distant lands be heard!
And oh, wherever sin is found,
Send forth Thy pardoning word.

And if our lips may breathe a prayer,
Though raised in trembling fear,
Oh, let Thy grace our hearts prepare
And choose some heralds here!

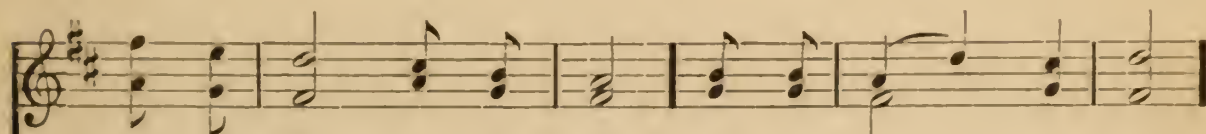
Her-alds of the migh-ty gos - pel, Sent abroad in Je - sus' name,



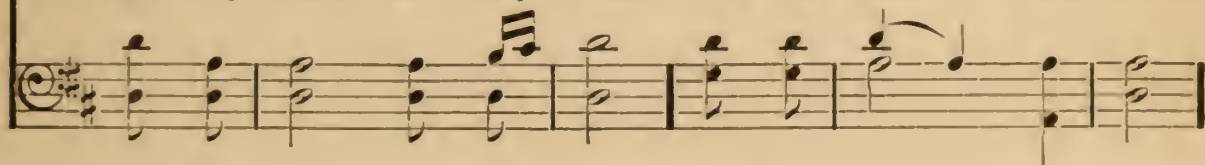
Will the heathen hear the sto - ry Of the cross that you pro - claim?



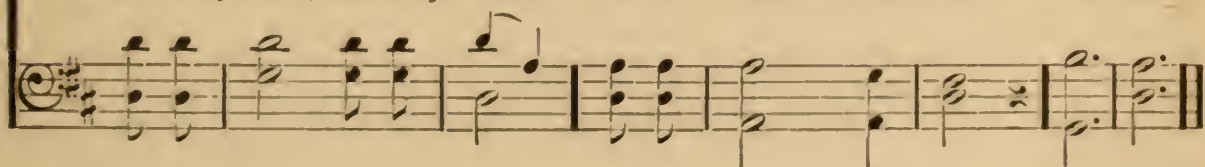
Oh, will they hear it? Oh, will they heed it?



Will they hear, will they hear Of a Sav - iour slain?



Will they hear, will they hear Of a Sav - iour slain? A - MEN.

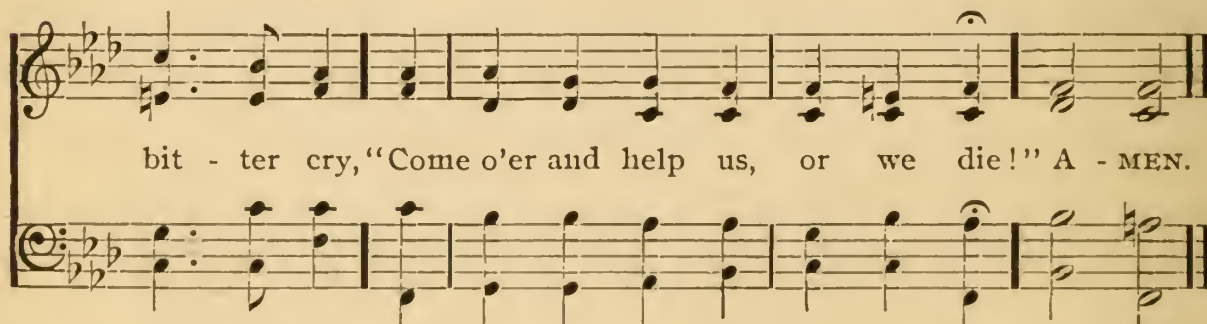
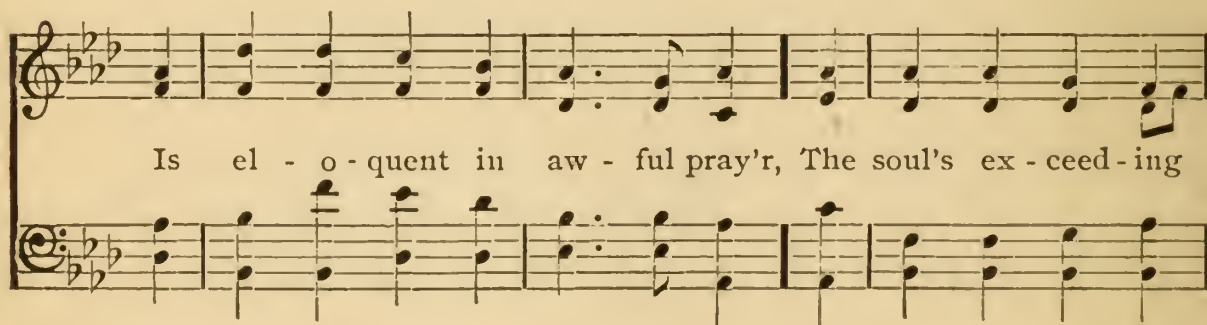
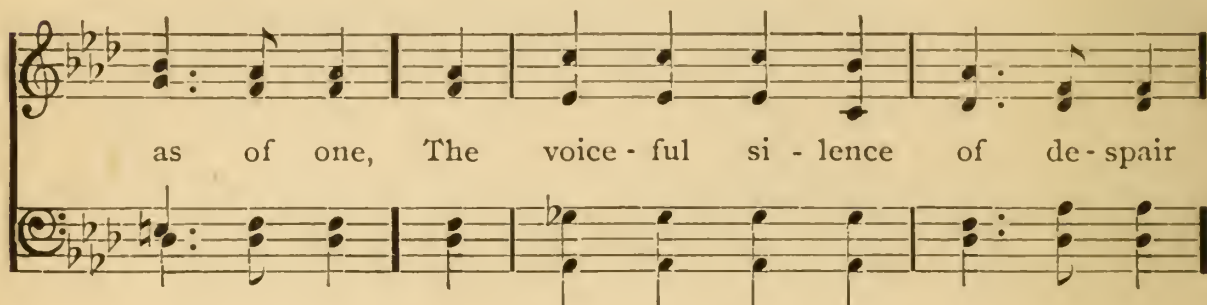
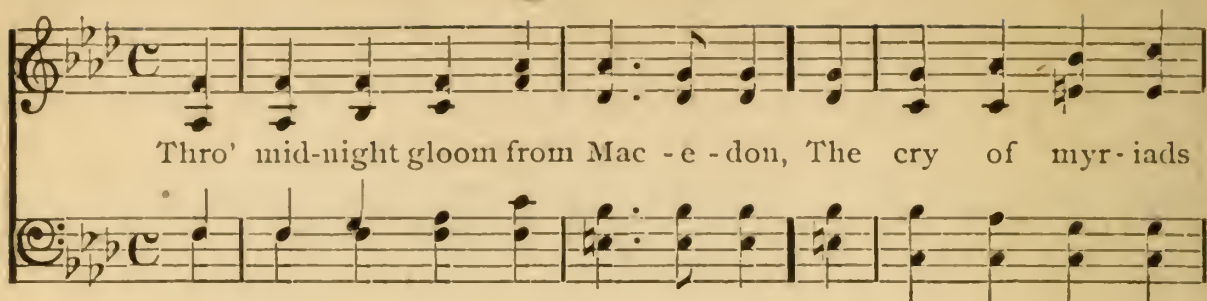


Children, yes, the light of morning
In the east begins to break,
And the night of sin and darkness
Its eternal flight shall take.
Soon shall the nations,
Far distant nations,
To the sound of the trump
Of the gospel wake.

Heralds, can a band of children
Aid to spread the gospel truth?
Can we speak across the waters
To those poor, benighted youth?

Oh, can we tell them,
Tearfully pleading,
Can we tell of the Way
Of the Life and truth?

Children, yes, by self-denial,
By your offerings and your prayers,
Help to lead those souls to heaven,
That at last, united there,
All tribes and nations,
Parents and children,
Round the throne of our God
And the Lamb appear.



By other sounds the world is won
Than that which wails from Macedon;
The roar of gain is round it rolled,
Or men unto themselves are sold;
And cannot list the alien cry,
"O hear and help us, lest we die!"

Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very car of Christ rolls on;
"I come;—who would abide My day
In yonder wilds prepare my way;
My Voice is crying in their cry;
Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

Jesus, for men of Man the Son,
Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon;
O by the kingdom and the power
And glory of Thine Advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry,
Help us to help them, lest we die.

152

Savannah.

10 10 10 10.

Rise, crowned with light, im - per - ial Sa - lem, rise;

Ex - alt thy tow - 'ring head and lift thine eyes:

See heav'n its spark - ling port - als wide dis - play,

And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A - MEN.

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light and in thy temple bend:
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
 While every land its joyous tribute brings.

The sea shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
 Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

153

Muttley.

7676D.

When chil-dren join in sing - ing The might - y Sav - iour's praise,
It is on earth be - gin - ning The end - less song to raise.
When chil-dren join in pray - ing To Him who hear - eth pray'r,
They then are Christ o - beying, Who makes a child His care. A - MEN.

When children join in learning
The way that leads above,
It is a step returning
Unto the God of love.
When children's hearts are beating
With penitence within,
It is the first retreating
From ways of death and sin.

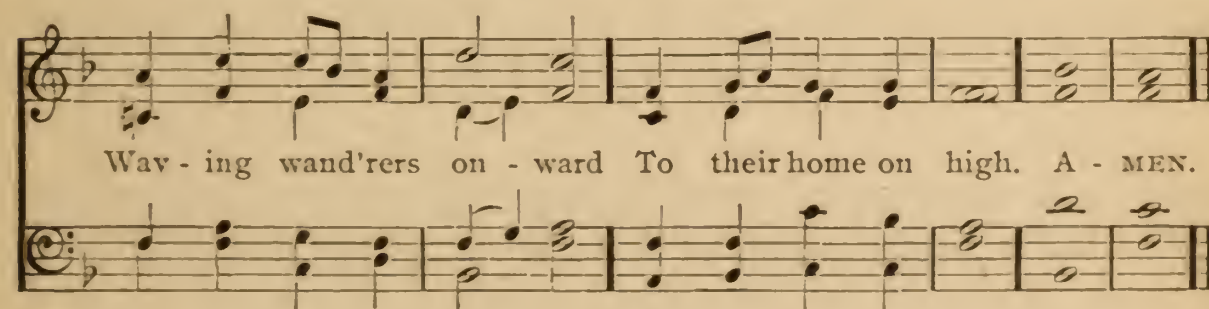
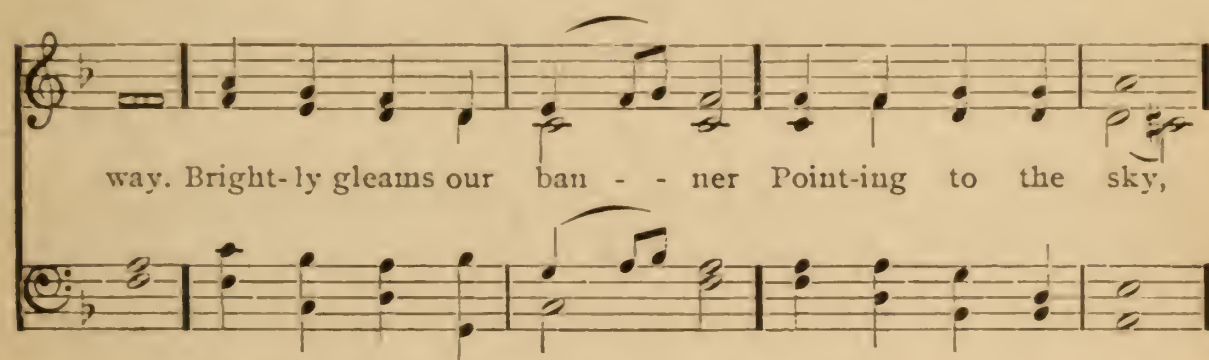
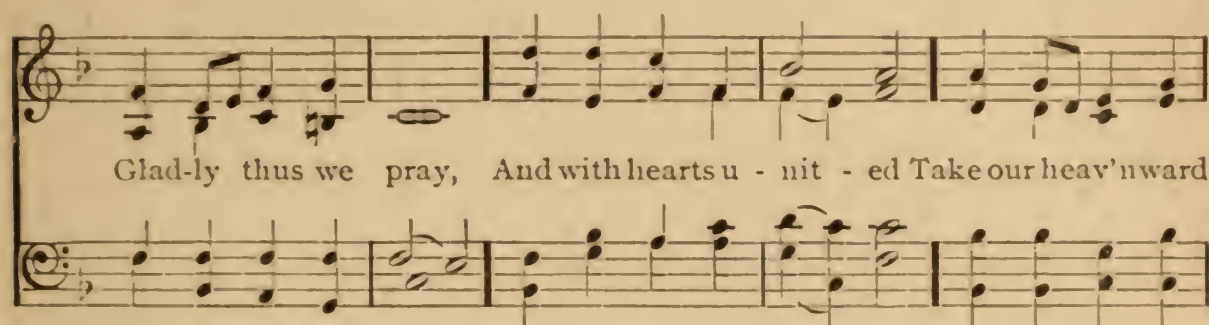
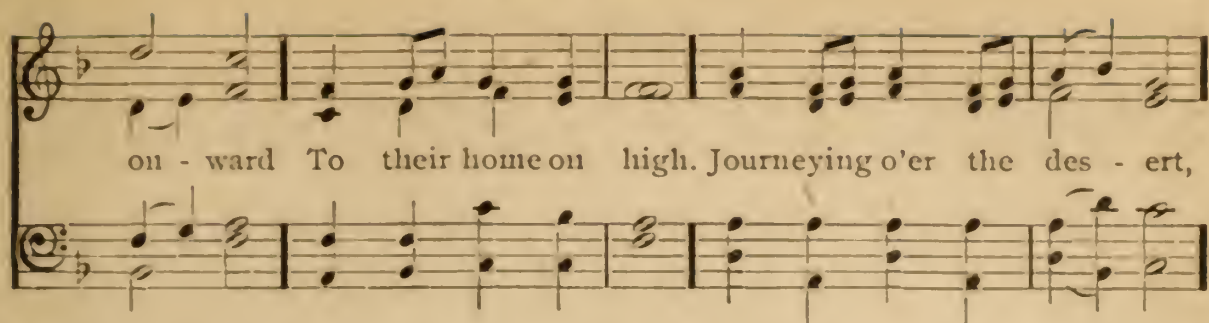
When children meet in heaven
They will the wonder tell,
That they are all forgiven,
And all escaped from hell.
Oh, what a happy meeting
Of children in the sky!
But ever there repeating
The song of praise on high.

154

Ambleside.

6565D.

Brightly gleams our ban - ner Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers



Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a Child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?
Brightly gleams, etc.

All our days direct us,
In the way we go;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds low'r;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
When the march is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty!
Songs that never cease!
Brightly gleams, etc.

155

Faithwell.

7777D.

For- ward go!—and let the strain Tell of triumph yet a - gain;

For the Lord, who reigns on high, Leads His own to vic - to - ry:

Thro' the world's op - pos - ing night, Thro' the gath'ring gloom of night;

Strong in faith, let ho - ly song Cheer us as we march along. A - MEN.

Now let all, as children dear,
In our Father's courts appear;
Let the choral harmony
Tell the spirits' unity:
Here nor hate nor strife be found;
Here let love and peace abound;
Let us offer, while we sing,
Loyal hearts to serve our King.

Forward go, despond no more!
Jesus calls, and goes before!
He will guard His chosen Bride,
He will never leave her side:

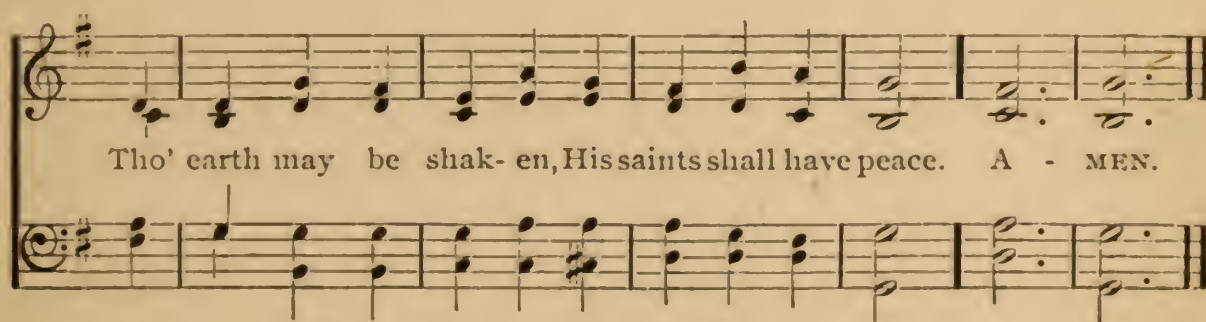
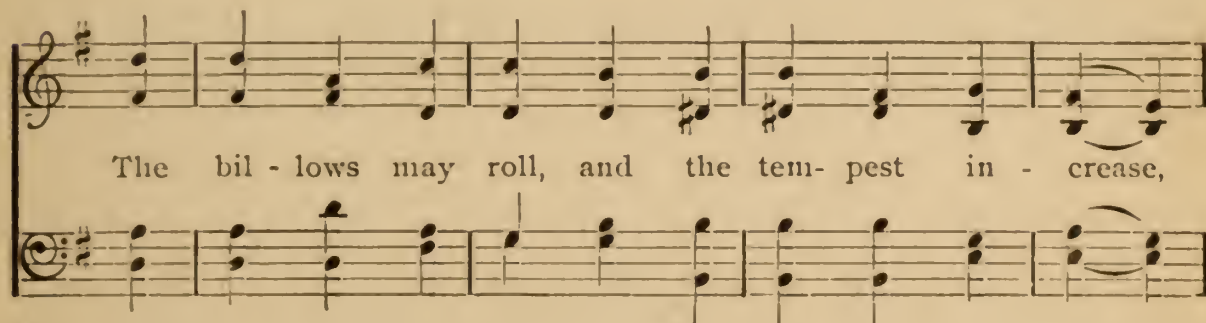
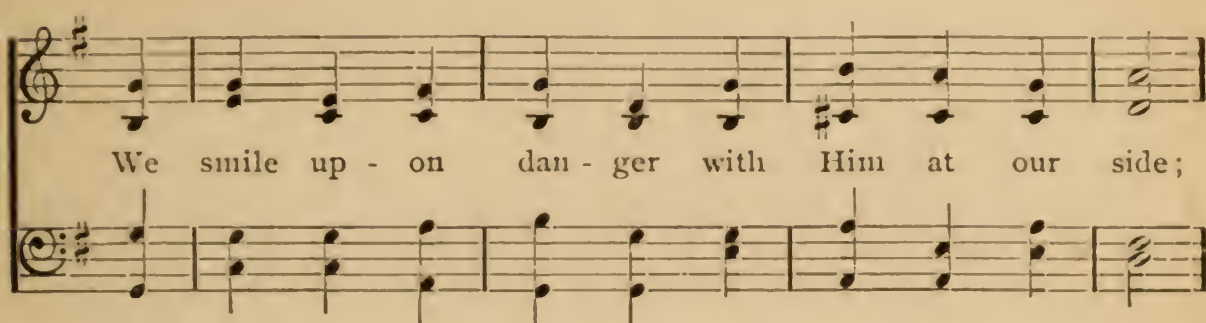
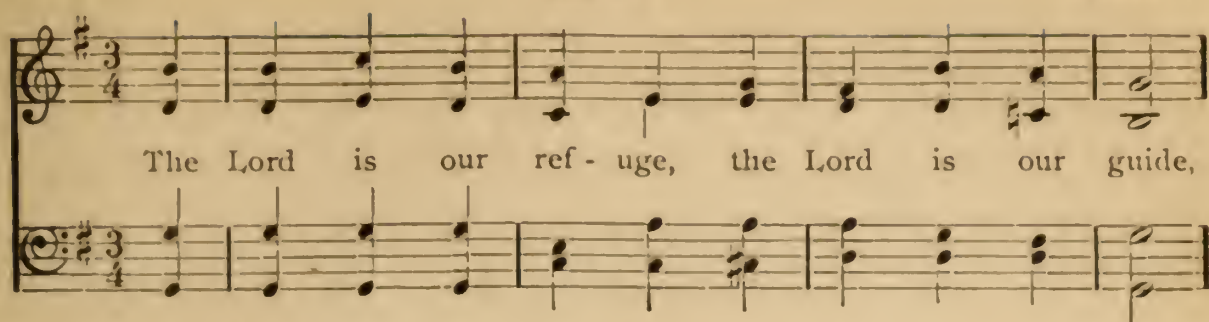
Kingdoms flourish and decay,
Heaven and earth will pass away;
Evermore our school shall raise
Songs of triumph, joy, and praise.

Forward go!—the saints above
Still prolong the strain of love;
Soon may we, within the gate,
See with them our King in state:
There will He His choir unite,
All arrayed in robes of white;
There will songs of purest joy
All their blissful life employ.

156

Refuge.

11111111.



A voice still and small by His people is heard,
A whisper of peace from His life-giving Word;
A stream in the desert, a river of love,
Flows down to their hearts from the fountain above.

Be near us, Redeemer, to shield us from ill;
Speak Thou but the word, and the tempest is still;
Thy presence to cheer us, Thine arm to defend,
No foe shall affright us, with Thee for a Friend.

The Lord is our Helper; ye scorners, be awed!
Ye earthlings, be still, and acknowledge your God!
The proud He will humble, the lowly defend;
Oh, happy the people with God for a Friend.

157

Angel Voices.

8585843.

An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,

An - gel harps for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night.

Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And confess Thee, Lord of might ! A-MEN.

Thou Who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us?
And will hear us?
Yea, we can.

Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

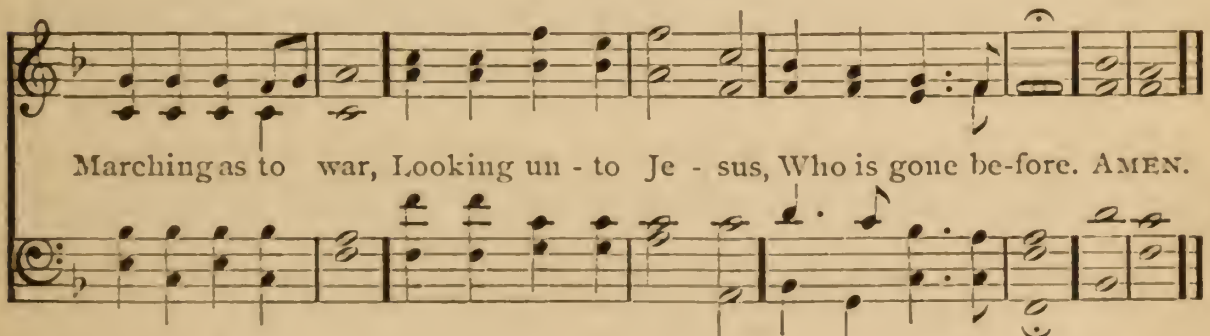
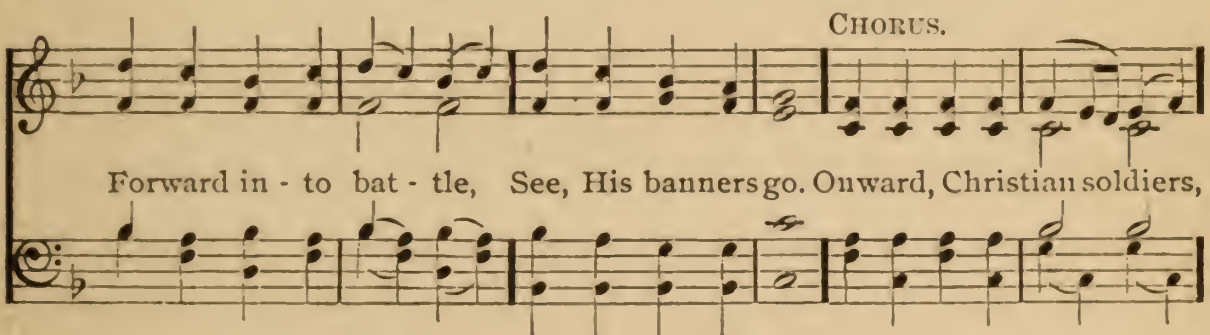
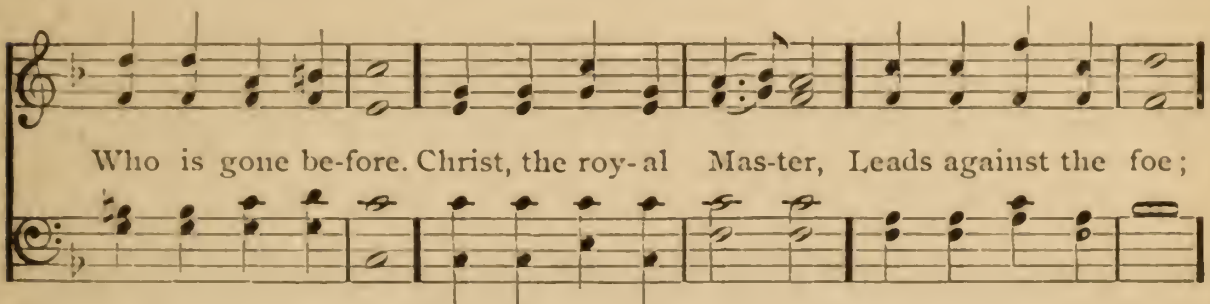
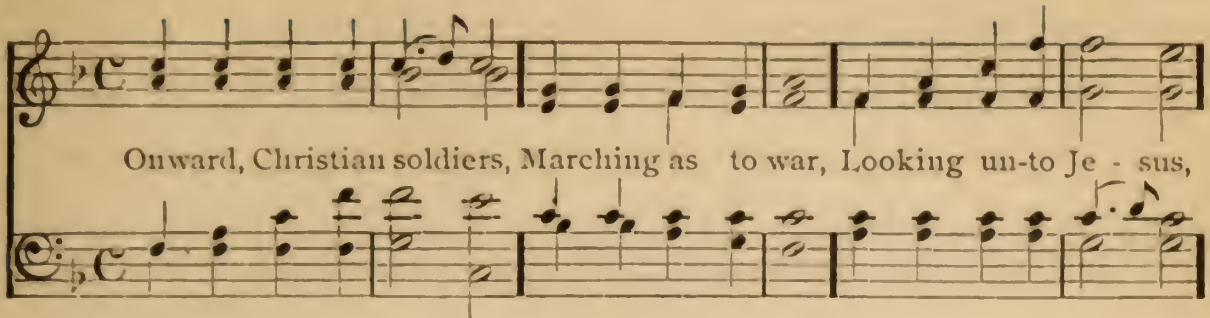
Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts, and minds, and hands, and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

Honor, glory, might and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

158

St. Gertrude.

6565 D.



At the name of Jesus
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.—CHO.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
K One in charity.—CHO.

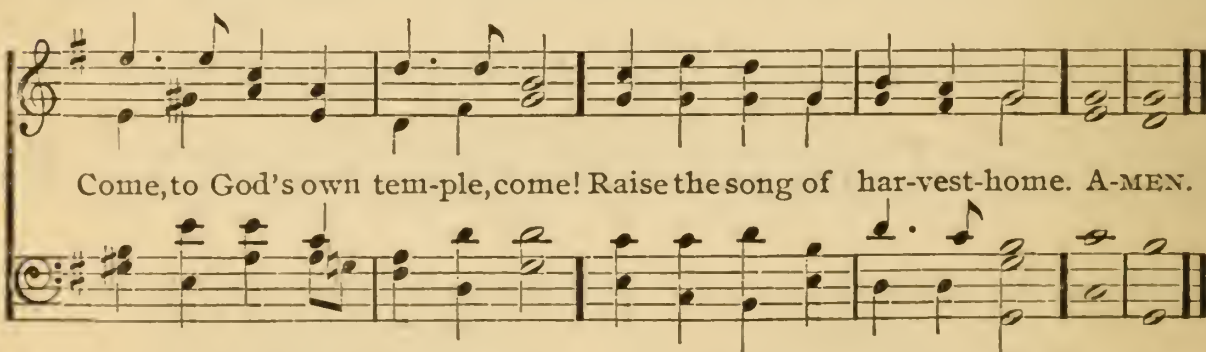
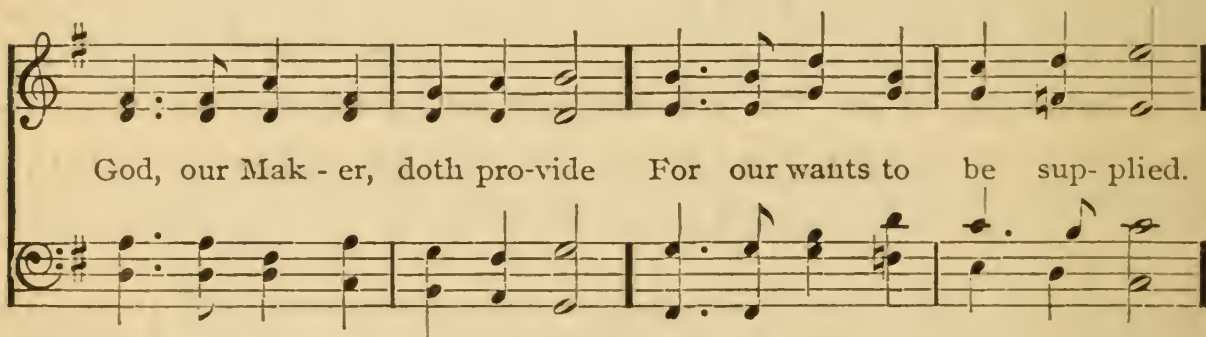
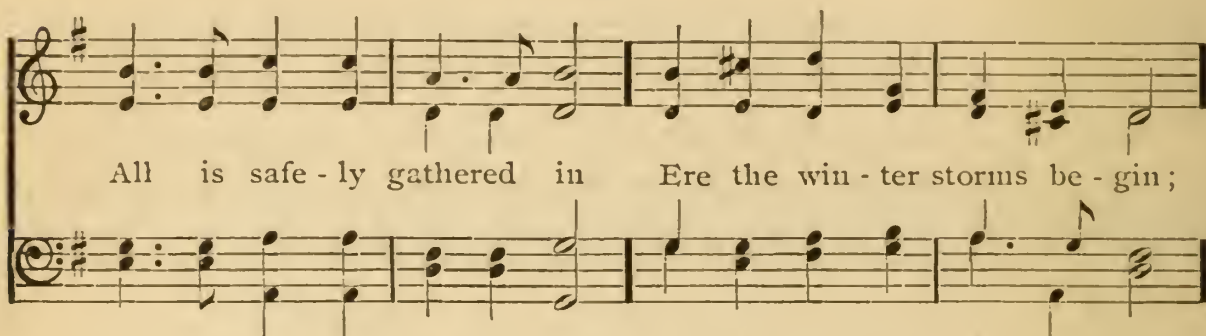
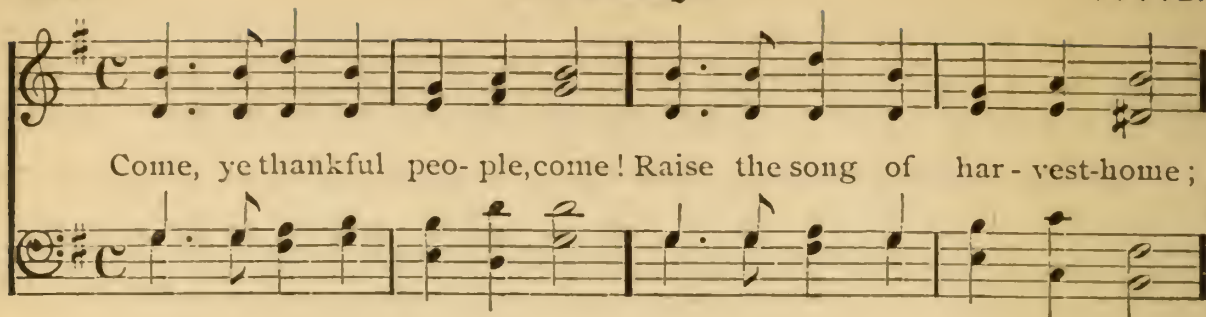
Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—CHO.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.—CHO.

159

St. George.

7777D.



What is earth but God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield?
Wheat and tares are therein sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown,
Ripening with a wondrous power
Till the final harvest hour.
Grant, O Lord of life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

For we know that Thou wilt come,
And wilt take Thy people home;
From Thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend, that day,

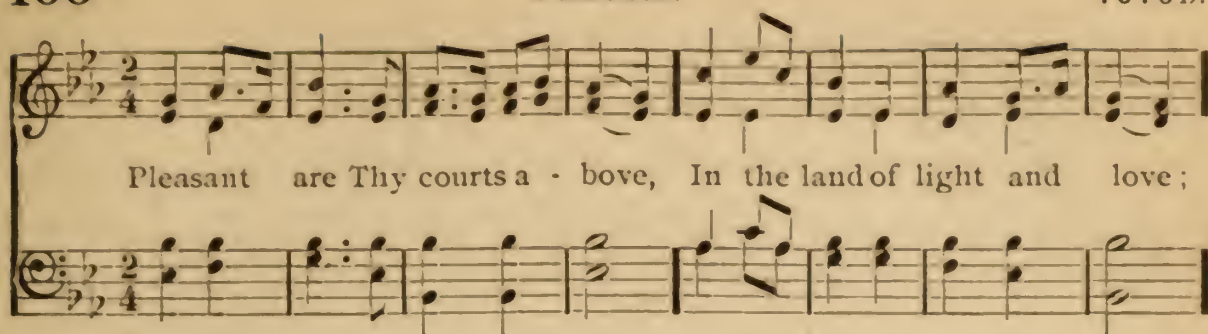
And Thine angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In Thy garner evermore.

Come, then, Lord of mercy, come!
Bid us sing Thy harvest-home;
Let Thy saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
All upon the golden floor,
Praising Thee for evermore.
Come, with thousand angels, come!
Bid us sing Thy harvest-home.

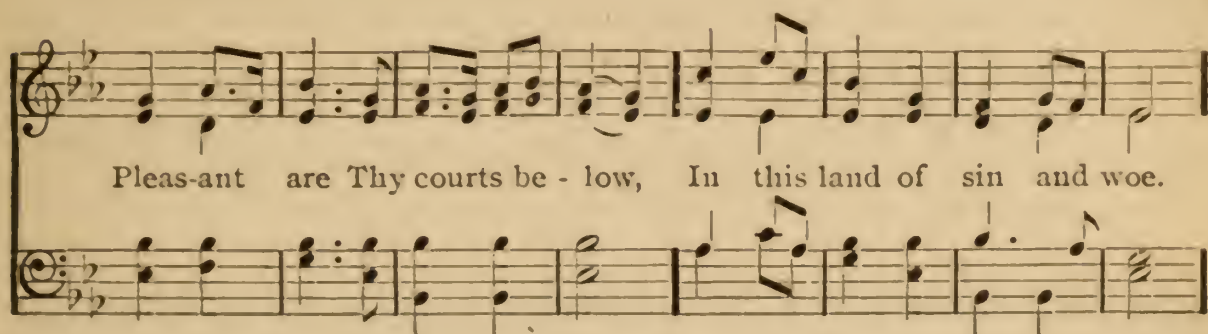
160

Salvator.

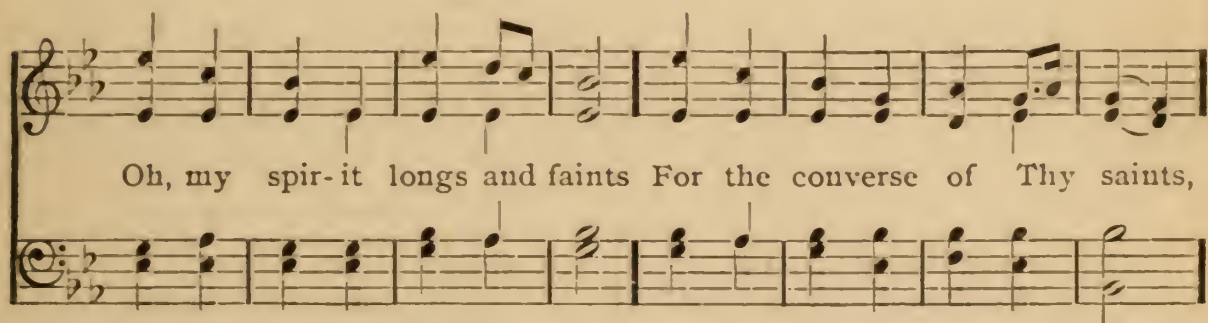
7676 D.



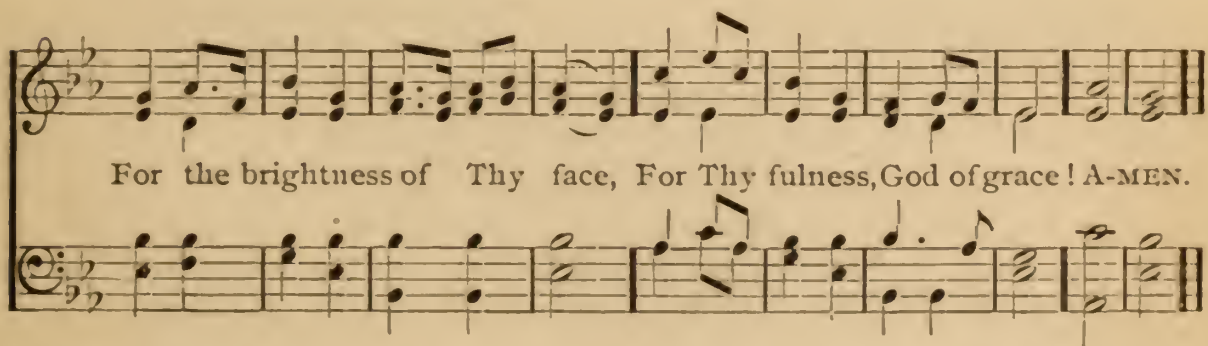
Pleasant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;



Pleasant are Thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe.



Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the converse of Thy saints,



For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy fulness, God of grace! A-MEN.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their Lord repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls, their praises flow,
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the deserts rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;

On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, oh shower them, Lord, on me

161

Ruth.

6565 D.

Summer suns are glowing O - ver land and sea, Happy light is flow-ing

Boun - ti - ful and free. Ev'rything re - joi - ces In the mellow rays,

All earth's thousand voi - ces Swell the psalm of praise. A - MEN.

God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

We will never doubt Thee;
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of Light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

162

Dresden.

P. M.

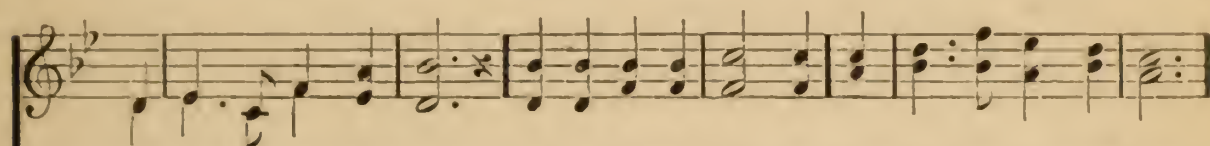
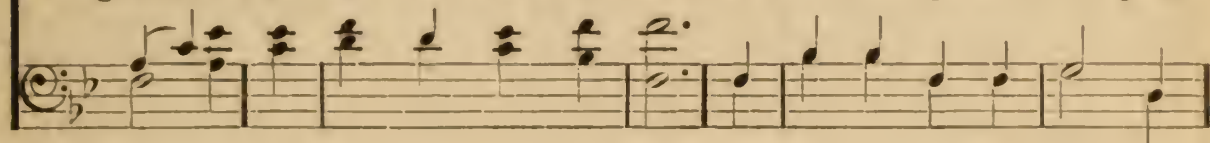
A - gain, O lov - ing Sav - iour, The chil-dren of Thy grace



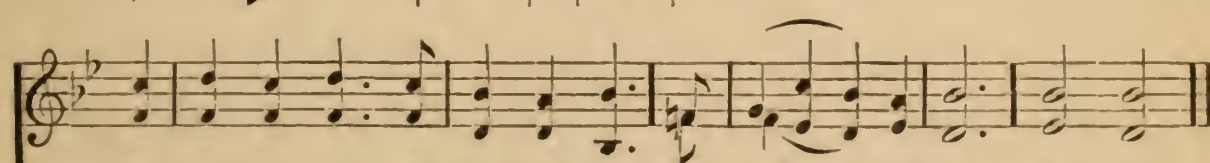
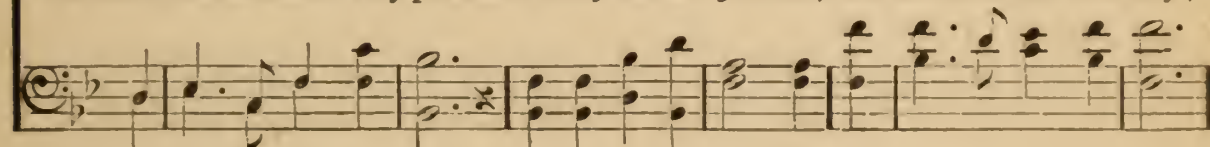
Prepare themselves to seek Thee Within Thy chosen place : Our song shall rise to



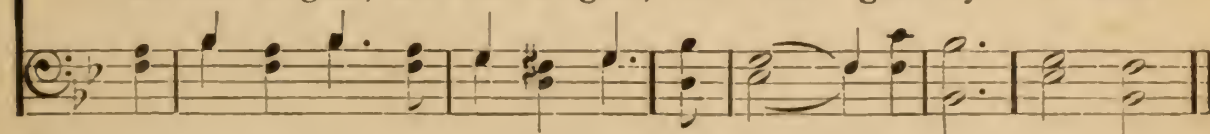
greet Thee, If Thou our hearts wilt raise ; If Thou our lips wilt o - pen,



Our mouth shall show Thy praise. Glo-ry be to Je-sus, Let all His children say ;



He rose a - gain, He rose a - gain, On this glad day ! A - MEN.



The shining choir of angels
That rest not day nor night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above,
These all adore and praise Him
Whom we, too, praise and love.
Glory be, etc.

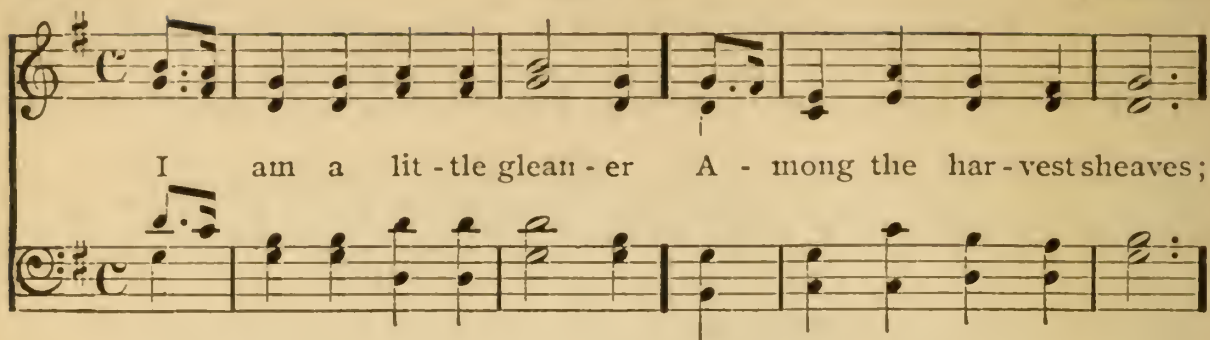
The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day ;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray :
Across the northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same "pure offering,"
And sings the same sweet psalms.
Glory be, etc.

Tell out, sweet bells, His praises !
Sing, children, sing His Name !
Still louder and still further
His mighty deeds proclaim !
Till all whom He redeemed
Shall own Him Lord, and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing—
Glory be, etc.

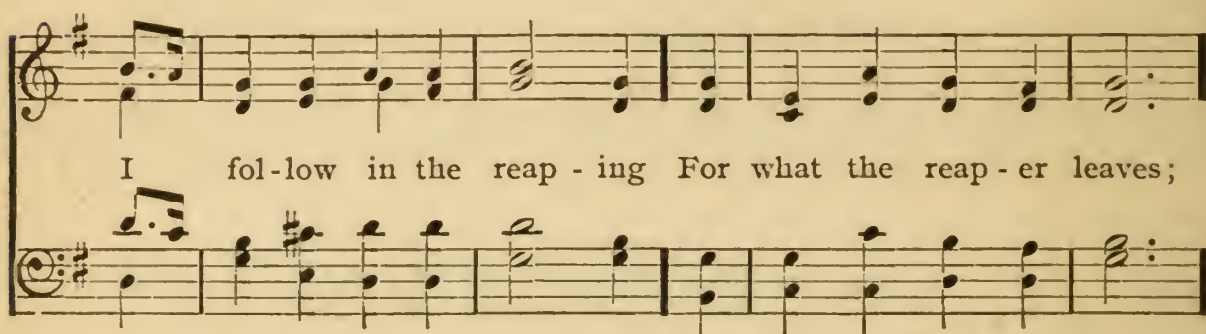
163

Shiloh.

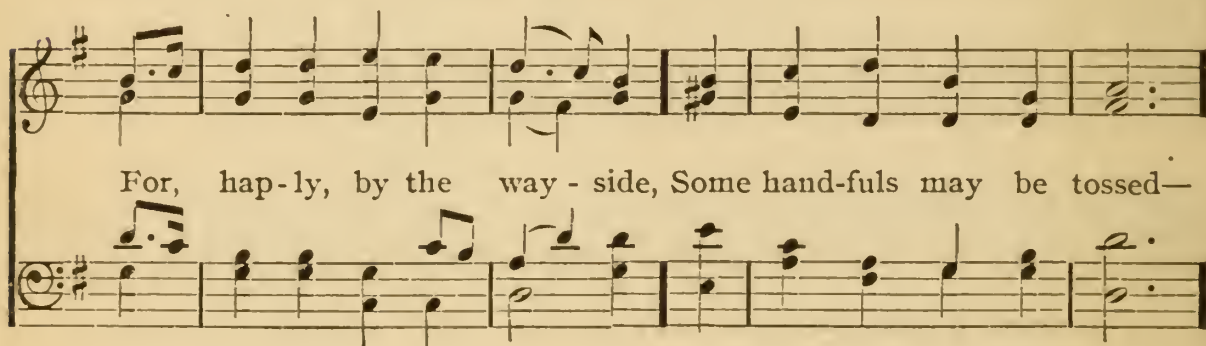
7676D.



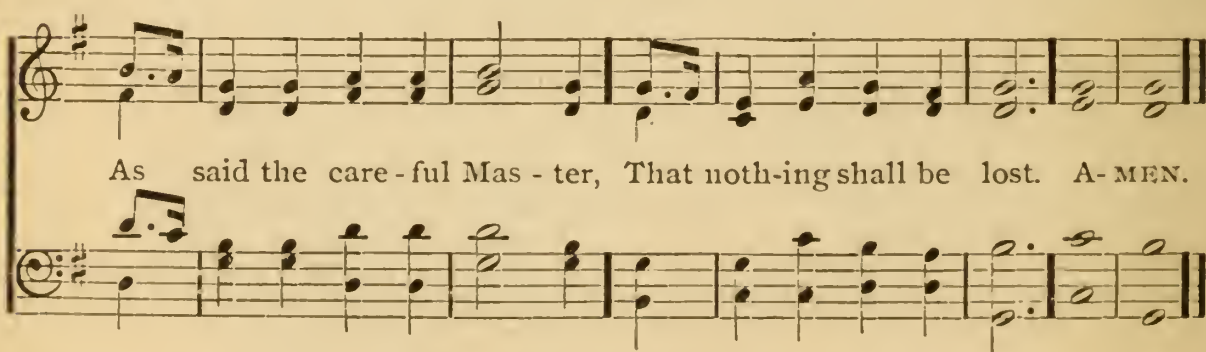
I am a lit - tle glean - er A - mong the har - vest sheaves;



I fol - low in the reap - ing For what the reap - er leaves;



For, hap - ly, by the way - side, Some hand - fuls may be tossed—



As said the care - ful Mas - ter, That noth - ing shall be lost. A - MEN.

Drops fill the boundless ocean,
Sands pile the mountain high;
So all the bounteous garner
Must simple grains supply.
And when, to feed the hungry,
The richer offering comes,
The full loaf on the table
May not disdain the crumbs.

I'm sorry 'tis so little
My little hands can do;
But Jesus will accept it,
If but my heart is true.
And sometimes—'tis the promise
My heart in hope believes—
I'll bring the blessèd Master
The full and joyful sheaves.

*Composed by
H. W.*

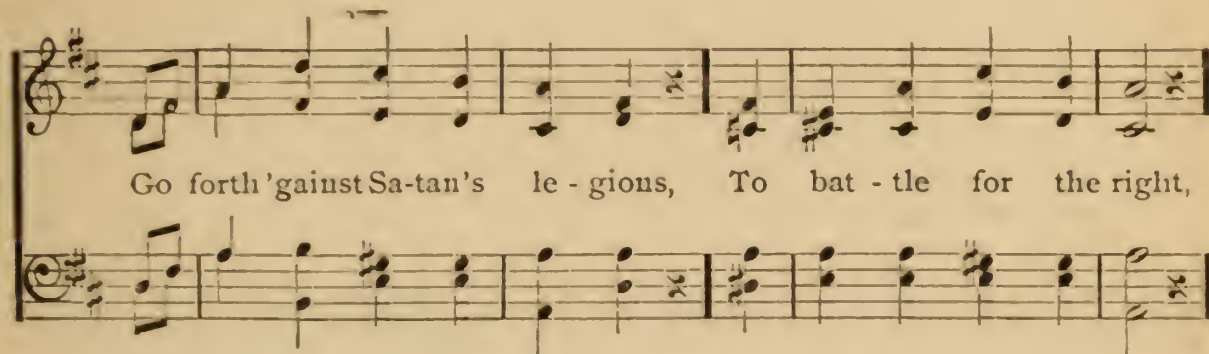
164

Ferree.

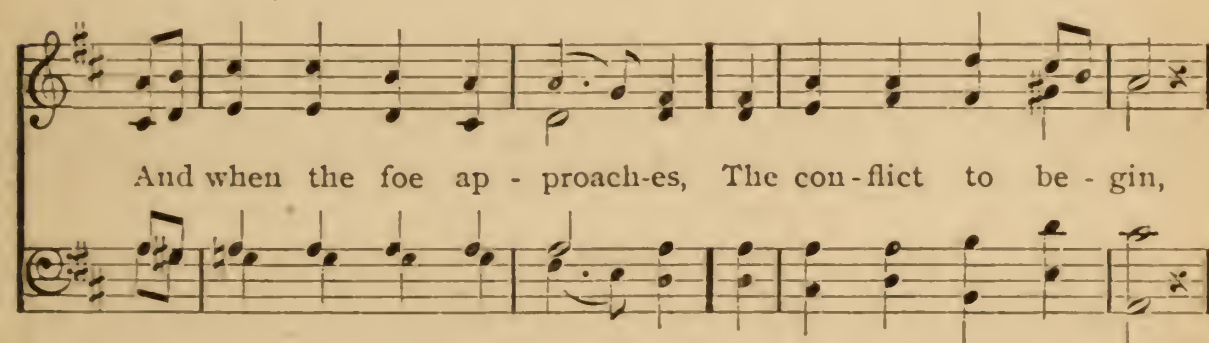
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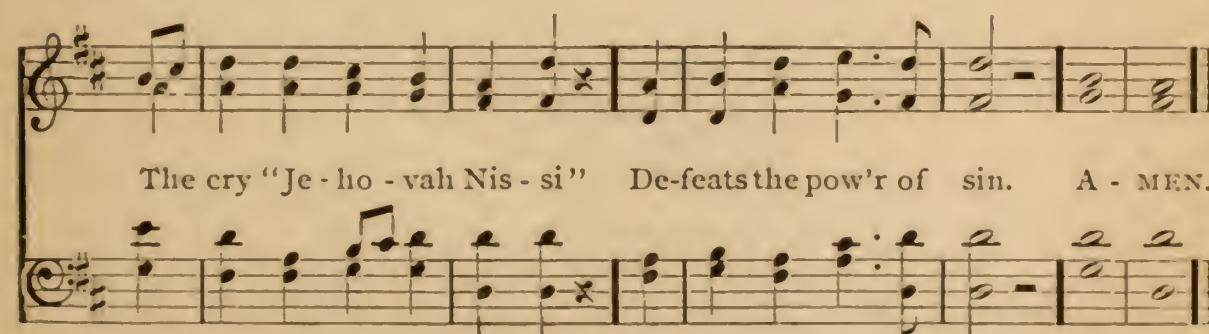
The ar - mies of Christ's Kingdom, Filled with His ho - ly light,



Go forth 'gainst Sa-tan's le - gions, To bat - tle for the right,



And when the foe ap - proach-es, The con - flict to be - gin,



The cry "Je - ho - vah Nis - si" De-feats the pow'r of sin. A - MEN.

There is no child too lowly
To be Christ's soldier true;
The very smallest children
Can try His works to do;
There is no voice too feeble,
No stammering tongue too slow,
To shout "Jehovah Nissi"
As to the fight we go.

Sing out, "Jehovah Nissi,"
Ye children of the King,
Till all the earth shall echo,
And heaven's high arches ring
The Saviour is our leader,
Our armor is His love,
Our sword His holy gospel,
Our goal His home above.

Am. P.

165

Little Things.

6565.

Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,

Make the might - y o - cean, And the beauteous

Coda.

land, the beau - teous land. A - MEN.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

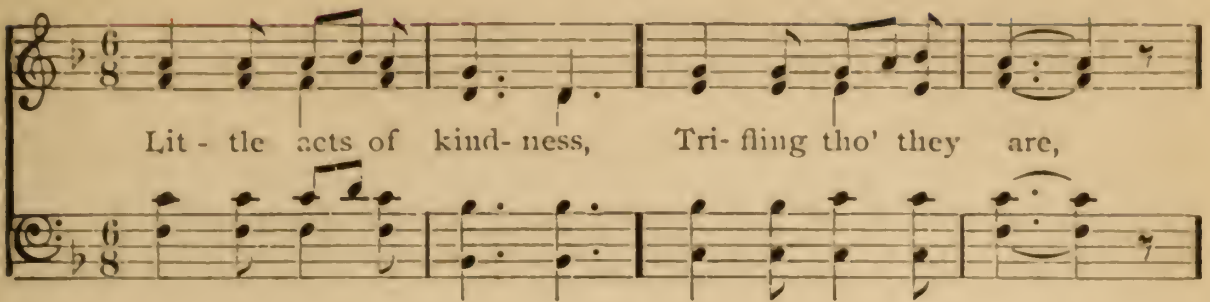
So our little errors
Lead the souls away
From the paths of virtue,
Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

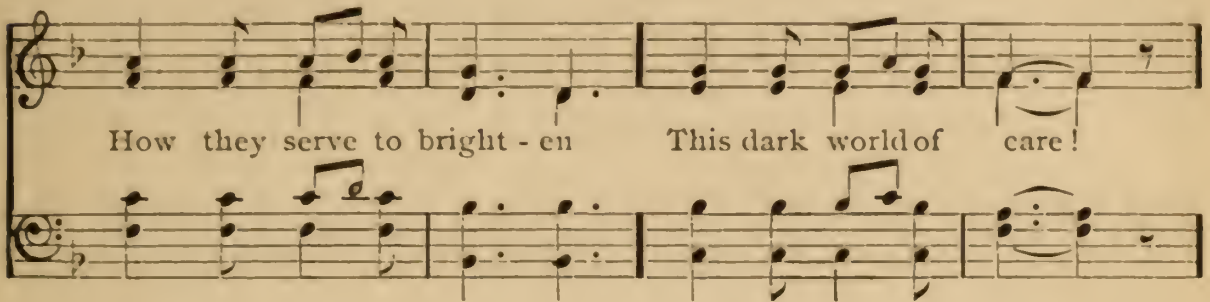
166

Brighthurst.

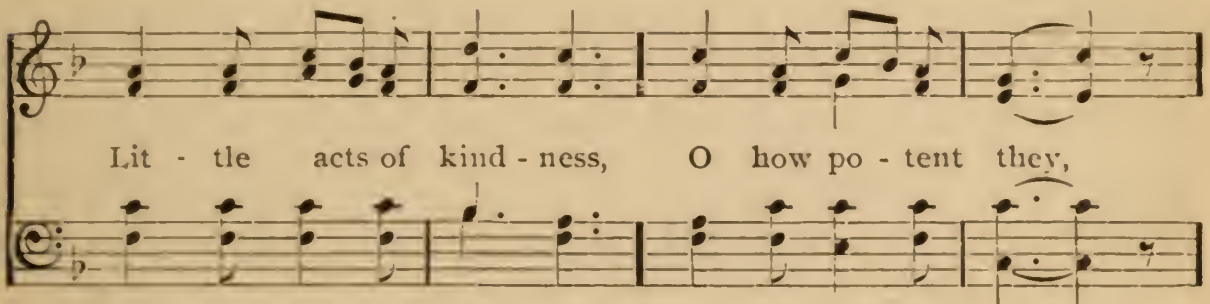
6565 D.



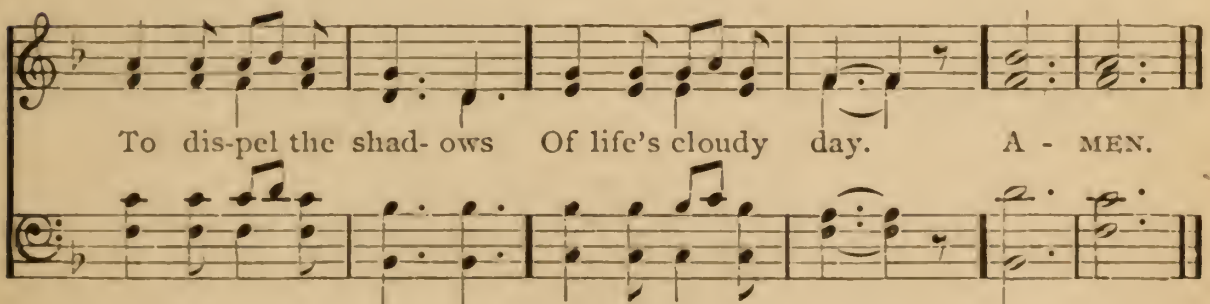
Lit - tle acts of kind - ness, Tri - fling tho' they are,



How they serve to bright - en This dark world of care!



Lit - tle acts of kind - ness, O how po - tent they,



To dis - pel the shad - ows Of life's cloudy day. A - MEN.

Little acts of kindness,
How they cheer the heart!
What a world of gladness
Will a smile impart!
How a gentle accent
Calms the troubled soul,
When the waves of passion
O'er it wildly roll.

You may have around you
Sunshine, if you will,
Or a host of shadows,
Gloomy, dreary, chill.
If you want the sunshine,
Smile though sad at heart;
To the poor and needy
Kindly aid impart.

To the soul-despairing
Breathe a hopeful word;
From your lips be only
Tones of kindness heard.
Even give for anger
Love and tenderness:
And in blessing others
You yourself will bless.

Little acts of kindness,
Nothing do they cost;
Yet when they are wanting
Life's best charm is lost.
Little acts of kindness,
Richest gems of earth,
Though they seem but trifles,
Priceless is their worth.

167

Corfe Mullen.

878747.

Glo - ry be to God the Fa-ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,

Glo - ry be to God the Spir-it, Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One;

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run! A - MEN.

Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign:
Glory, Glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth, your praises bring;
Glory, Glory,
To the King of Glory bring.

Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion:
Thus its praise creation brings:
Glory, Glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

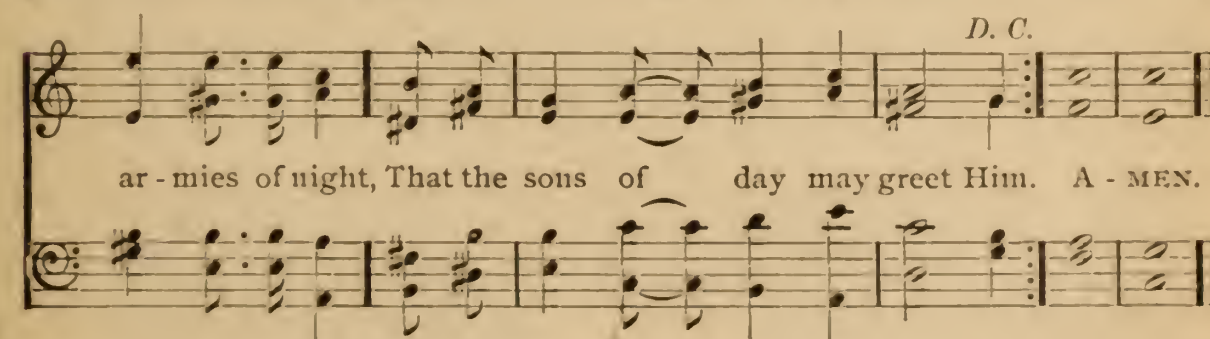
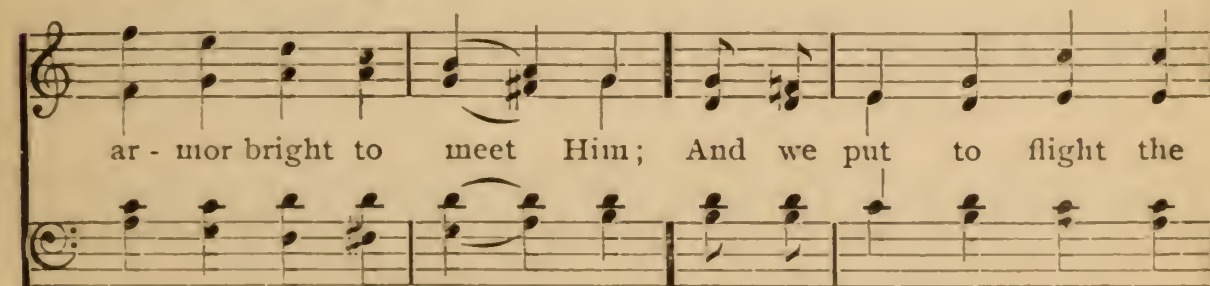
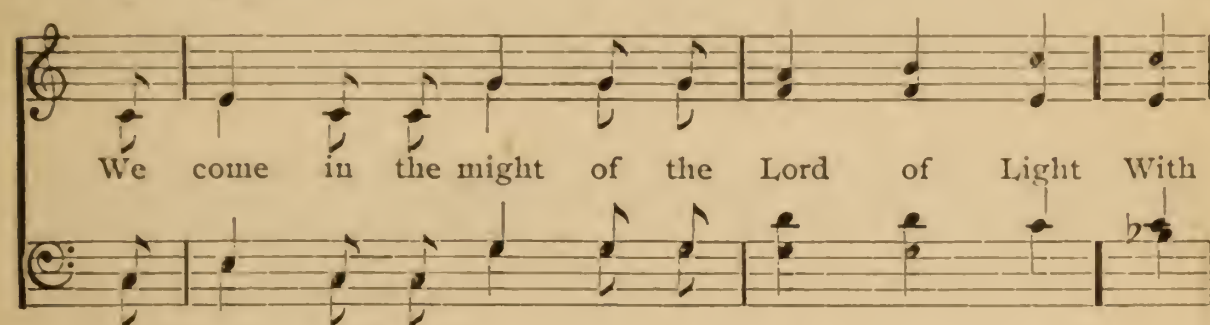
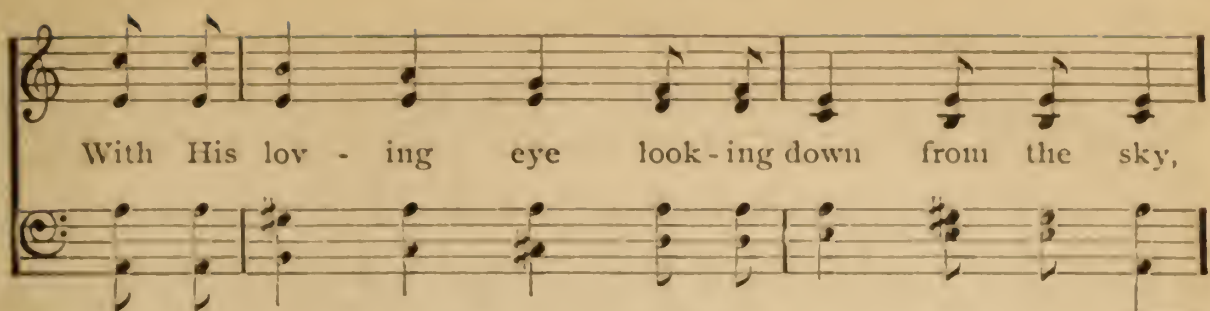
168

St. Austin's.

P. M.

Voices unison.

We march, we march to vic - to-ry, With the conquering Lamb be-fore us,



Our sword is the Spirit of God on high
 Our helmet His salvation,
 Our banner the cross of Calvary,
 Our watch-word, the Incarnation.
 We march, we march, etc.

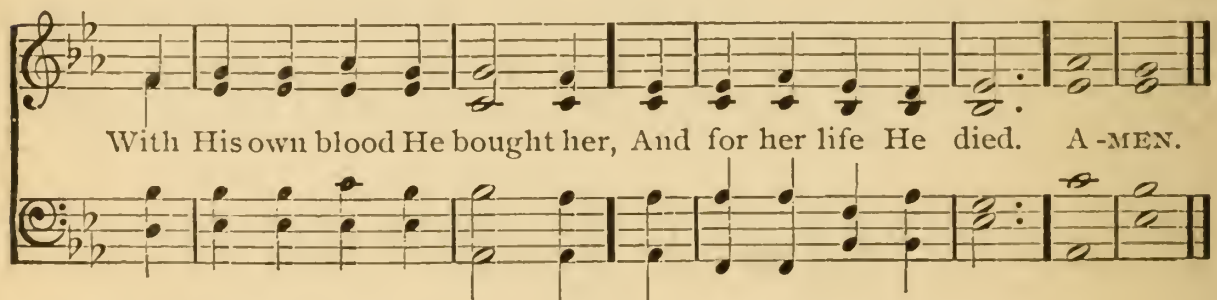
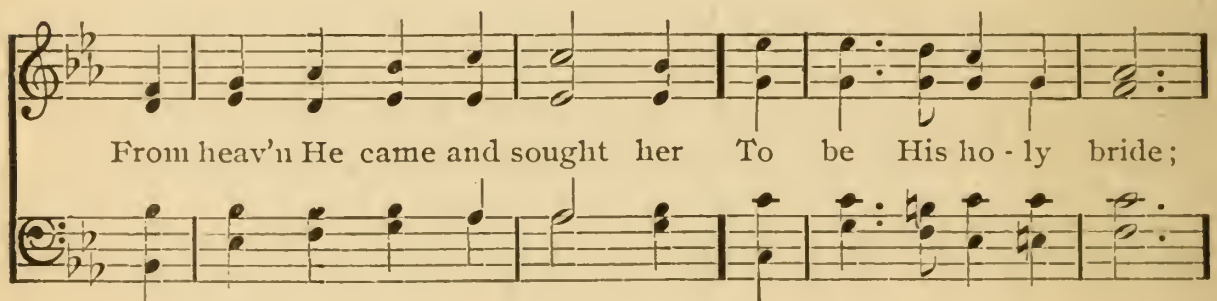
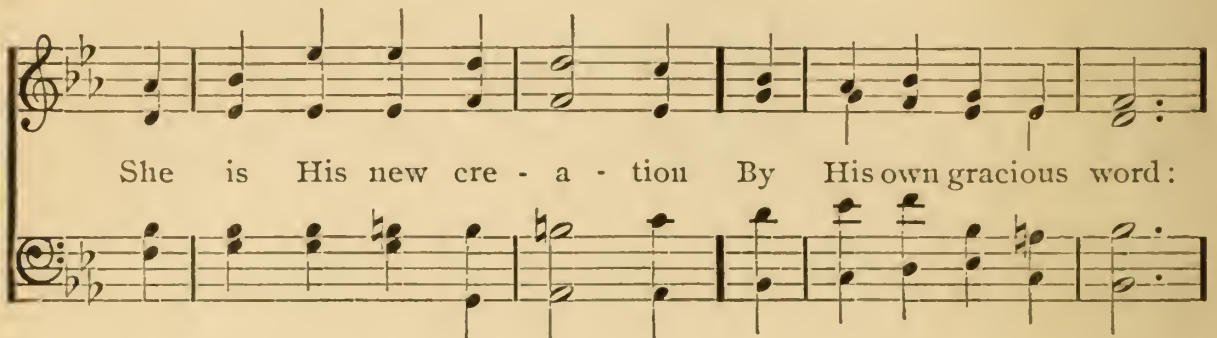
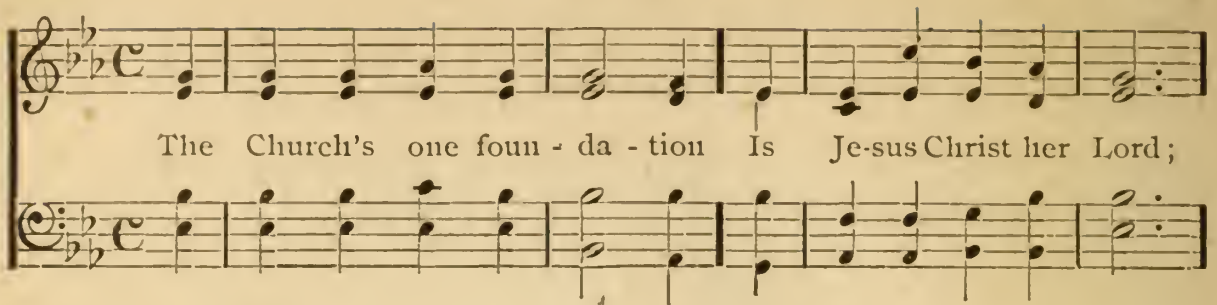
And the choir of angels with songs awaits
 Our march to the golden Sion,
 For our Captain has broken the brazen
 And burst the bars of iron. [gates,
 We march, we march, etc.

Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
 With the conquering Lamb before us,
 With His eye of love looking down from above,
 And His holy arm spread o'er us.
 We march, we march, etc.

169

Aurelia.

7676 D.



Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 One holy name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder,
 Men see her sore oppressed,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distressed;
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 As soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.

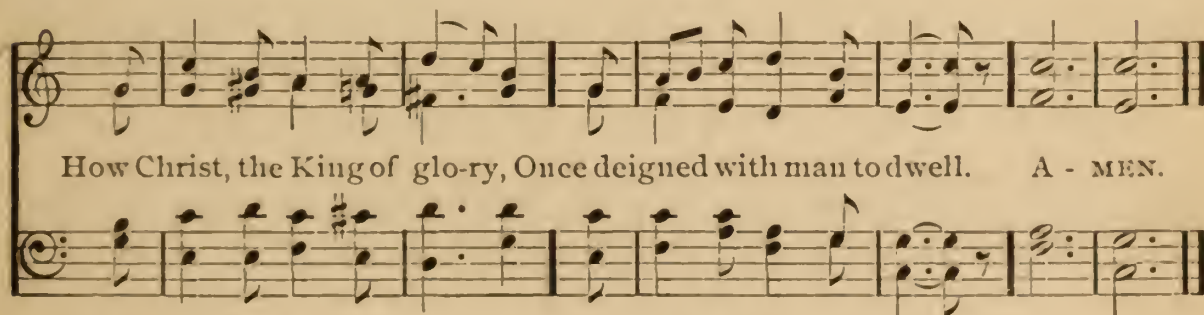
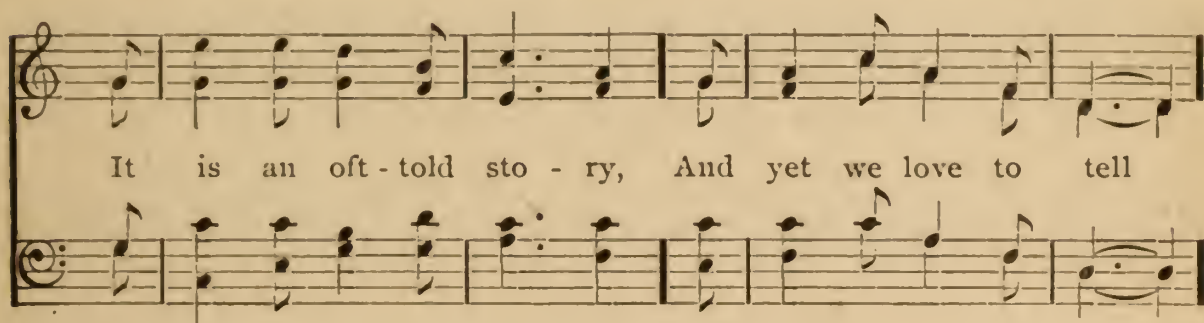
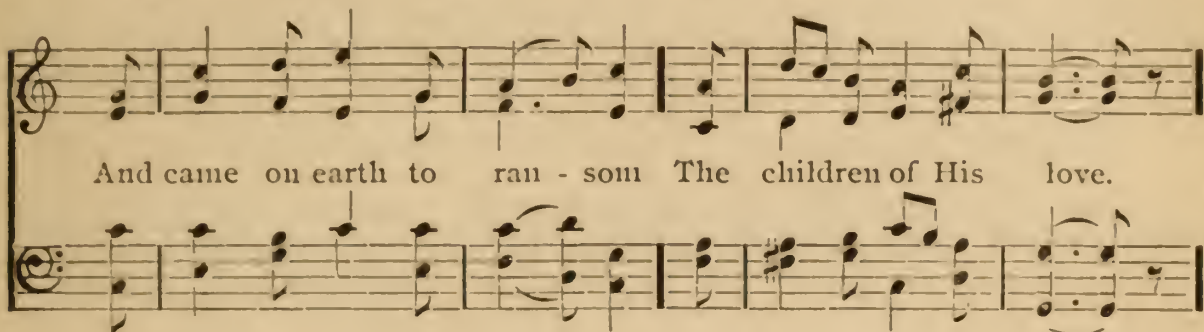
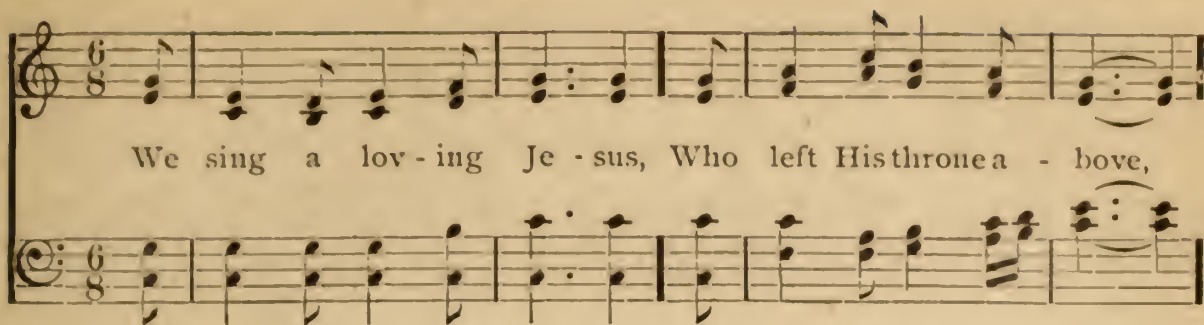
'Mid toil and tribulation
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won:
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace that we
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.

170

Gracehill.

7676 D.



We sing a holy Jesus;
 No taint of sin defiled
 The Babe of David's city,
 The pure and stainless child.
 Oh, teach us, blessèd Saviour,
 Thy heavenly grace to seek!
 And let our whole behavior,
 Like Thine, be mild and meek.

We sing a holy Jesus;
 No kingly crown He had;
 His heart was bowed with anguish,
 His face was marred and sad.
 In deep humiliation
 He came, His work to do;
 O Lord of our salvation,
 Let us be humble, too.

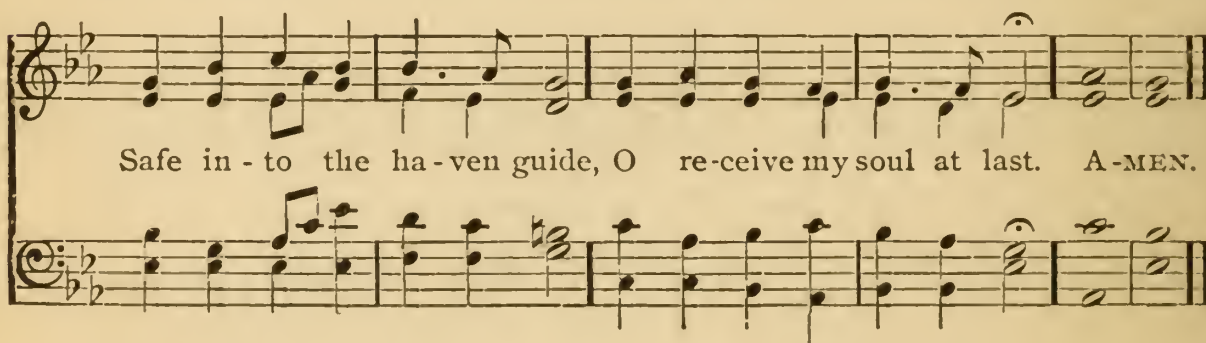
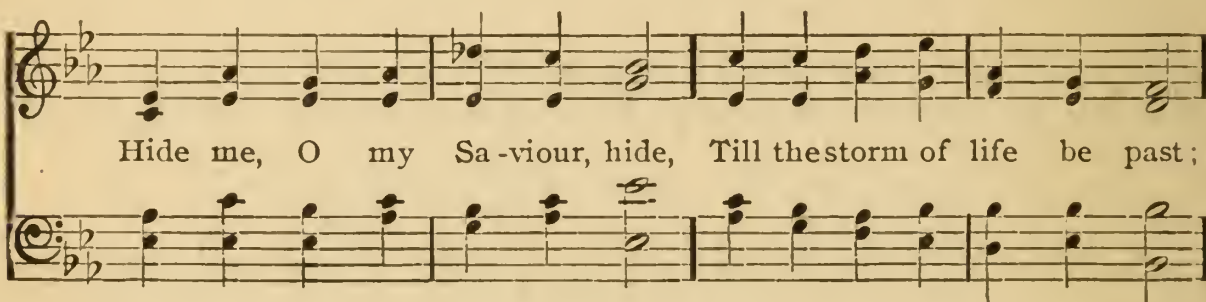
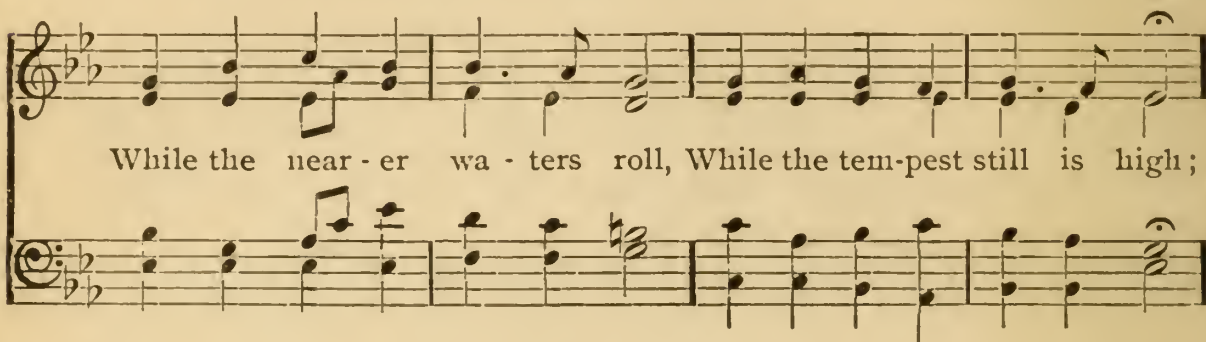
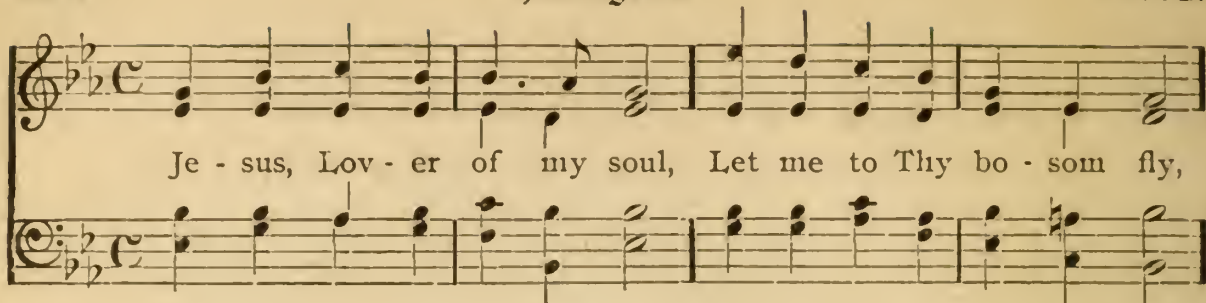
We sing a mighty Jesus,
 Whose voice could raise the dead;
 The sightless eyes He opened,
 The famished souls He fed.
 Thou camest to deliver
 Mankind from sin and shame;
 Redeemer and life-giver,
 We praise Thy holy name!

We sing a coming Jesus;
 The time is drawing near
 When Christ, with all His angels,
 In glory shall appear.
 Lord, save us, we entreat Thee,
 In this Thy day of grace,
 That we may gladly meet thee,
 And see Thee face to face.

171

Hollingside.

7777 D.



Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust in Thee is stayed;
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee:
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

172

Redner.

8787D.



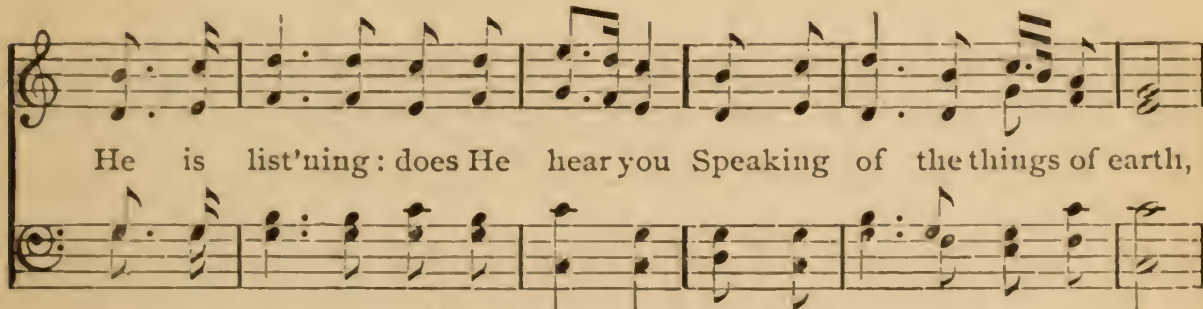
Have you not a word for Je - sus? Not a word to say for Him?



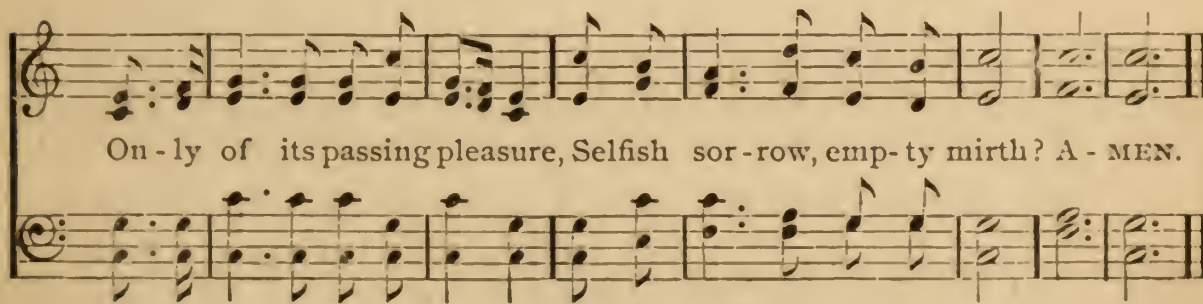
He is list'ning through the cho - rus Of the burn-ing ser - a - phim.



He is list'ning: does He hear you Speaking of the things of earth,



On - ly of its passing pleasure, Selfish sor - row, emp - ty mirth? A - MEN.



He has spoken words of blessing,
Pardon, peace, and love to you,
Glorious hopes and gracious comfort,
Strong, and tender, sweet and true;
Does He hear you telling others
Something of His love untold,
Overflowings of thanksgiving
For His mercies manifold?

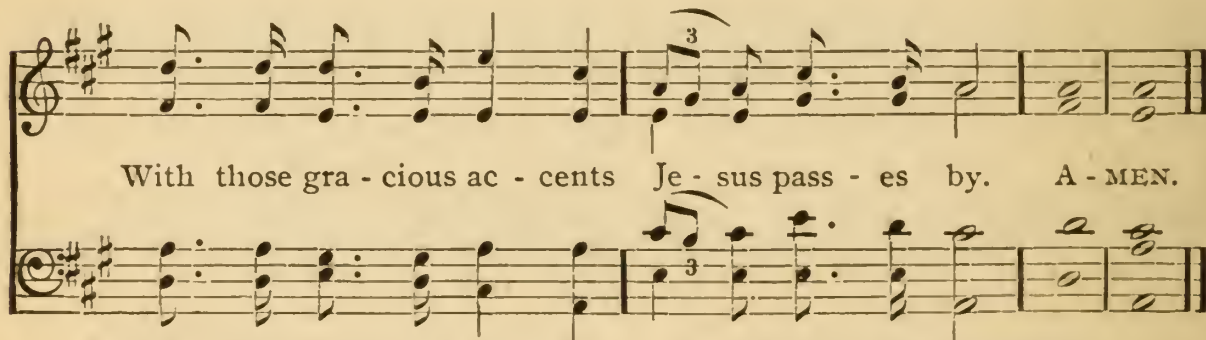
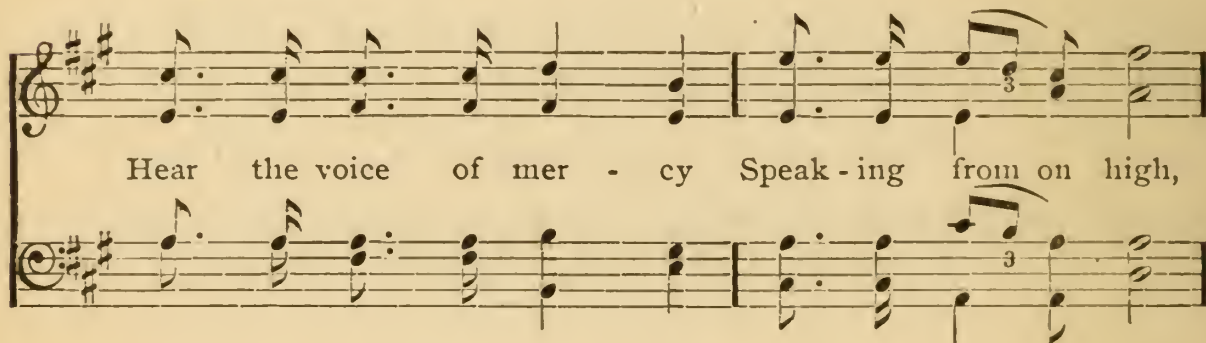
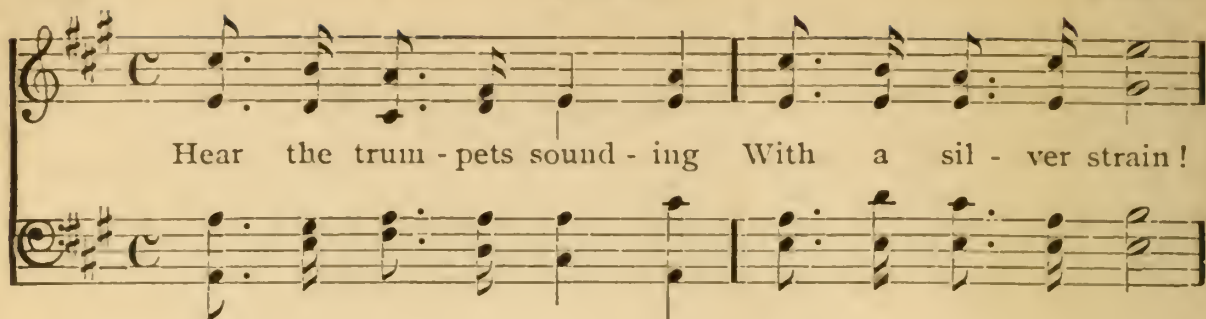
Yes, we have a word for Jesus!
Living echoes we will be
Of Thine own sweet words of blessing,
Of Thy gracious "Come to Me!"
Jesus, Master! yes, we love Thee!
And to prove our love would lay
Fruit of lips which Thou wilt open
At Thy blessed feet to-day.

Give us grace to follow fully,
Vanquishing our faithless shame,
Feebly, it may be, but truly,
Witnessing for Thy dear name.
Ours shall be the joy and honor
Thy redeemèd ones to bring,
Jewels for the coronation
Of our coming Lord and King.

173

Newell.

6565D.



Some have heard Him speaking
And their hearts replied;
As He smiled upon them
Sin within them died.
By His love He won them;
Drew them to His side;
Bowed their hearts within them,
Vanquished all their pride.

By His grace He won them,
Made their hearts His own,
And within their bosoms
Fixed His lasting throne;
In their blood He found them,
In their sin and shame;
With prevailing power
To their rescue came.

Who can hear His accents
Thrill the hearts within,
And be still a captive
In the bonds of sin?
Who can taste the pardon
Which His grace bestows,
Nor confess the mercy
Which hath healed His woes?

Hearken, sinners, hearken,
To the Gospel strain!
Hear the voice of mercy
Sound o'er earth and main!
Is there not a kingdom
Which to man draws nigh?
In that kingdom, sinner,
Jesus passes by.

174 (First Tune.)

Stephanos.

8583.

Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis-tressed?

“Come to me,” saith One, “and coming, Be at rest.” A - MEN.

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
“In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.”

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
“Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.”

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.”

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed.”

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
“Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.”

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
“Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes.”

174 (Second Tune.)

Wood End.

8583.

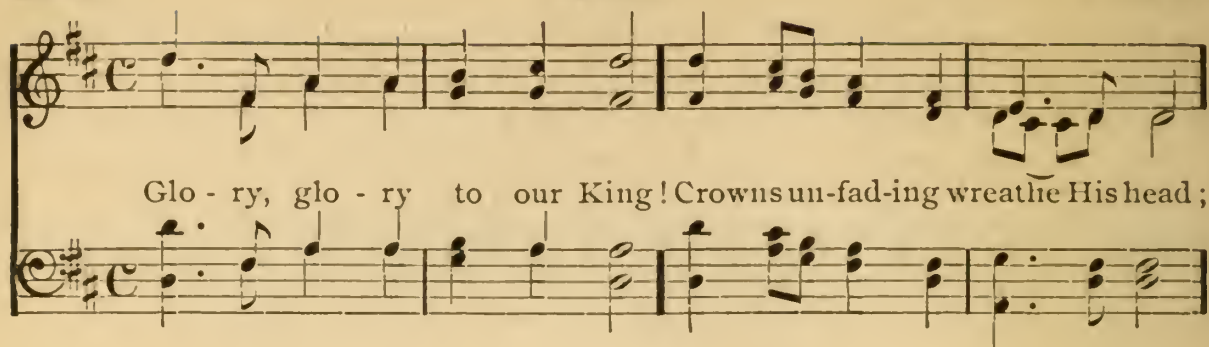
Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore distressed?

“Come to me,” saith One, “and coming, Be at rest.” A - MEN.

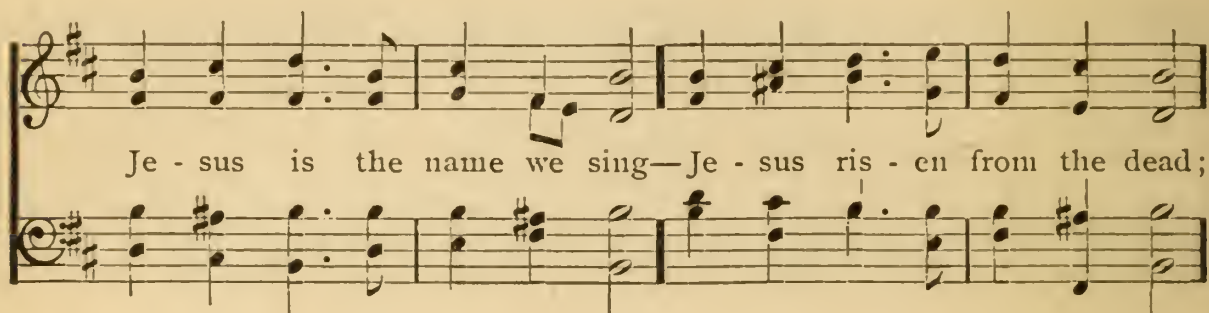
175

Jona.

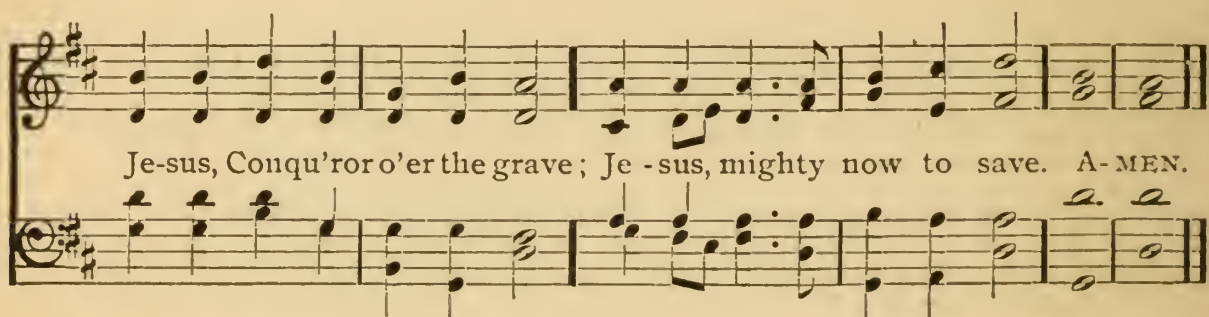
777777.



Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King! Crowns un-fad-ing wreath His head;



Je - sus is the name we sing—Je - sus ris - en from the dead;



Je-sus, Conqu'ror o'er the grave; Je - sus, mighty now to save. A-MEN.

Jesus is gone up on high,
 Angels come to meet their King;
 Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
 While the Victor's praise they sing:
 "Open now, ye heavenly gates!
 'Tis the King of glory waits."

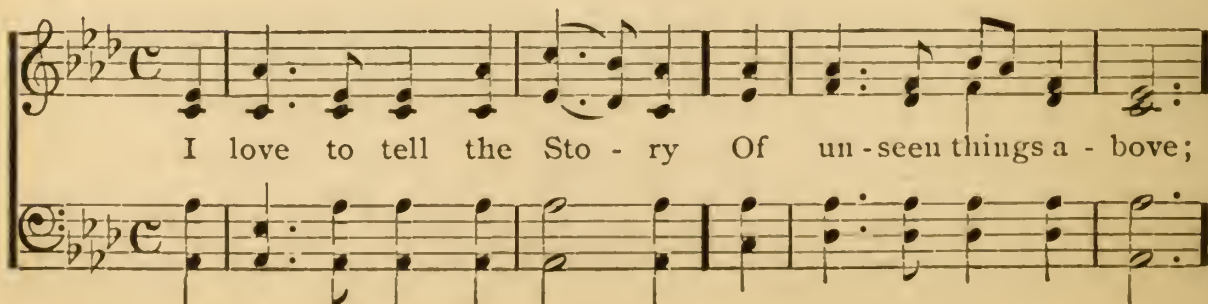
Now behold Him high enthroned,
 Glory beaming from His face!
 By adoring angels owned,
 God of holiness and grace!
 Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing
 "Glory, glory to our King!"

Jesus, on Thy people shine;
 Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
 That with angels we may join,
 Share their bliss, and swell their songs;
 Glory, honor, praise, and power,
 Lord, be Thine for evermore!

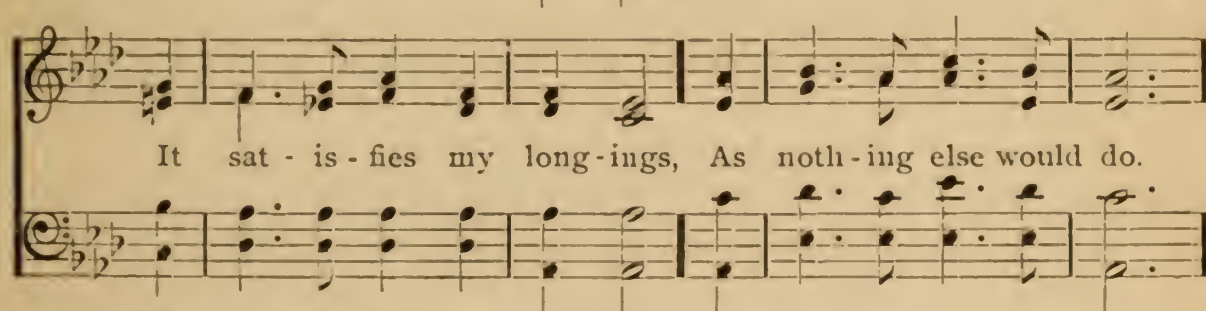
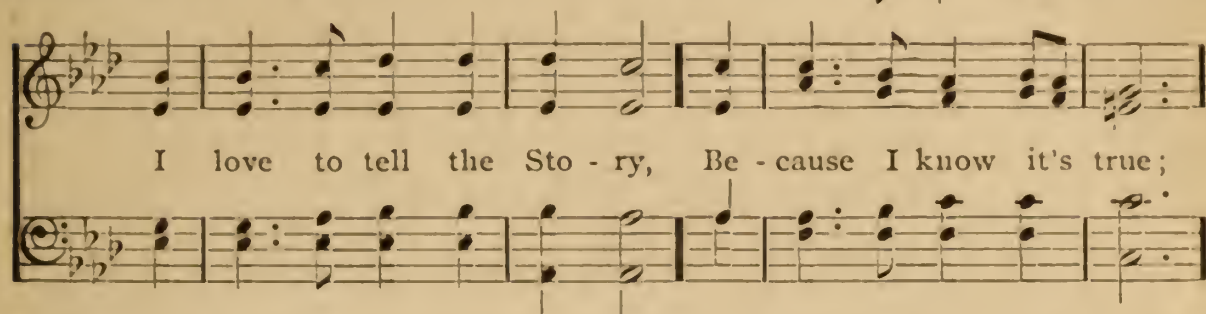
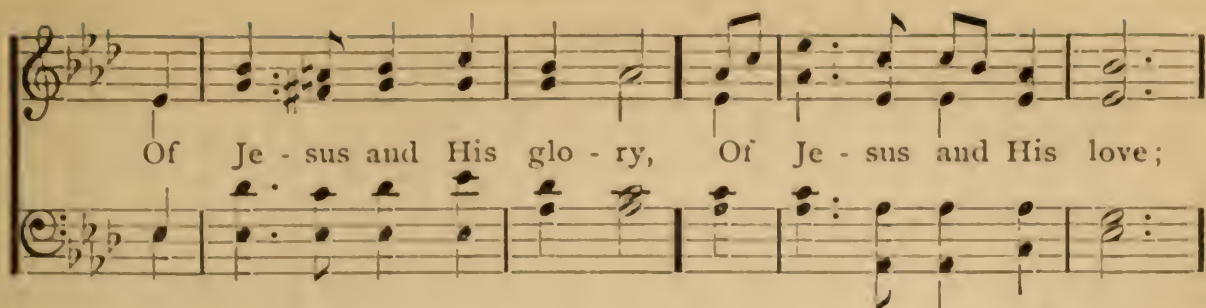
176

Hauken.

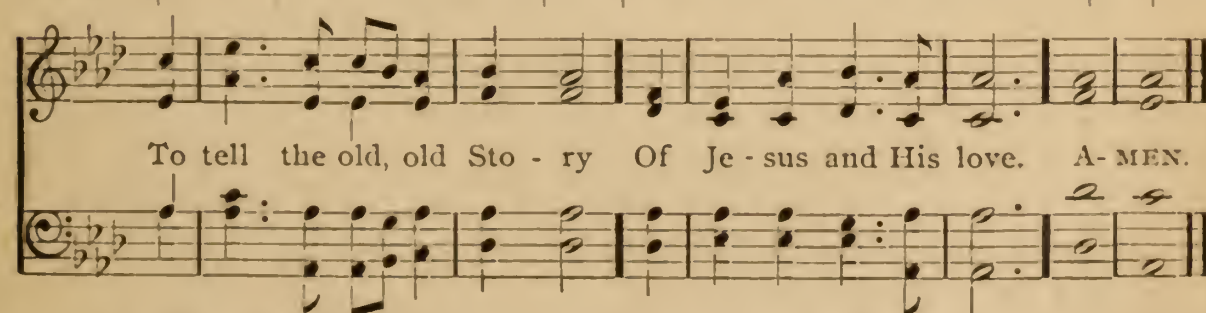
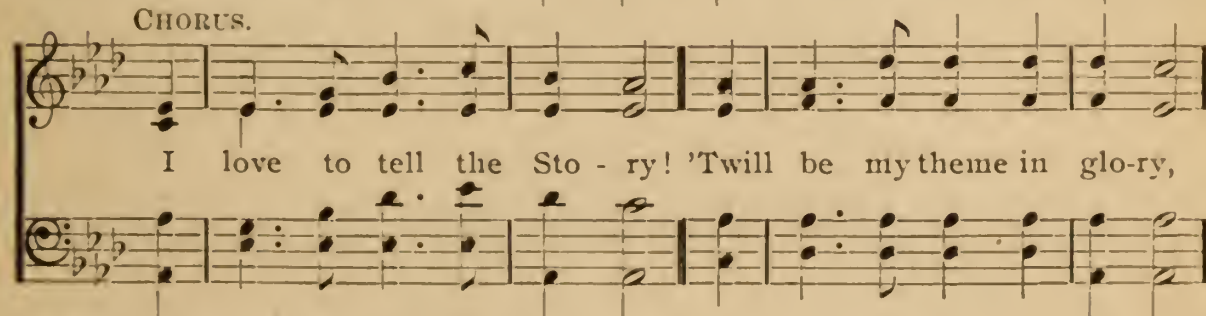
7676D.



I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove;



CHORUS.



I love to tell the Story!
 More wonderful it seems,
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams;
 I love to tell the Story!
 It did so much for me!
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.—CHO.

I love to tell the Story!
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet;

I love to tell the Story;
 For some have never heard
 The message of Salvation
 From God's own Holy Word.—CHO.

I love to tell the Story;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest;
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the new, new song,
 'Twill be the old, old Story
 That I have loved so long.—CHO.

177

Oswald.

8787.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Fa-ther—He is Love:

Al - le - lu - ia! let our voi-ces Join with seraph choirs a-bove. A-MEN.

Alleluia! praise to Jesus!
 Sinners, crushed beneath your guilt,
 Rise, rejoice, adore the Saviour!
 'Twas for you His blood was spilt.

Alleluia! praise the Spirit!
 He doth sinful hearts renew;
 Sanctifier, Guide, Consoler,
 Teacher, ever kind and true.

Alleluia! swell the chorus;
 God, our only God, adore!
 To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Praise be now, and evermore.

178

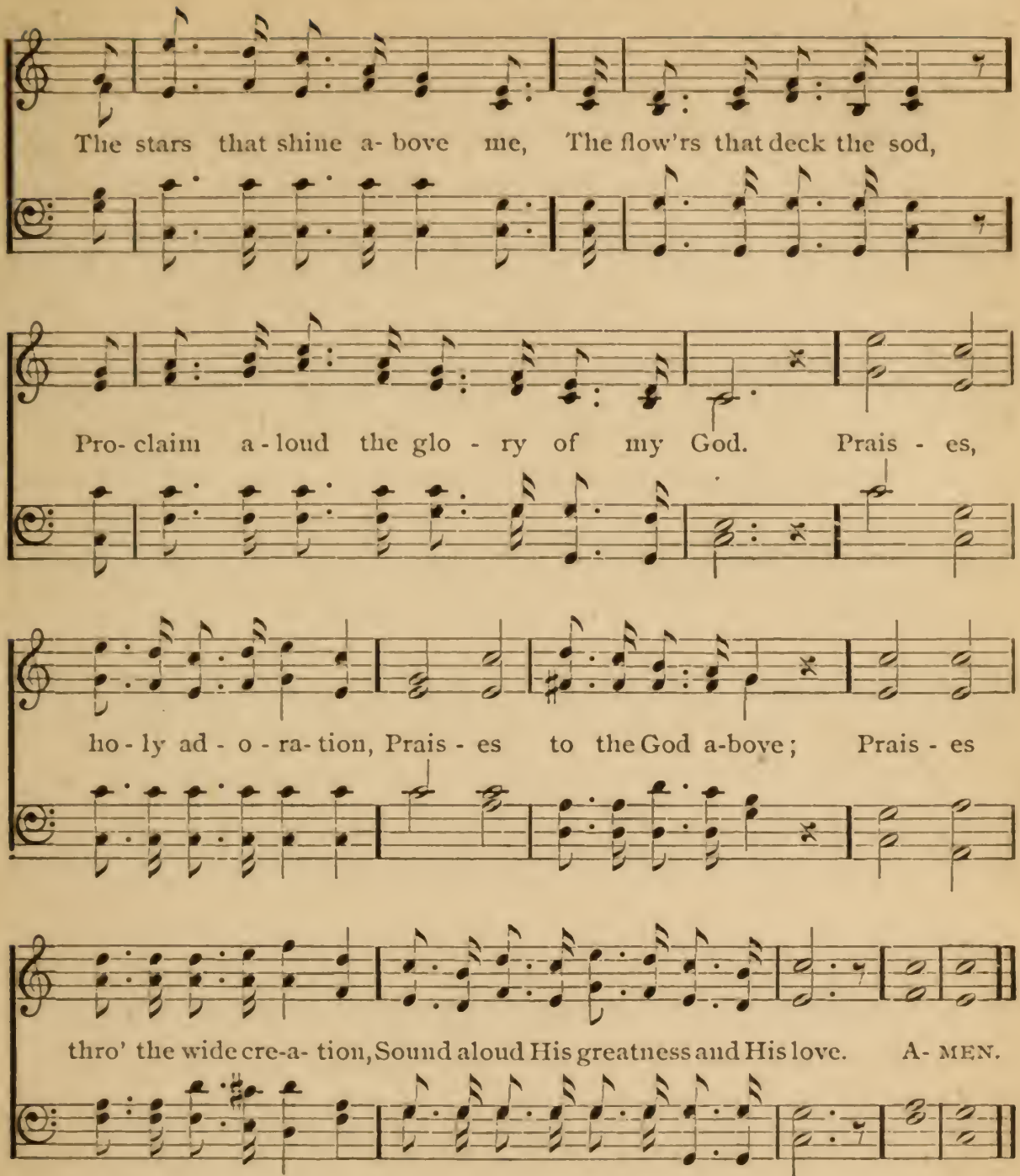
Universal Praise.

For Happy Voices

P. M.

The val - leys and the mountains, The wood - land and the plain,

The riv - ers and the fount - ains, The sun - shine and the rain,



The stars that shine a-bove me, The flow'rs that deck the sod,
Pro-claim a-loud the glo-ry of my God. Prais-es,
ho-ly ad-o-ra-tion, Prais-es to the God a-bove; Prais-es
thro' the wide cre-a-tion, Sound aloud His greatness and His love. A-MEN.

And shall the voice of nature
Thus glorify its King;
And man, the noble creature,
No grateful tribute bring?
Shall mercy strew His pathway,
And all the senses please,
And man withhold the sacrifice of praise?
Praise Him, ye that live for ever;
Praise Him every heart and voice;
Praise Him, He's the glorious Giver;
Praise Him in your sorrows and your joys.

The word of life He gave us
To guide us to the sky;
That He might justly save us,
He sent His Son to die—
To die in shame and anguish,
To die a sacrifice;—

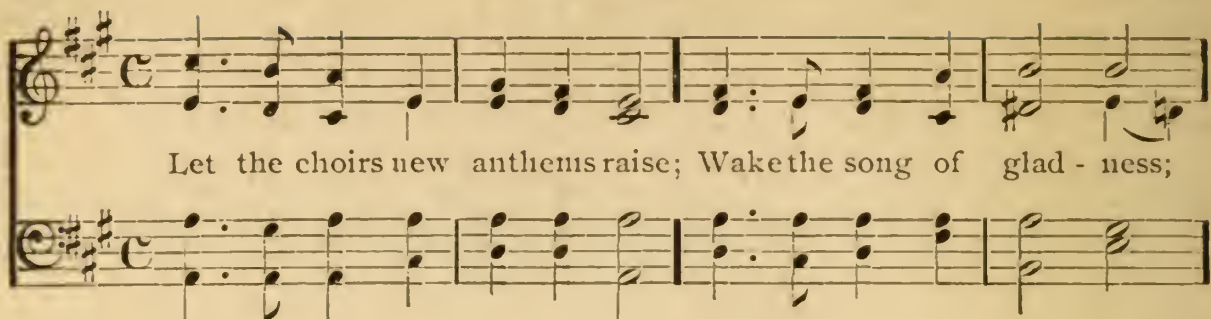
To save us from the death that never dies.
Praise Him, praise Him for salvation;
Praise Him, praise Him for His Son;
Praise Him, every tribe and nation;
Praise Him for the battle He has won.

Then train your faithful voices
To hymn His praise above;
For he who here rejoices
In Jesus' dying love,
Around His throne in glory
Shall all His love proclaim,
And sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.
Praise Him, praise th' eternal Father;
Praise Him, praise th' eternal Son;
Praise Him, praise the Three together,
Father, Son, and Spirit, three in One.

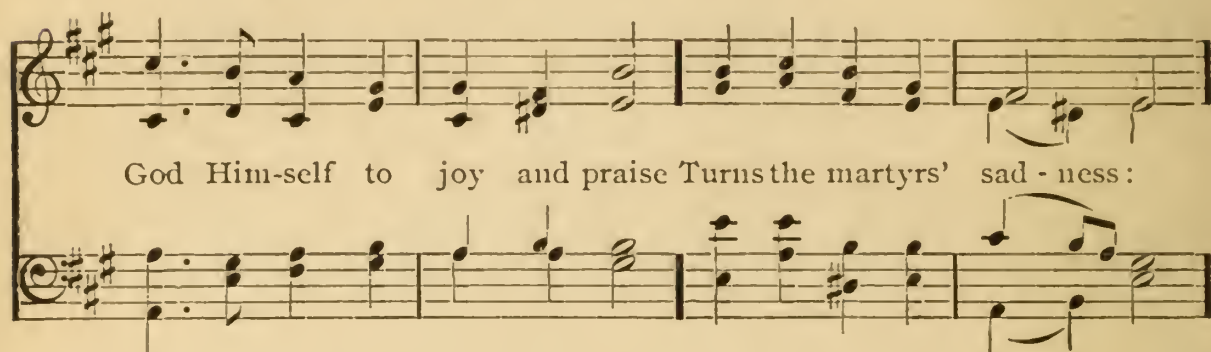
179

Beachley.

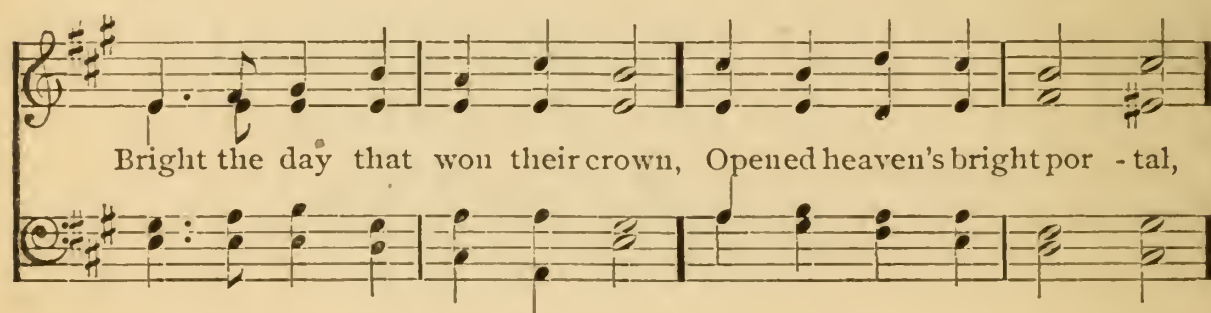
7676D.



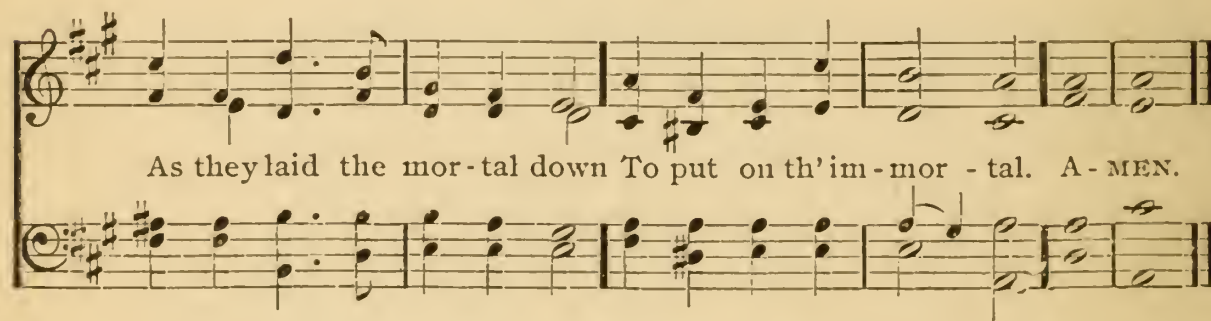
Let the choirs new anthems raise; Wake the song of glad - ness;



God Him-self to joy and praise Turns the martyrs' sad - ness:



Bright the day that won their crown, Opened heaven's bright por - tal,



As they laid the mor-tal down To put on th'im-mor - tal. A - MEN.

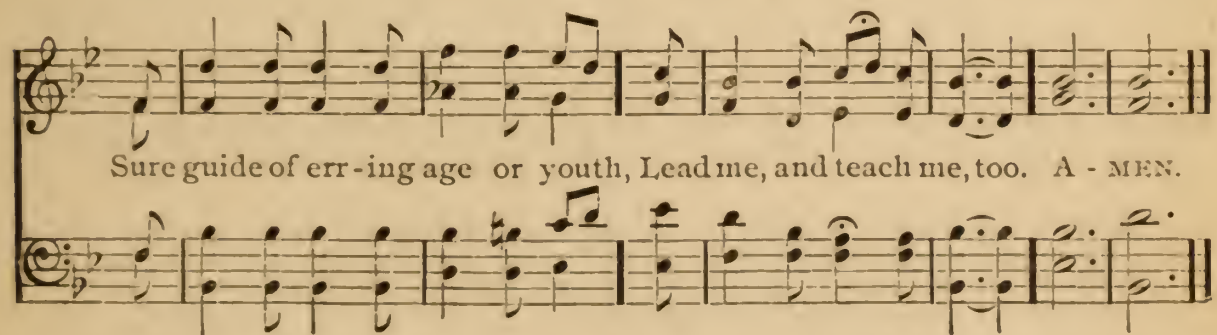
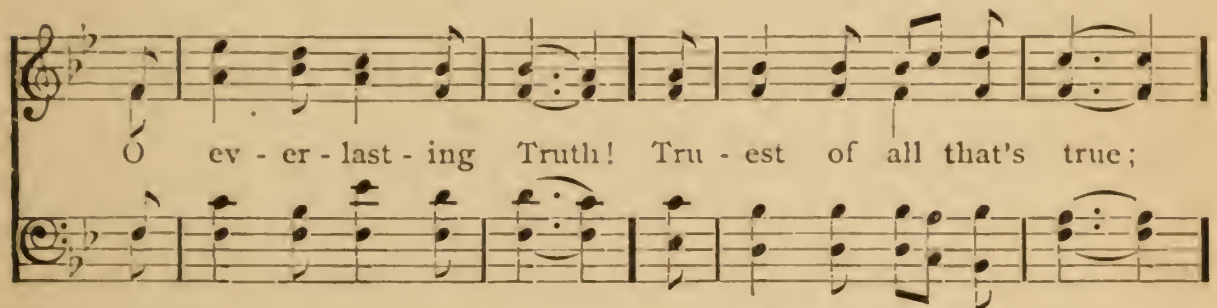
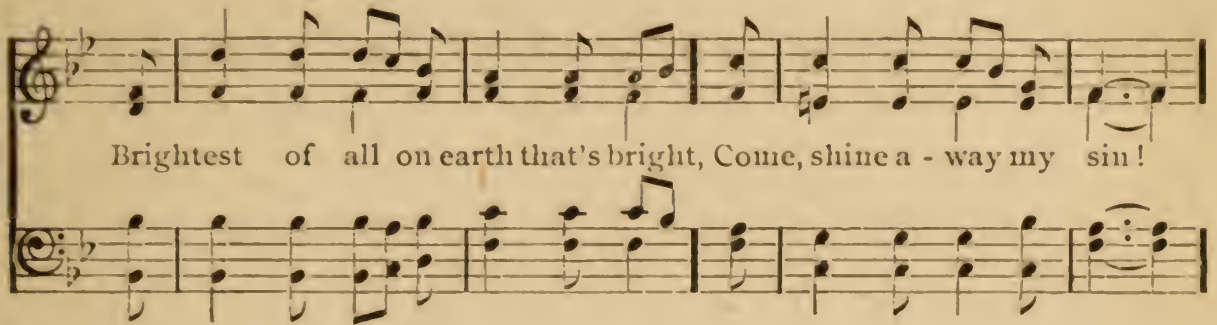
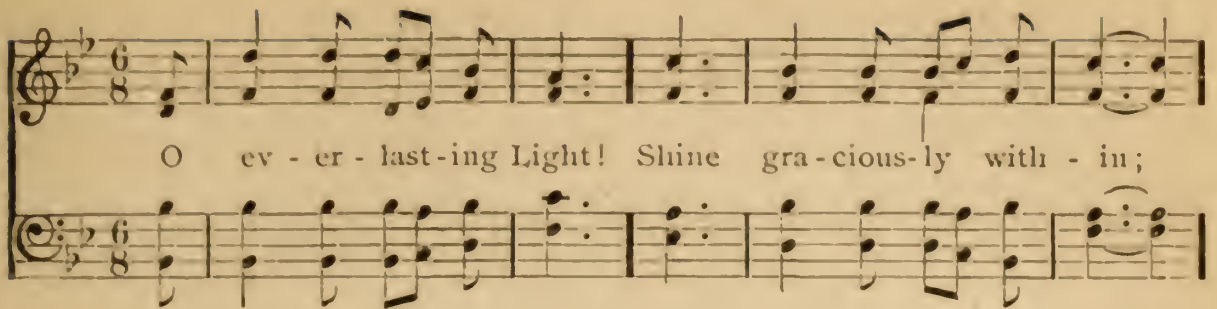
Never flinched they from the flame,
 From the torture never;
 Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
 Satan's best endeavor:
 For by faith they saw the land
 Decked in all its glory,
 Where triumphant now they stand
 With the victor's story.

Up, and follow, Christian men!
 Press through toil and sorrow;
 Spurn the night of fear, and then,
 O, the glorious morrow!
 Who will venture on the strife?
 Blest who first begin it;
 Who will grasp the Land of life?
 Warriors, up and win it!

180

Pilgrim Song.

S. M. D.



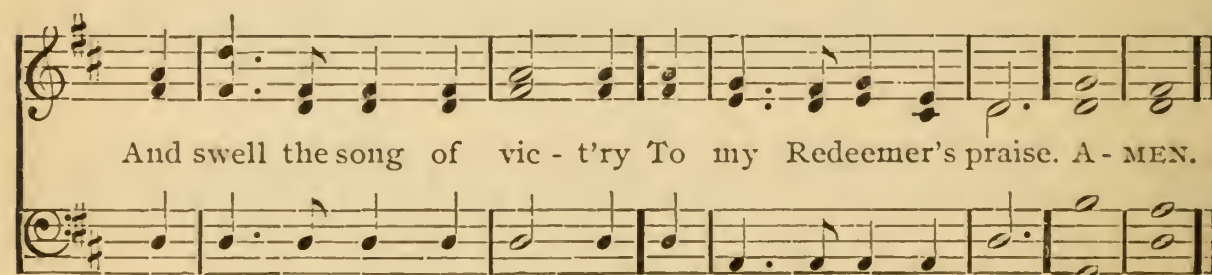
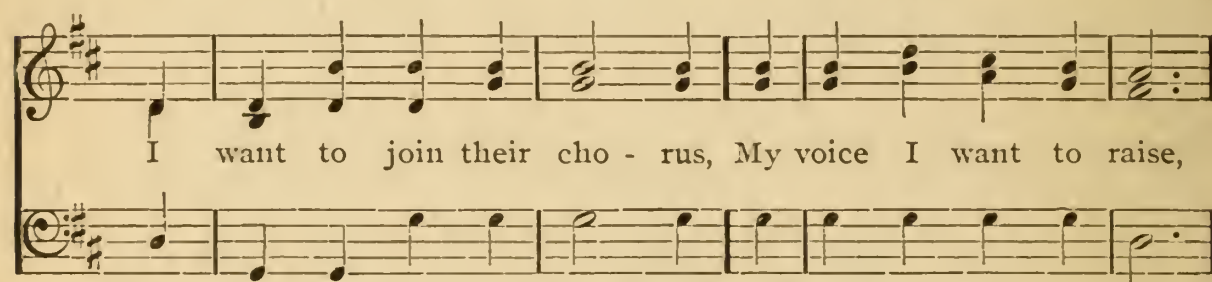
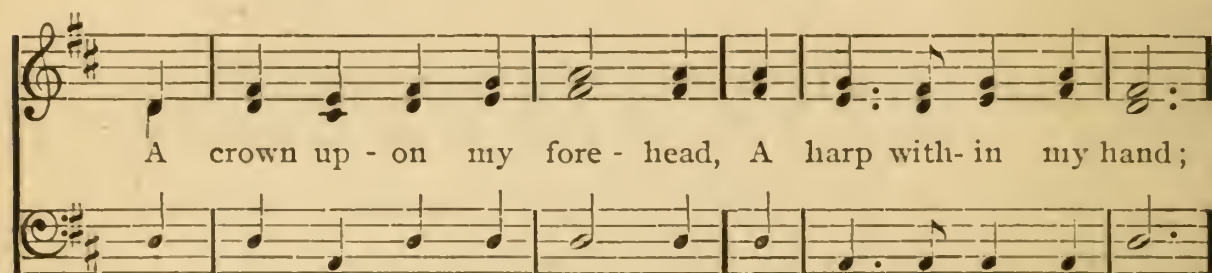
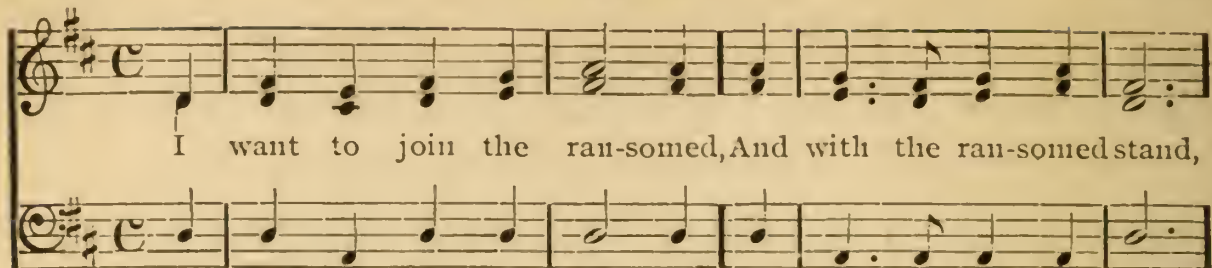
O everlasting Strength!
 Uphold me in the way;
 Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
 To joy, and light, and day.
 O everlasting Love!
 Well-spring of grace and peace,
 Pour down Thy fulness from above;
 Bid doubt and trouble cease.

O everlasting Rest!
 Lift off life's load of care;
 Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
 And every sorrow bear.
 Thou art in heaven our all;
 Our all on earth art Thou:
 Upon Thy glorious name we call;
 Lord Jesus, bless us now!

181

Wingland.

7676D.

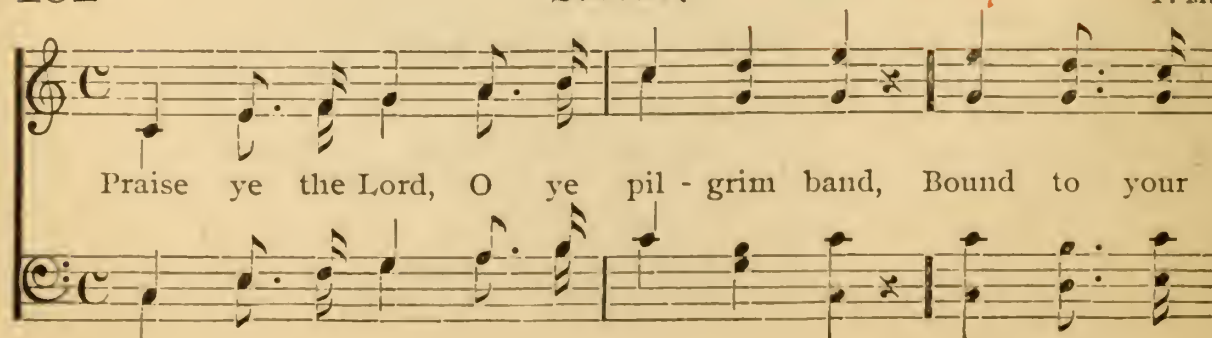


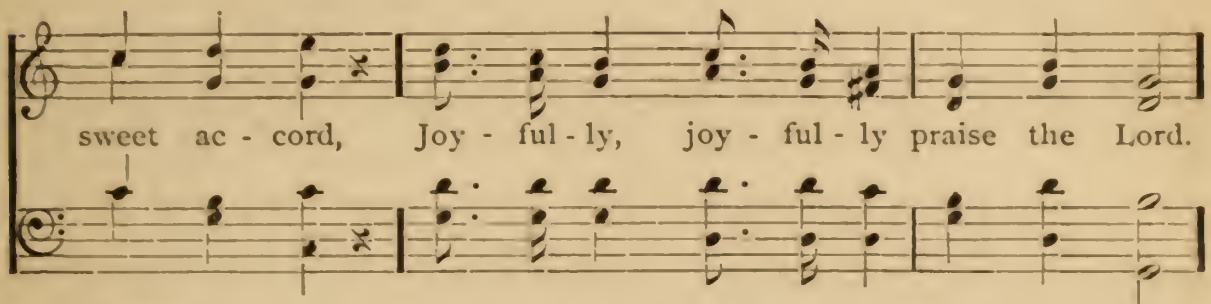
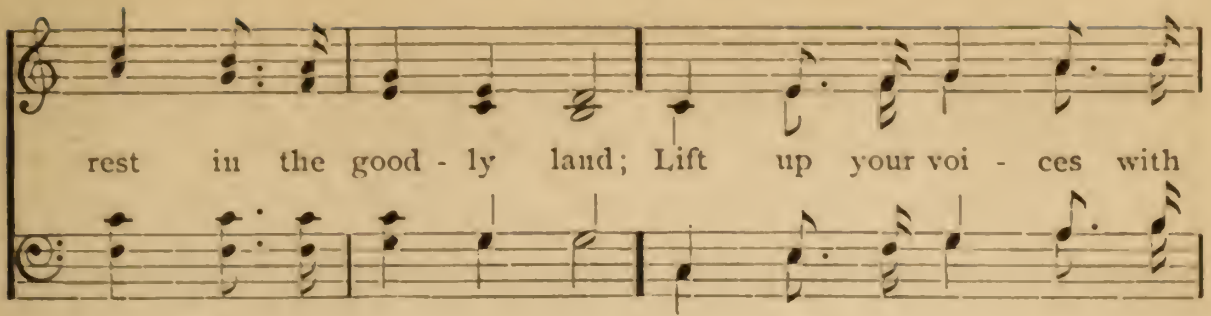
Angels look on and wonder;
They cannot join that song,
But list in silent rapture
While saints the notes prolong.
Make me a saint in glory;
Oh, let me see Thy face,
Like those who now before Thee
Repeat Thy wondrous grace!

I would not be an angel;
For them no Saviour died;
No, rather let me glory
In Christ the Crucified.
His love shall draw me nearer
Than angels ever come;
At His right hand He'll place me
In our eternal home.

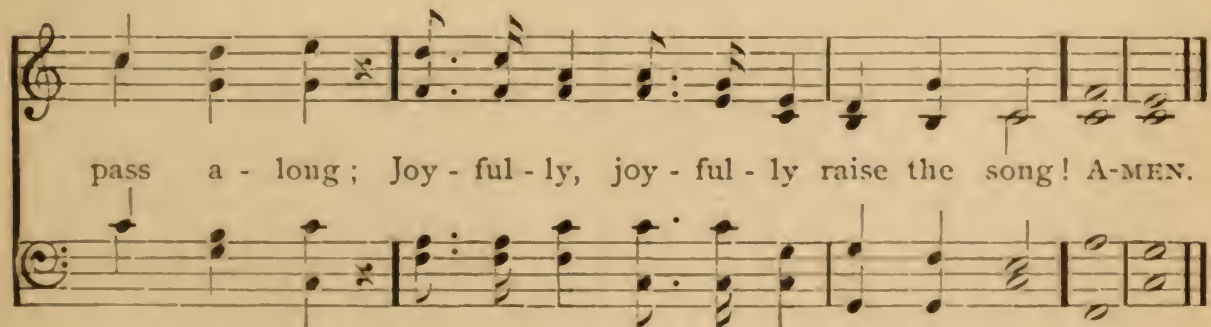
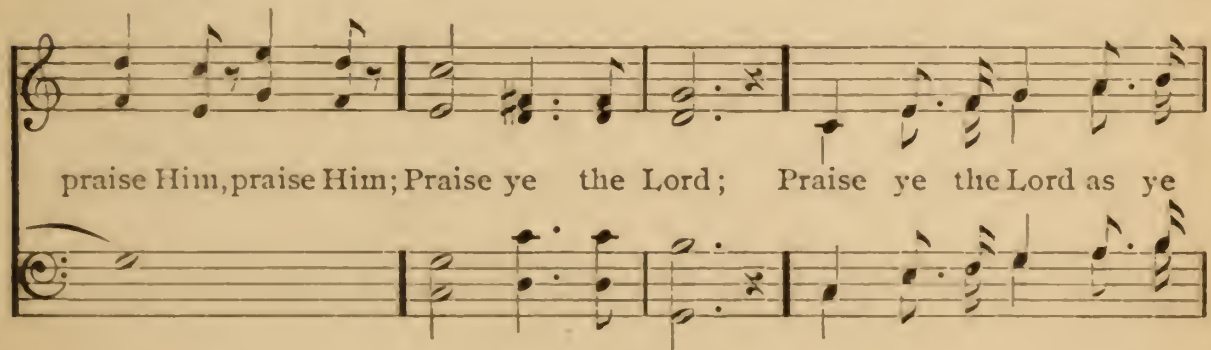
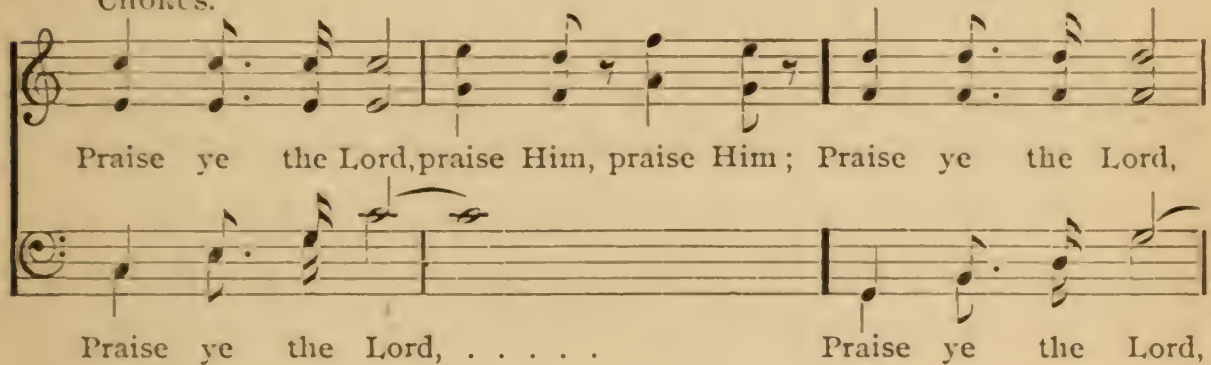
182

Jardine.

Am happy voice P. M.



CHORUS.



Praise ye the Lord, O ye warrior band :
Who can the army of God withstand ?
Armor divine is your shield and sword ;
Joyfully joyfully praise the Lord!—CHO.

Praise ye the Lord, O ye toiling band ;
Blest is the work of your heart and hand ;

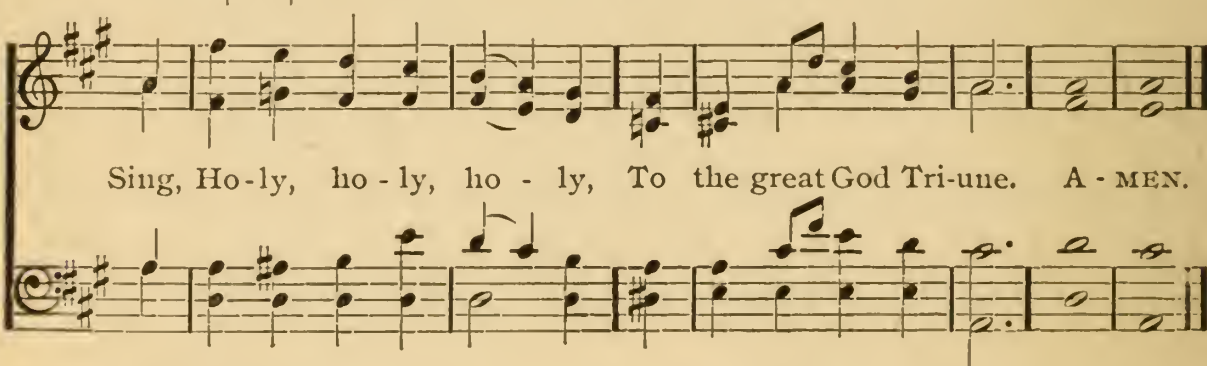
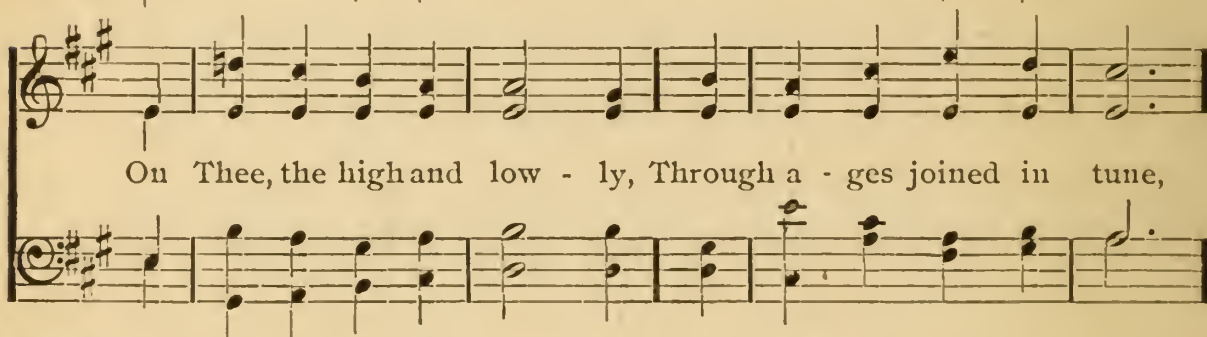
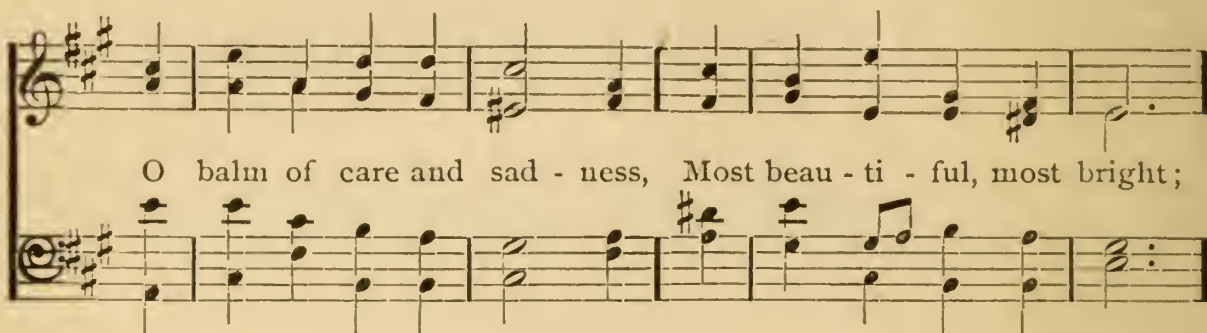
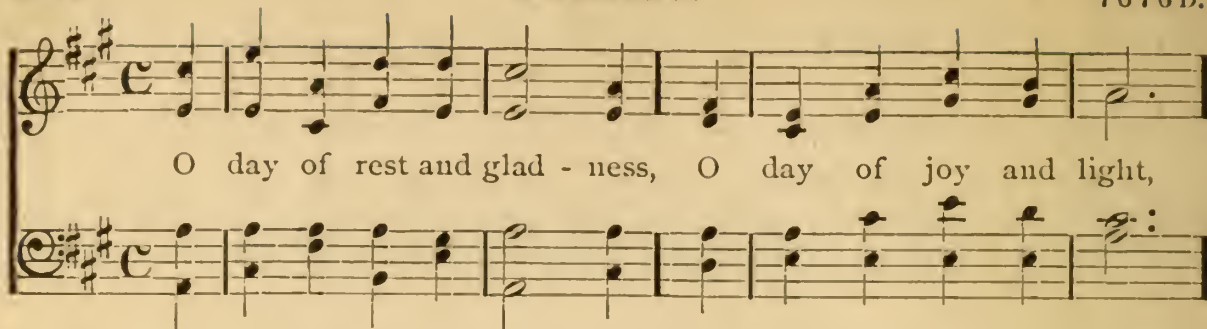
Jesus shall be by the world adored ;
Joyfully, joyfully praise the Lord!—CHO.

Bound to the beautiful land of rest,
Meeting the foe with a dauntless breast,
Working for Jesus by deed and word,
Joyfully, joyfully praise the Lord!—CHO.

183

Rotterdam.

7676D.



On Thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On Thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On Thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on Thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From Thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

184

Nicaea.

P. M.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!

God in Three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - MEN.

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

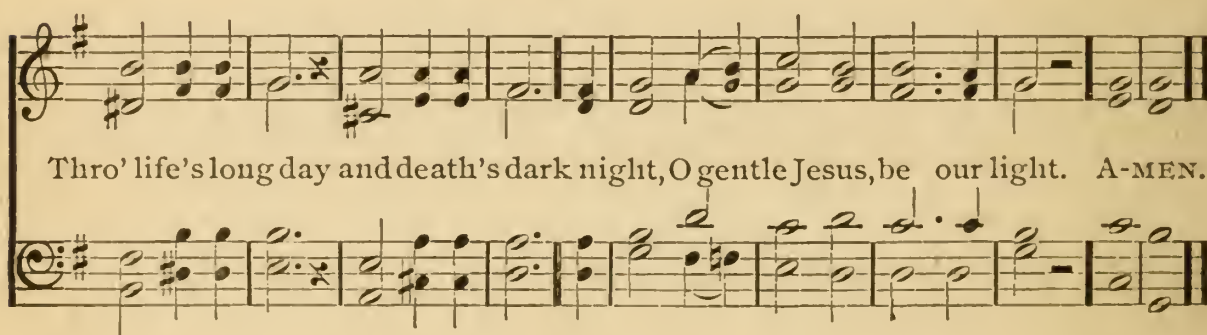
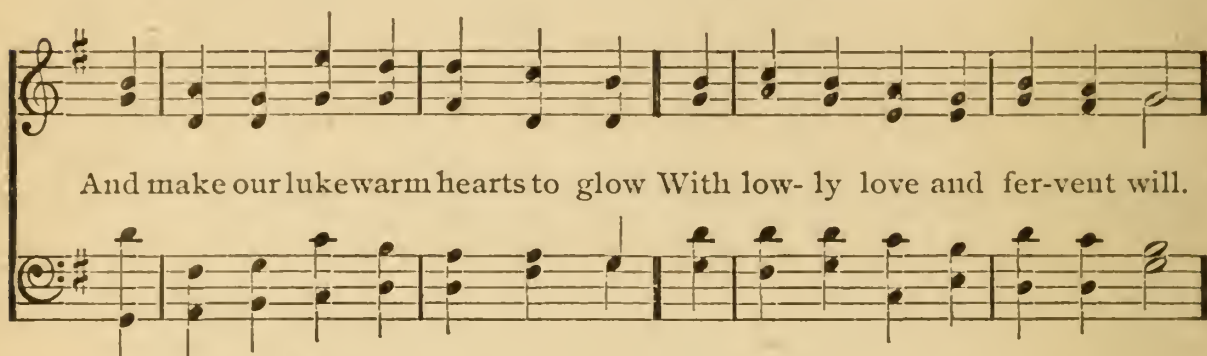
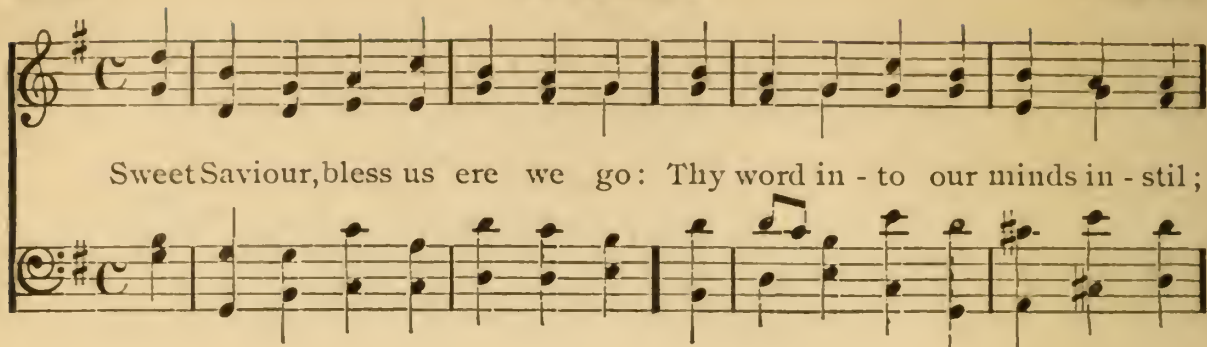
(Fourth verse in unison.)

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

185

St. Jerome.

888888.



The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared,
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,

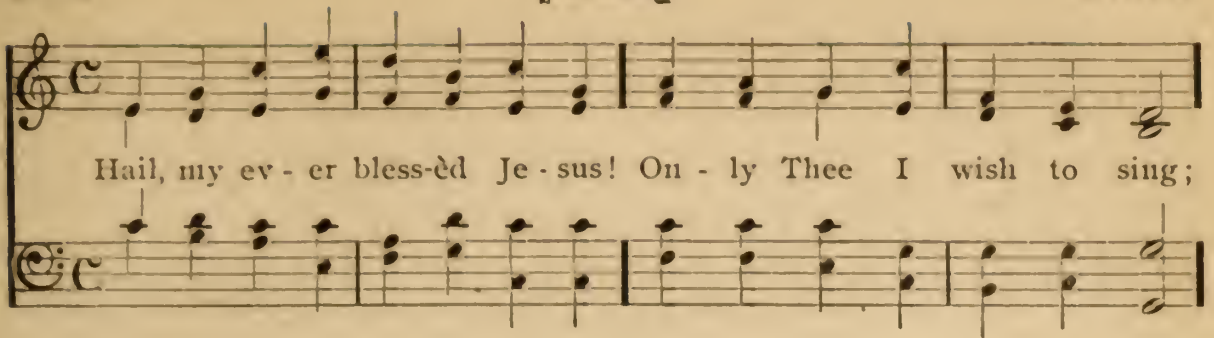
For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,

Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch above our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

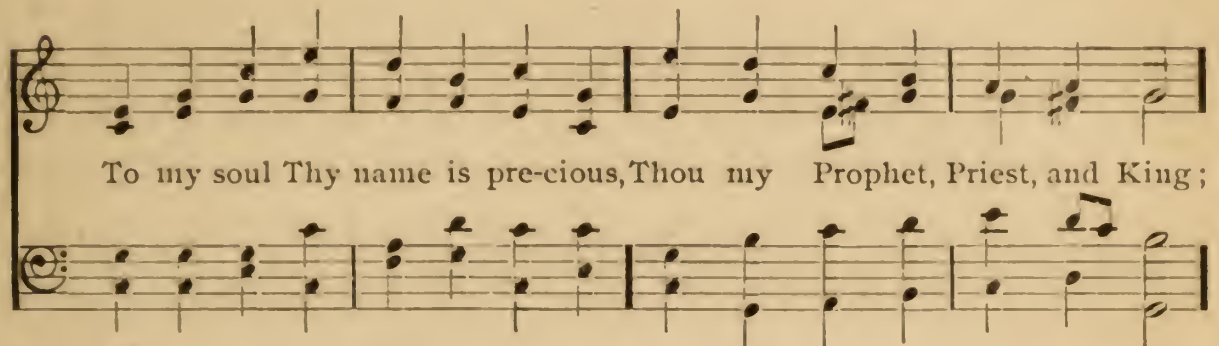
186

Paiseley.

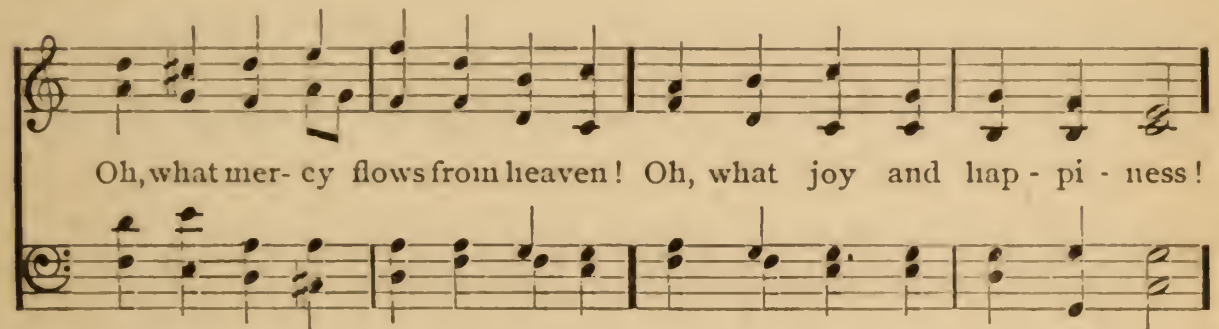
8787D.



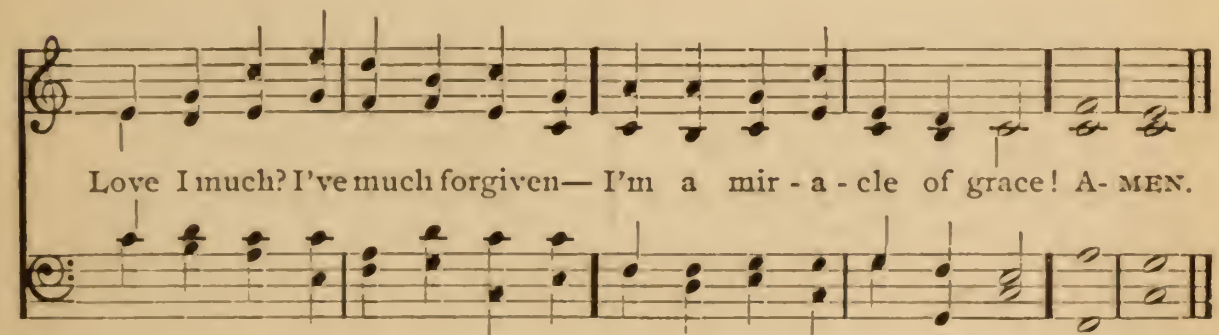
Hail, my ev - er bless-ed Je - sus! On - ly Thee I wish to sing;



To my soul Thy name is pre-cious, Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King;



Oh, what mer - cy flows from heaven! Oh, what joy and hap - pi - ness!



Love I much? I've much forgiven— I'm a mir - a - cle of grace! A - MEN.

Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way;
Witness all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness:
Love I much? I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

Shout, ye bright, angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above!
While, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love:

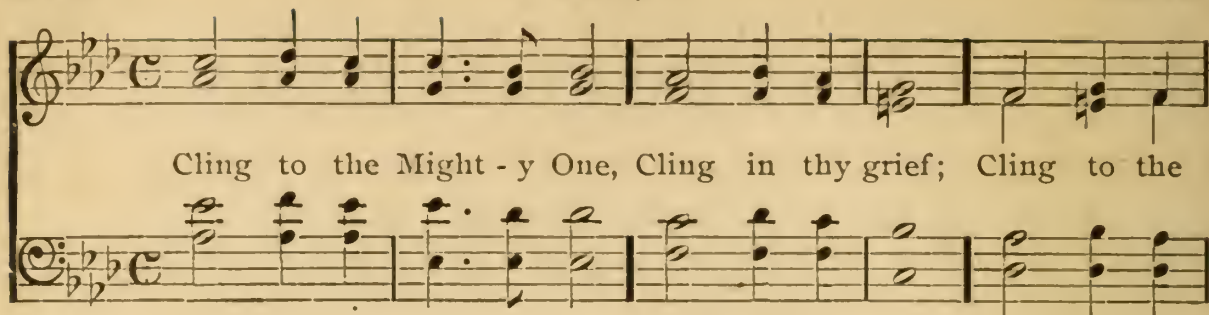
That blest moment I received Him
Filled my soul with joy and peace:
Love I much? I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

Praise the God of our salvation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

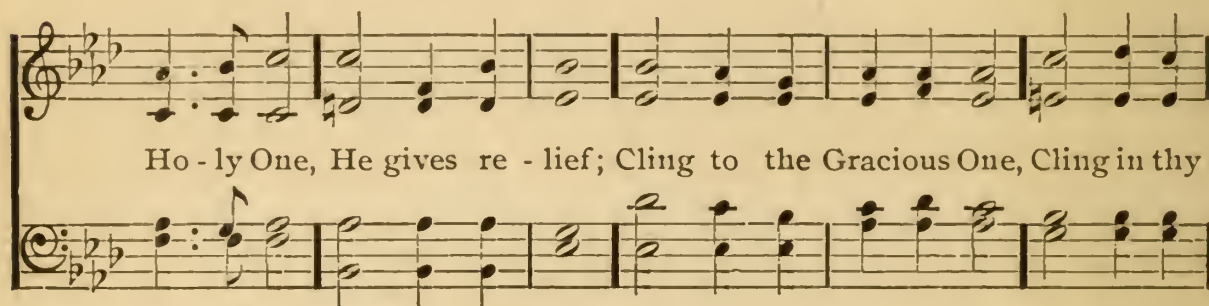
187

Faith.

6464 D.

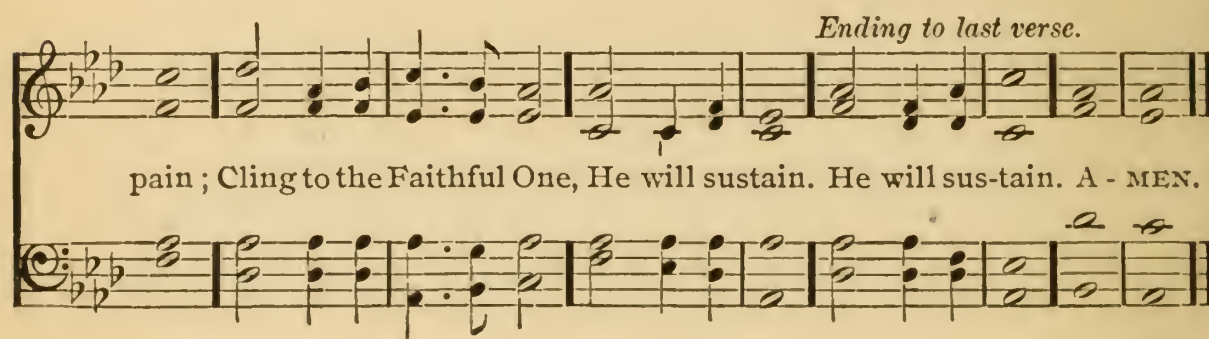


Cling to the Might - y One, Cling in thy grief; Cling to the



Ho - ly One, He gives re - lief; Cling to the Gracious One, Cling in thy

Ending to last verse.



pain ; Cling to the Faithful One, He will sustain. He will sus-tain. A - MEN.

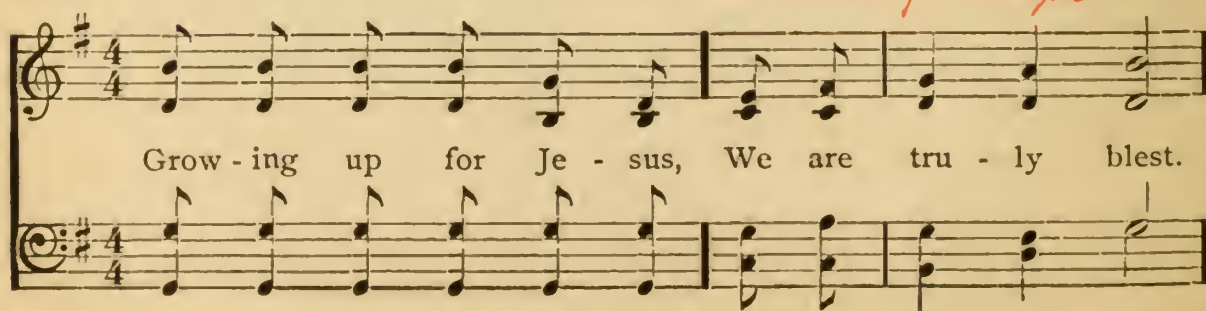
Cling to the Living One,
Cling in thy woe;
Cling to the Loving One,
Through all below;
Cling to the Pardoning One,
He speaketh peace;
Cling to the Healing One,
Anguish shall cease.

Cling to the Piercèd One,
Cling to His side;
Cling to the Risen One,
In Him abide;
Cling to the Coming One,
Hope shall arise;
Cling to the Reigning One,
Joy lights thine eyes.

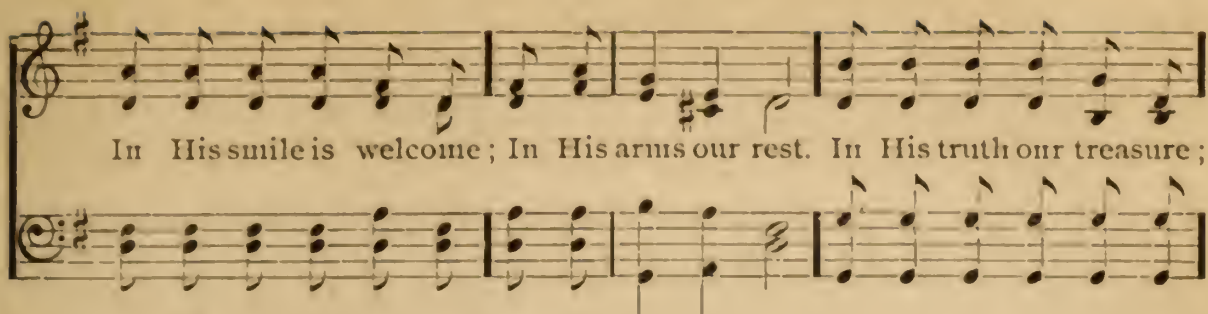
188

Satalia.

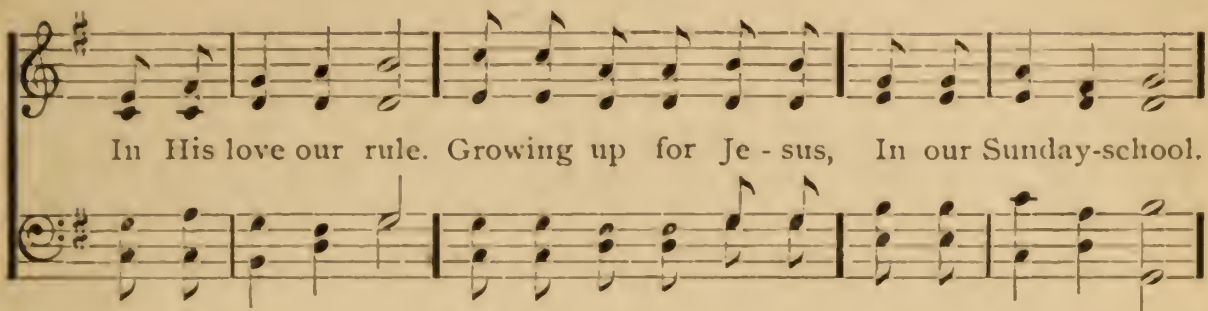
n J. Hilfström
in Gungu Triumph 6565 D.



Grow - ing up for Je - sus, We are tru - ly blest.

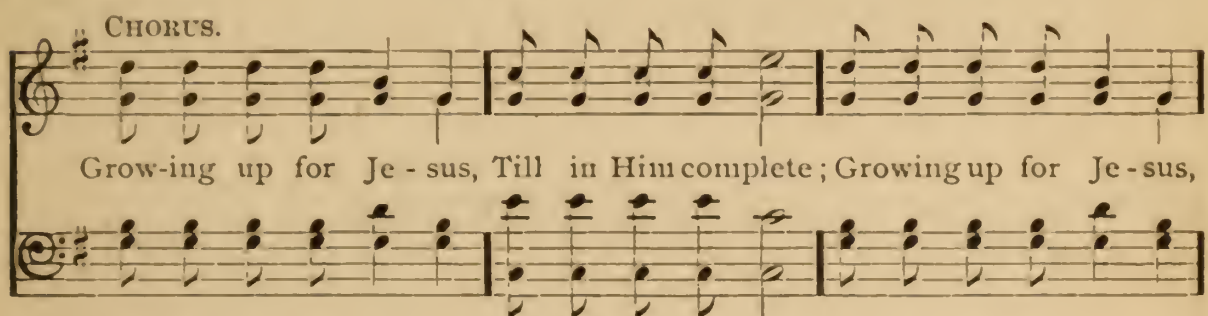


In His smile is welcome; In His arms our rest. In His truth our treasure;

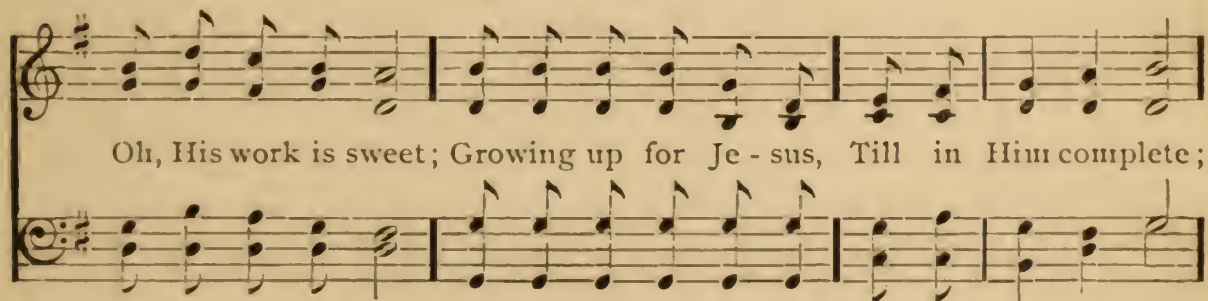


In His love our rule. Growing up for Je - sus, In our Sunday-school.

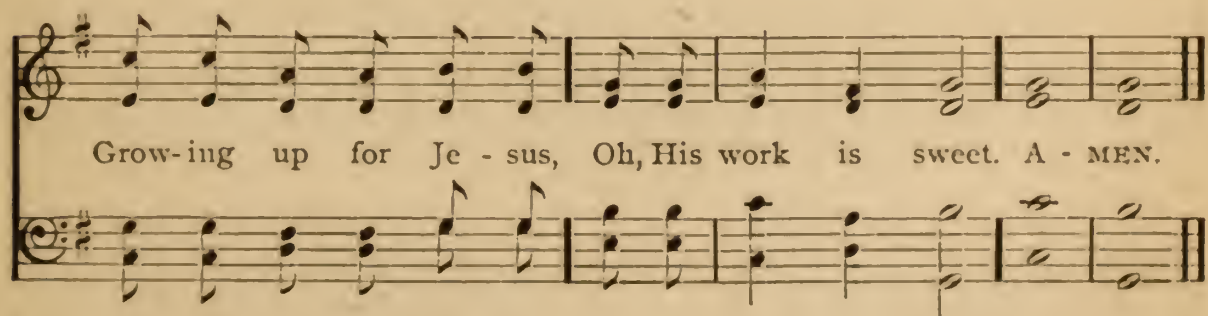
CHORUS.



Grow-ing up for Je - sus, Till in Him complete; Growing up for Je - sus,



Oh, His work is sweet; Growing up for Je - sus, Till in Him complete;



Grow-ing up for Je - sus, Oh, His work is sweet. A - MEN.

Not too young to love Him,
 Little hearts beat true:
 Not too young to serve Him
 As the dew-drops do.
 Not too young to praise Him,
 Singing as we come;
 Not too young to answer
 When He calls us home.

Growing up for Jesus;
 Learning day by day
 How to follow onward
 In the narrow way.
 Seeking holy treasure,
 Finding precious truth;
 Growing up for Jesus
 In our happy youth.

189

Trinity.

8787D.

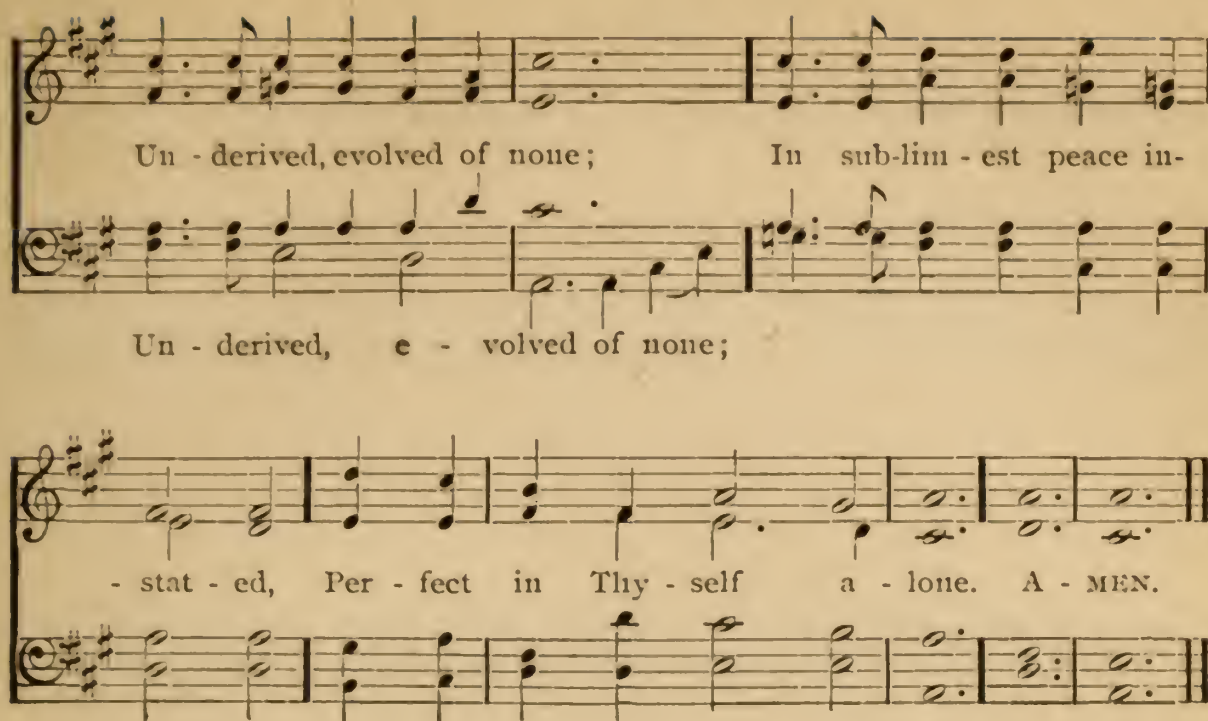
God, of life and light and motion, Cause and Centre, Fount and Home;

Lim - it-less and tideless O - cean; Past and Pres - ent and to come;

Un - be - gin-ning as Un - end - ing, Un-con-troll'd by time or space;

Un - de - fined yet Un - ex - tend - ing; Boundless yet in ev - 'ry

place; . . . Self - ex - ist - ent, un - cre - at - ed,



Un - derived, evolved of none; In sub-lim - est peace in-

Un - derived, e - volved of none;

- stat - ed, Per - fect in Thy - self a - lone. A - MEN.

God the Father, Whose relation
 With Thy sole-begotten Son,
 By a mystic Generation,
 Stood ere time had learned to run:
 God the Son, by tie supernal
 Ever with the Father bound;
 In the glorious folds eternal
 Of one single Nature wound:
 God the Spirit, Stream Vivific,
 Ceaselessly by both outpoured,
 And in union beatific
 Equally with both adored.

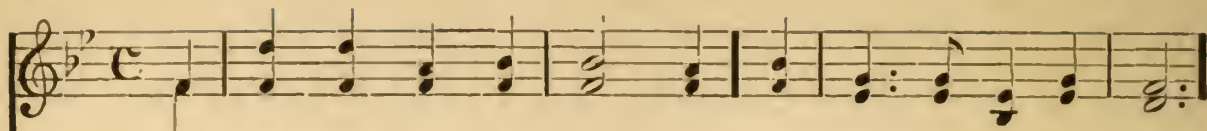
God, the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Thine united glories merit
 Thanks and praise continually:
 Praise to Thee and adoration
 On Thy Festival be done,
 For the blessèd Incarnation
 Of the Co-eternal Son;
 For the Coming of the Spirit;
 For the gift of endless life;
 For the joys that Saints inherit
 When they cease from earthly strife.

More than all, be praise unending
 Paid throughout Thy Church to Thee,
 For the majesty transcending
 Of Thy Triune Deity:
 Sun of splendor never waning,
 Fount of sweetness never dry,
 Staff of comfort all-sustaining,
 Ever-blessèd Trinity:
 Thus Thy glorious Name confessing
 We repeat the angels' cry,—
 "Holy, Holy, Holy,"—blessing
 Thee the Lord of Hosts on high.

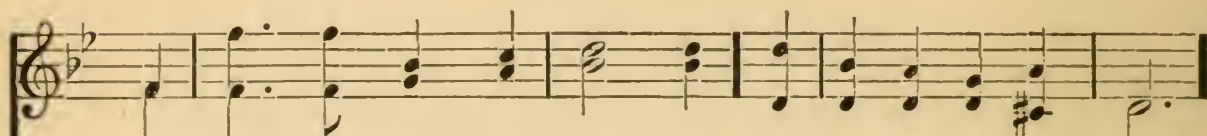
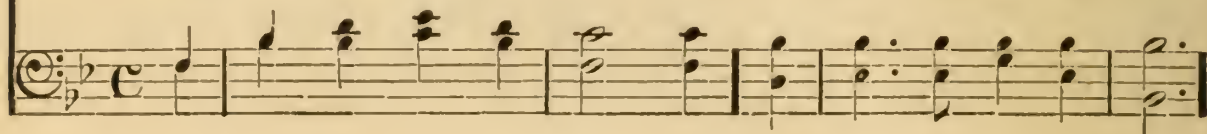
190

Howland.

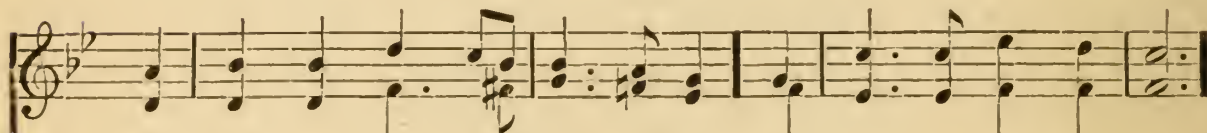
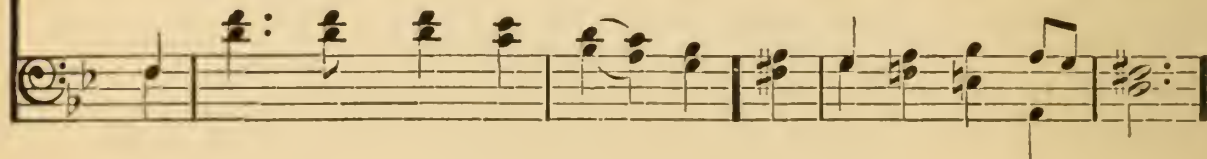
7676D.



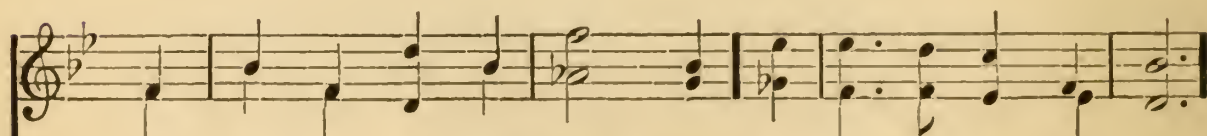
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross,



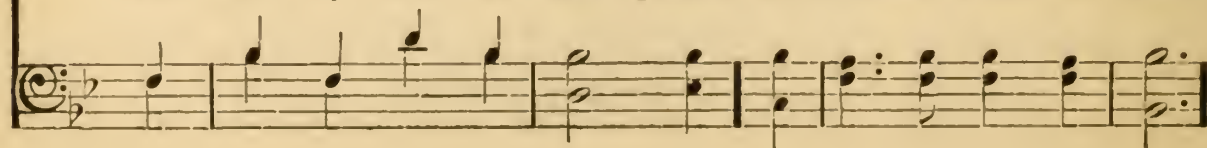
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:



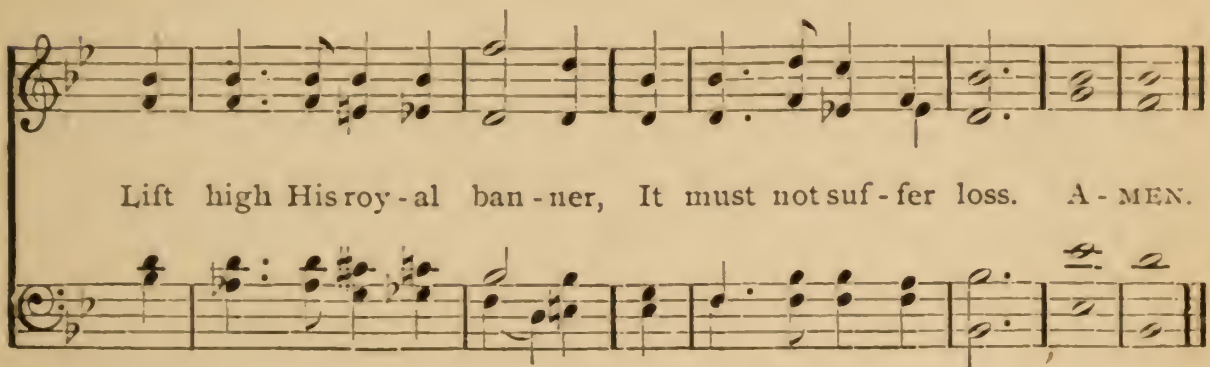
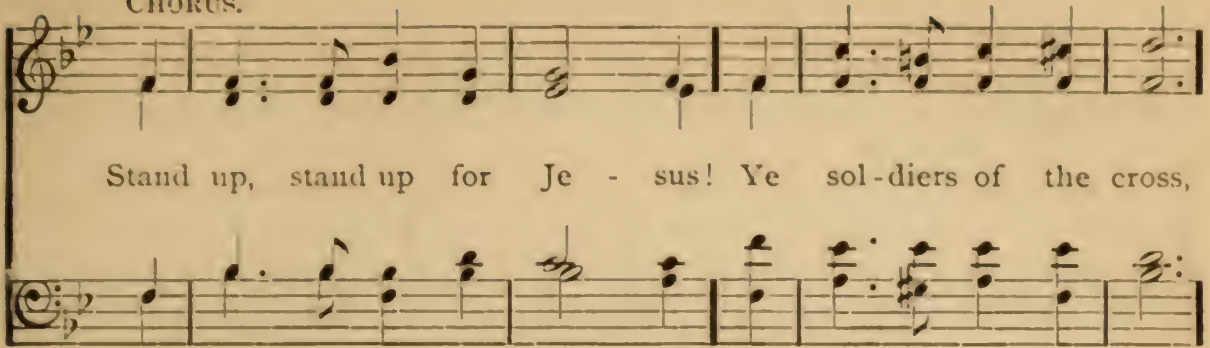
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - to - ry His ar - my shall He lead,



Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.



CHORUS.



Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict
 In this His glorious day;
 Ye that are men, now serve Him
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.—CHORUS.

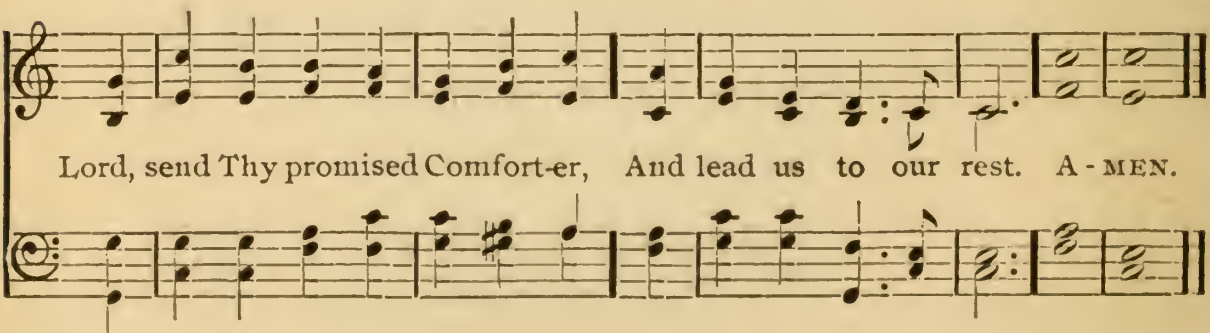
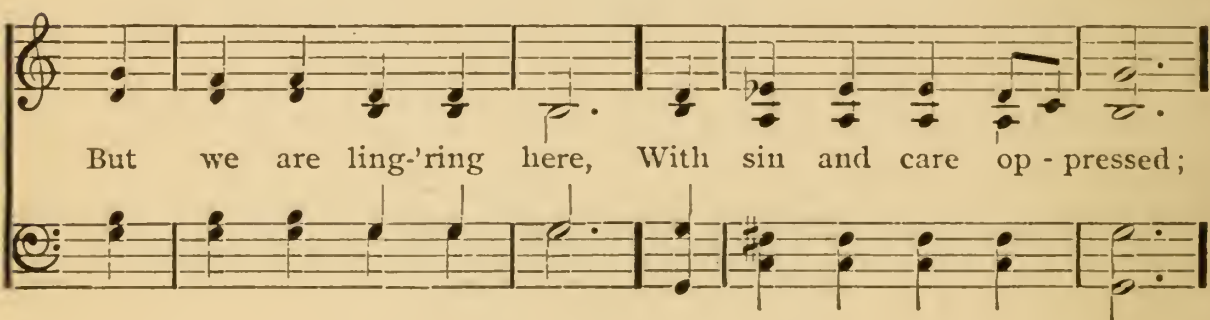
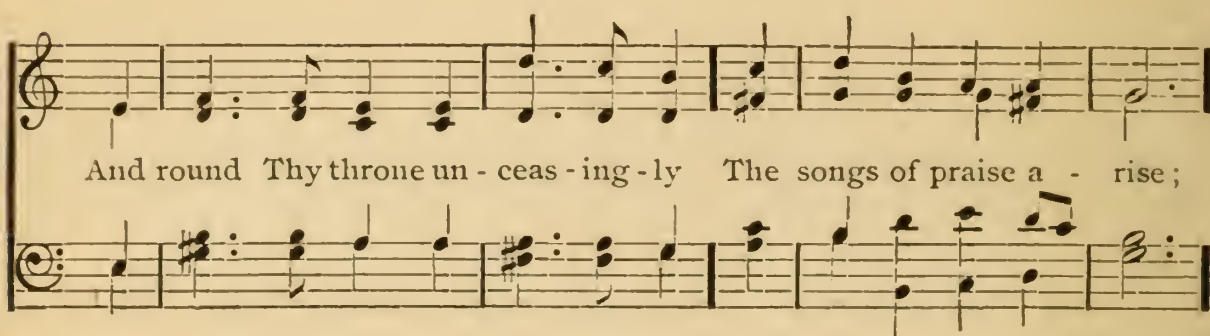
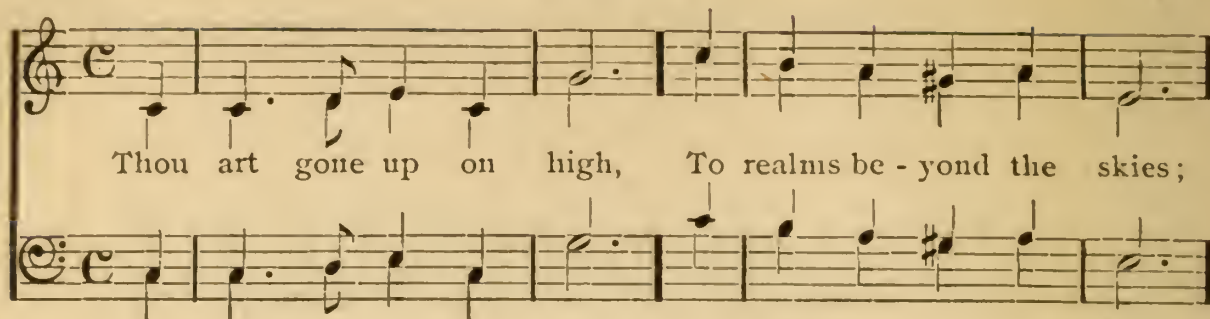
Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own;
 Put on your gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls or danger,
 Be never wanting there.—CHORUS.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.—CHORUS.

191

Haselbury.

S. M. D.



Thou art gone up on high;
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter misery
 To pass unto Thy crown;
 And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be;
 But only let this path of tears
 Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high;
 But Thou shalt come again,
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train.
 Lord, by Thy saving power,
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand in that dread hour
 At Thy right hand on high.

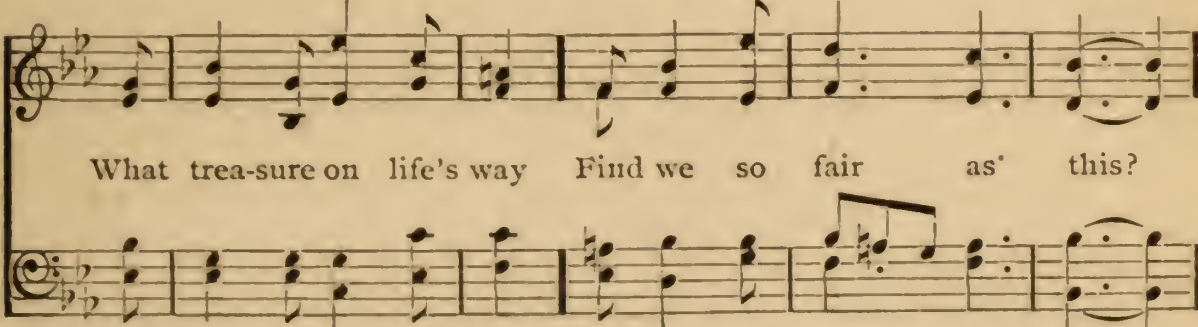
192

Tatnall.


7676 D.



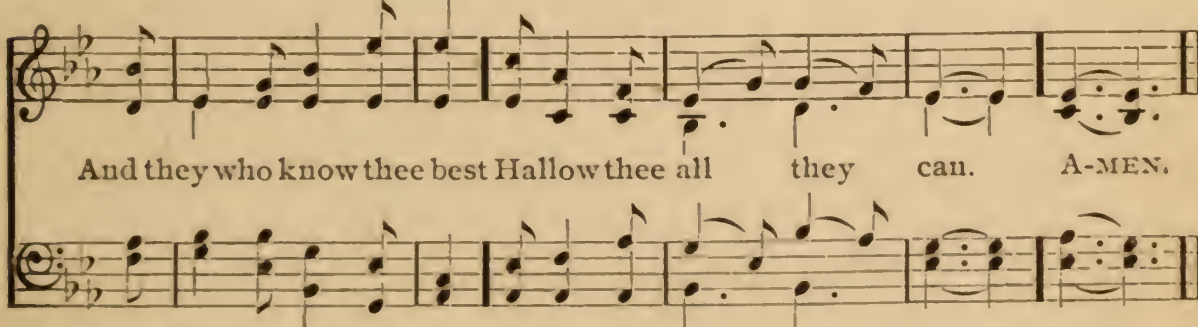
O ho - ly Sab-bath day! Full of the pur-est bliss!



What trea-sure on life's way Find we so fair as' this?



Thou wert to God a rest, Thou art a rest to man;



And they who know thee best Hallow thee all they can. A-MEN.

Like little isles of heaven
 Scattered through life's rough sea,
 All round about storm-driven,
 All calm and still on thee.
 Like Eden-spots on earth,
 Where curse hath never been,
 Which dews of heavenly birth
 Keep ever pure and green.

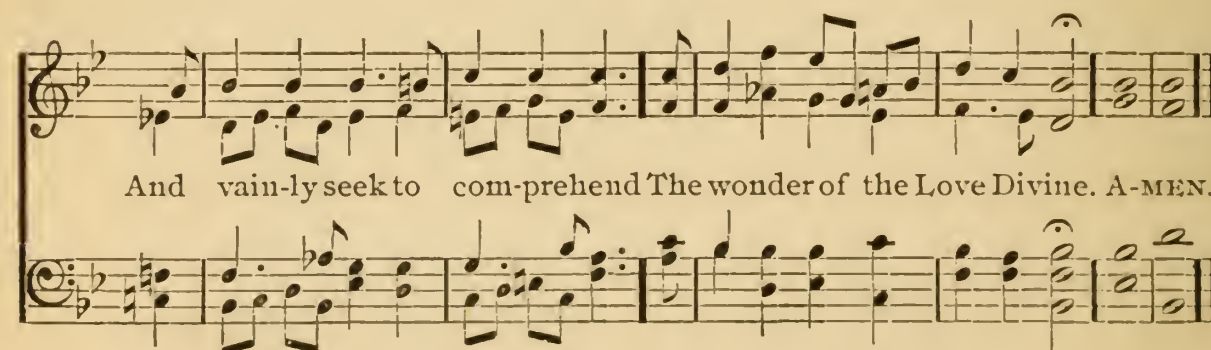
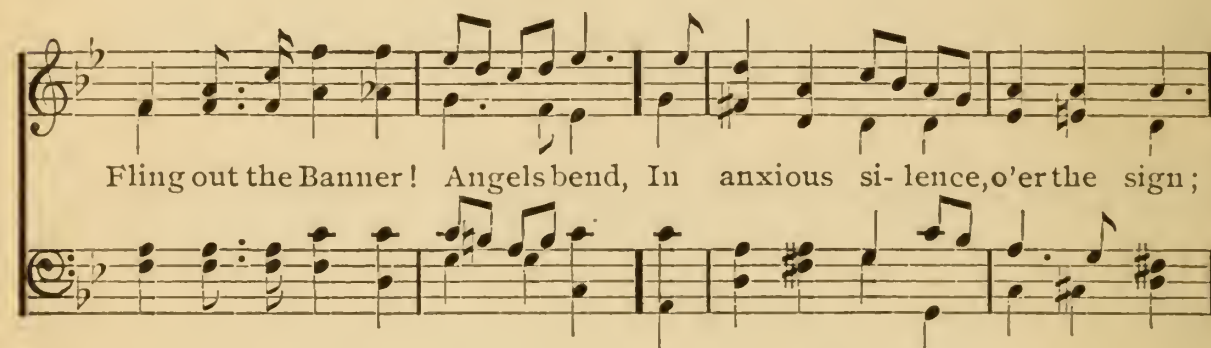
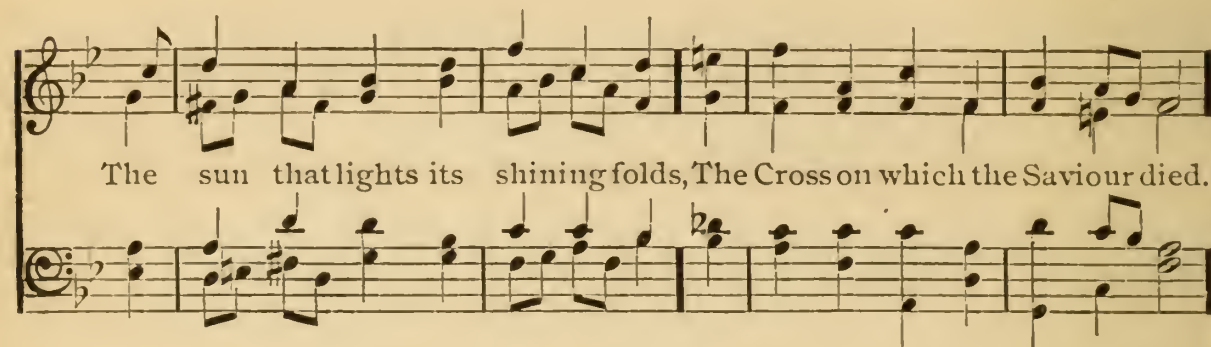
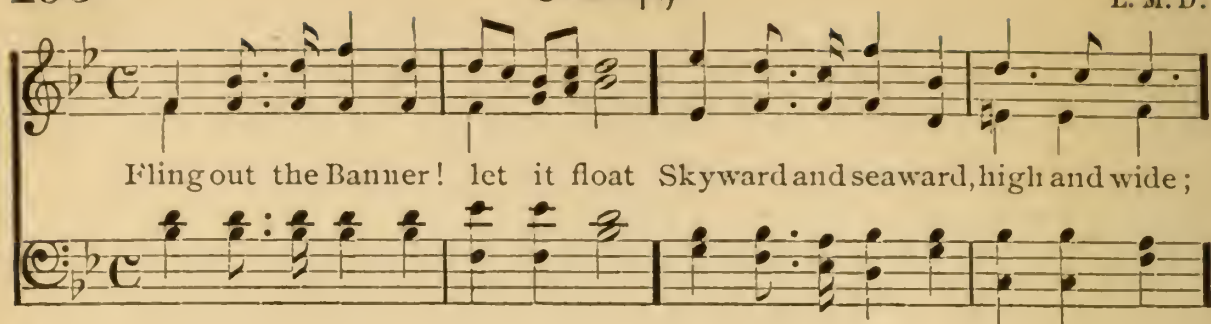
Sweet day of holy calm,
 With heavenly sunshine bright!
 Whose very air is balm
 To those who use thee right.
 The world is hushed—the din
 Of work-day life is o'er,
 The sights and sounds of sin
 Distract the sense no more.

We hear the blessed Word,
 We bend our knees and pray,
 Our inmost souls are stirred,
 We tremble and obey,
 O how such days help on
 Along the heavenly road,
 Steps upward—one by one—
 Into the rest of God!

193

Triumph.

L. M. D.



Fling out the Banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
 Our glory only in the Cross;
 Our only hope the Crucified.
 Fling out the Banner! Heathen lands
 Shall see from far the glorious sight,
 And nations, crowding to be born,
 Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the Banner! wide and high,
 Skyward and seaward, let it shine:
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
 We conquer only in that Sign.

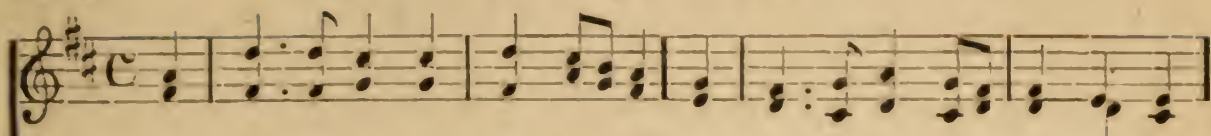
Fling out the Banner! sin-sick souls,
 Who sink and perish in the strife,
 Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
 And spring immortal into life!

Fling out the Banner! manfully
 Conquer the foe by Jesus' might,
 The faith which stirs the soldier's breast,
 Upholds the soldiers in the fight.
 Fling out the Banner! All the foes
 Of earth or hell can ne'er prevail;
 In vain shall they contend with us,
 For Jesus' promise cannot fail!

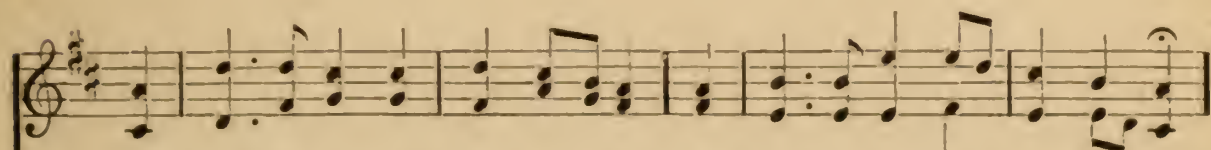
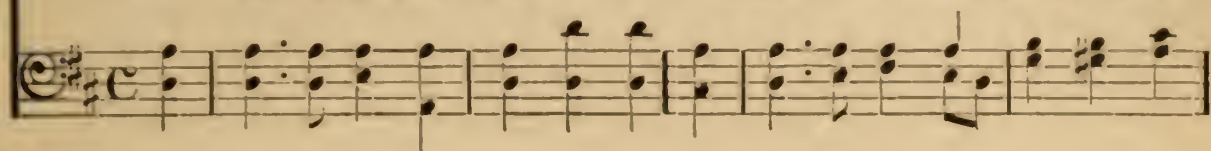
CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

194

Hosanna to King David's Son.



Ho - san - na to King Da-vid's Son, Descended from the heav'nly throne ;



In Christmas songs we hail His birth, Who brought salvation to the earth.



CHORUS.



Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to King Da-vid's Son.



Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est.



Hosanna to the new-born Child,
Of Virgin Mother, meek and mild!
In manger-cradle see Him laid, [made.
By Whom the earth and heavens were
Hosanna to the Wonderful! etc.

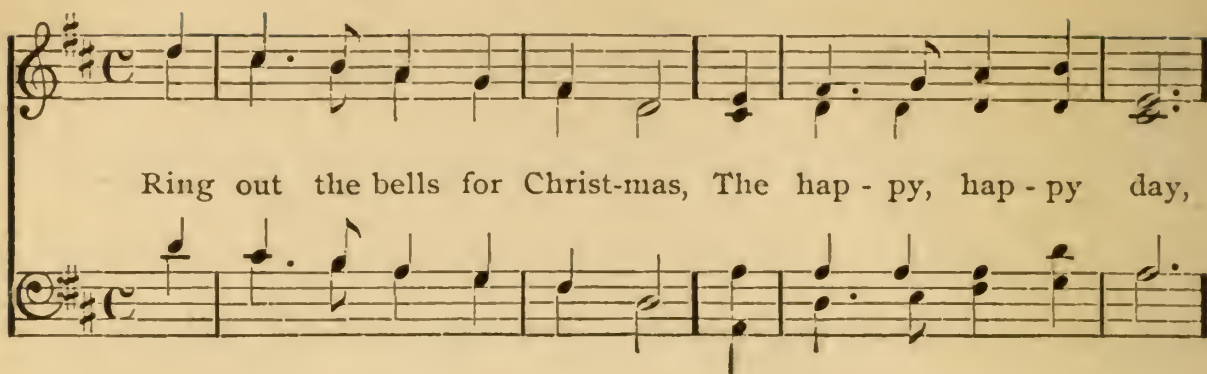
Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word,
In Bethlehem born! The mighty God!
Our hearts and tongues with joy shall
Their glad hosannas to His praise! [raise
Hosanna to the mighty God! etc.

With shepherds on Judea's plains,
With angels in their nobler strains;
Let our hosannas joyful rise
To join the anthems of the skies!
Hosanna, everlasting Father! etc.

Let every nation, every voice,
In merry Christmas songs rejoice;
Both old and young with gladness sing,
That Christ is born to be our King!
Hosanna to the Prince of Peace! etc.

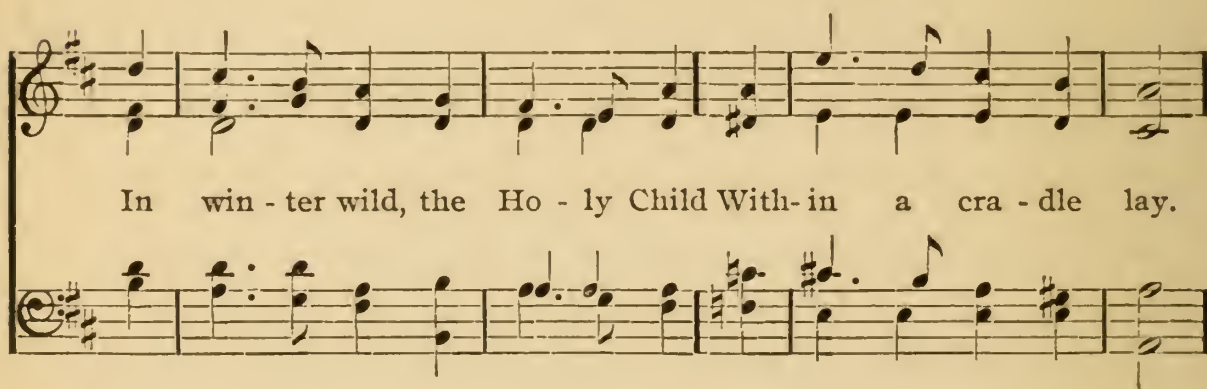
195

Ring out the Bells for Christmas.



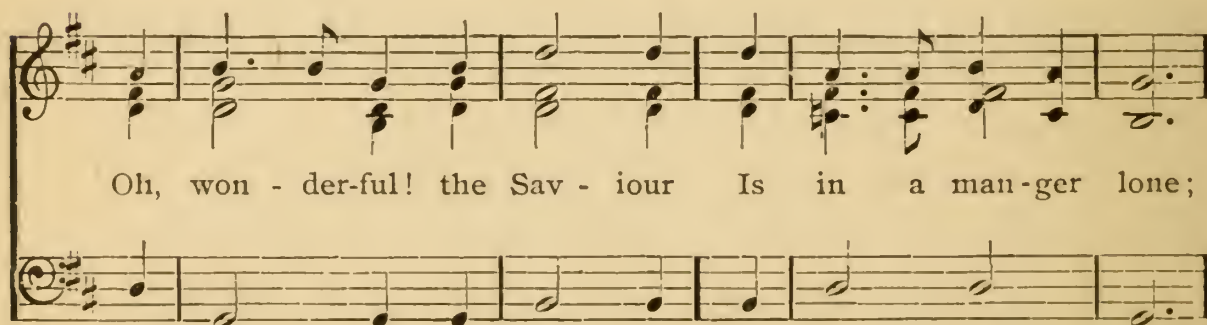
Ring out the bells for Christ-mas, The hap - py, hap - py day,

The first system of the musical score for 'Ring out the Bells for Christmas'. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Ring out the bells for Christ-mas, The hap - py, hap - py day,' are written below the treble staff.



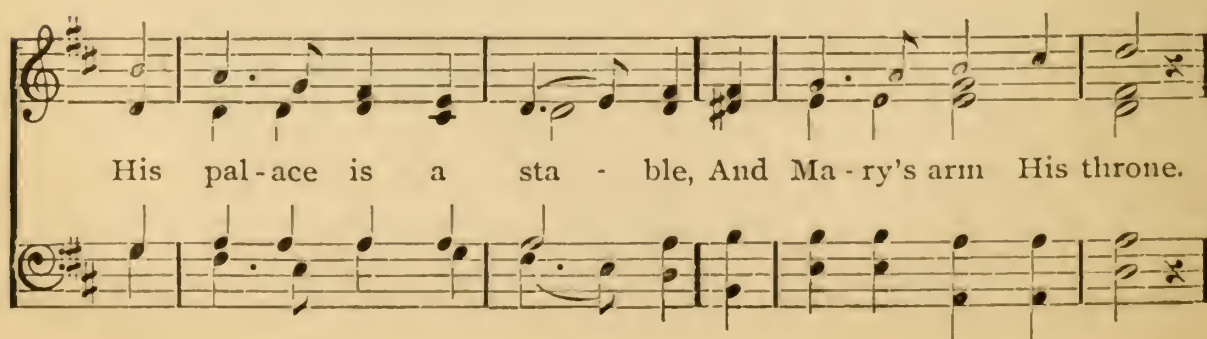
In win - ter wild, the Ho - ly Child With-in a cra - dle lay.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'In win - ter wild, the Ho - ly Child With-in a cra - dle lay.' are written below the treble staff.



Oh, won - der-ful! the Sav - iour Is in a man-ger lone;

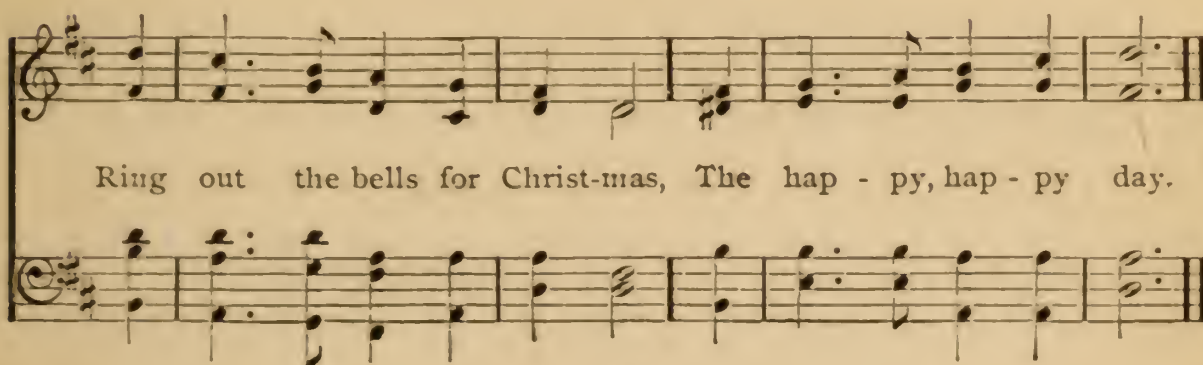
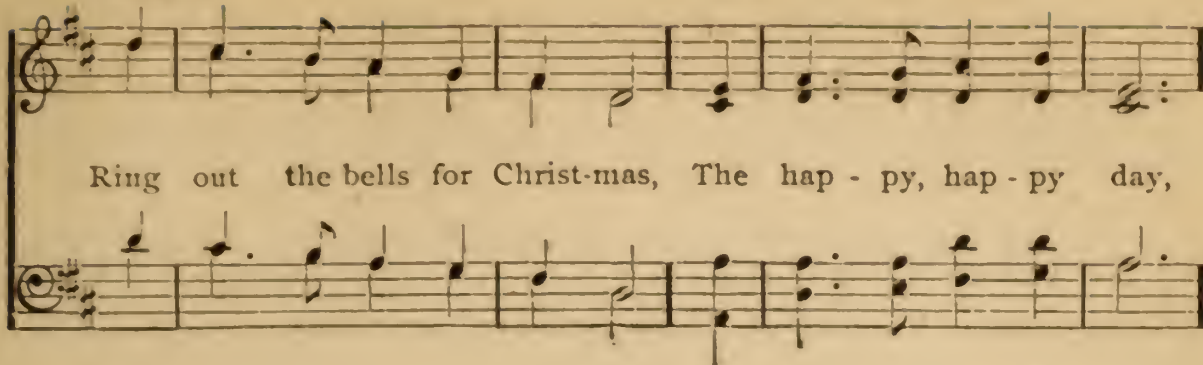
The third system of the musical score. The melody and accompaniment continue. The lyrics 'Oh, won - der-ful! the Sav - iour Is in a man-ger lone;' are written below the treble staff.



His pal - ace is a sta - ble, And Ma - ry's arm His throne.

The fourth and final system of the musical score on this page. The melody and accompaniment conclude with a final cadence. The lyrics 'His pal - ace is a sta - ble, And Ma - ry's arm His throne.' are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.



On Bethlehem's quiet hillside,
 In ages long gone by,
 In angel notes the Glory floats,
 Glory to God on high!
 Yet wakes the sun as joyous
 As when the Lord was born,
 And still He comes to greet you
 On every Christmas morn.
 Ring out the bells for Christmas,
 The happy, happy day,
 Ring out the bells for Christmas,
 The happy, happy day.

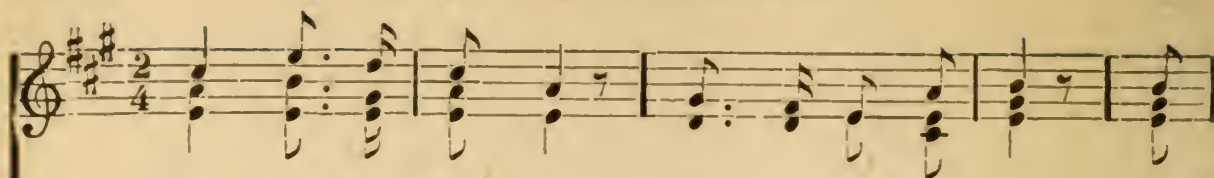
Where'er His sweet lambs gather
 Within this gentle fold,
 The Saviour dear is waiting near,
 As in the days of old:
 In each young heart you see Him,—
 In every guileless face
 You see the Holy Jesus,
 Who grew in truth and grace.
 Ring out the bells for Christmas,
 The happy, happy day,
 Ring out the bells for Christmas,
 The happy, happy day.

In many a darksome cottage,
 In many a crowded street,
 In winter bleak, with shivering cheek,
 The homeless child you meet;
 Gaze on the pale wan features,
 The feet with wandering sore,
 You see the souls He loveth,
 The Christ-child at the door.
 Ring out the bells for Christmas,
 The happy, happy day,
 Ring out the bells for Christmas,
 The happy, happy day.

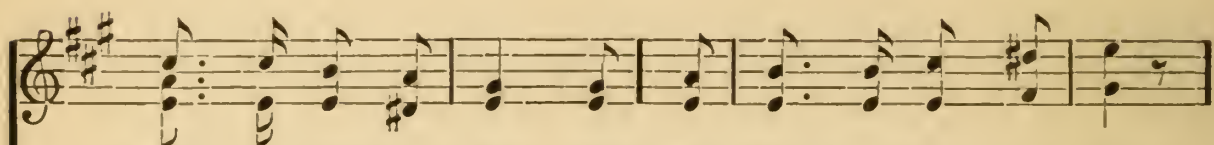
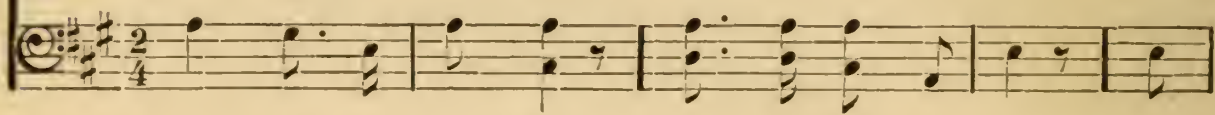
Then sing your gladsome carols,
 And hail the new-born Sun;
 For Christmas light is passing bright,
 It smiles on every one.
 And feast Christ's little children,
 His poor, His orphan call;
 For He Who chose the manger,—
 He loveth one and all.
 Ring out the bells for Christmas,
 The happy, happy day,
 Ring out the bells for Christmas,
 The happy, happy day.

196

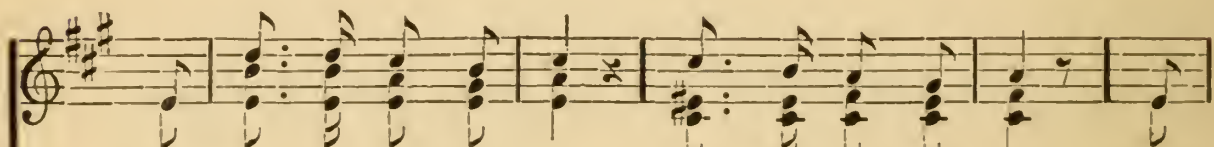
Sing, Sing for Christmas.



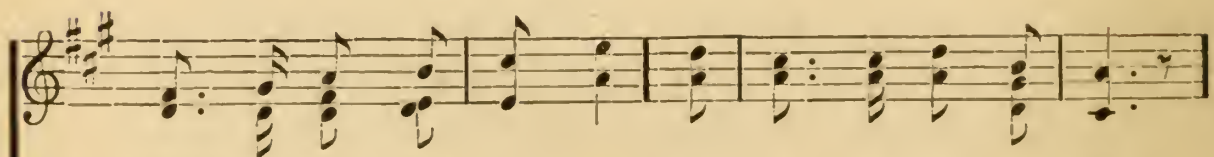
Sing, sing, for Christ-mas! Wel-come, hap-py day! For



Christ is born our Sav-iour, To take our sins a-way



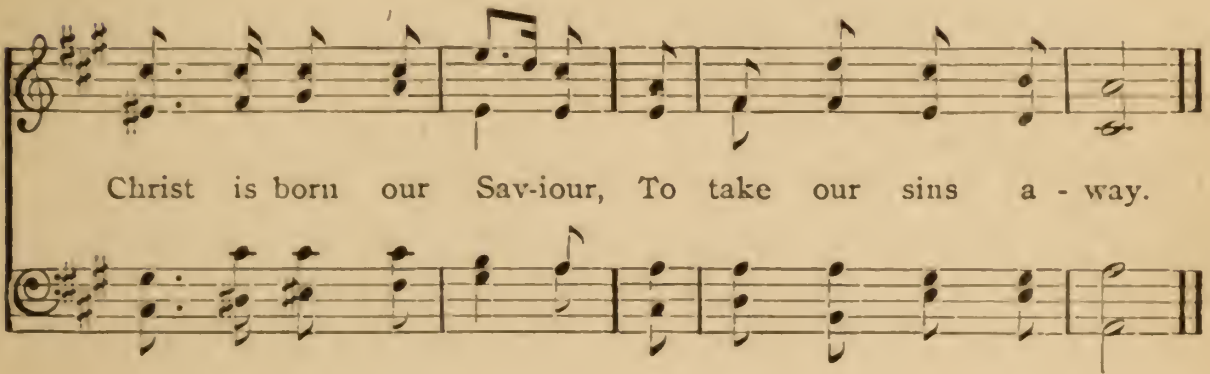
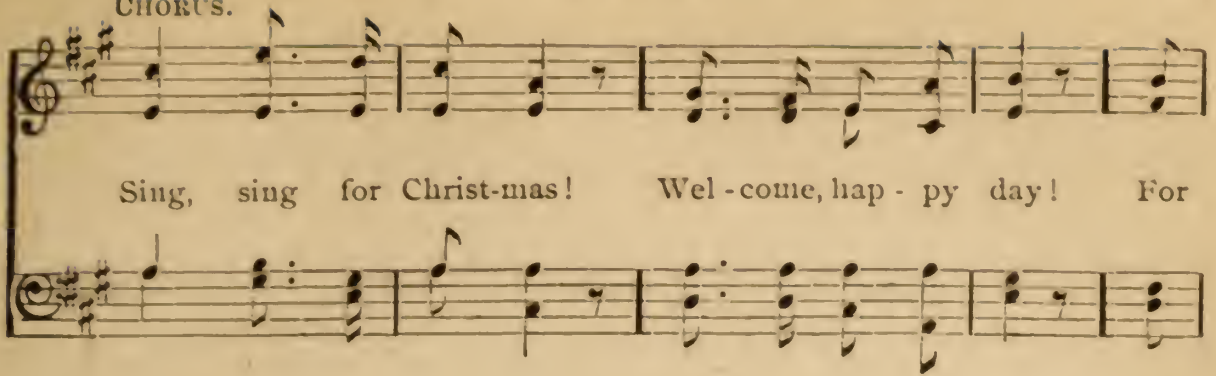
Sing, sing a joy-ful song, Loud and clear to-day; To



praise our Lord and Sav-iour, Who in a man-ger lay.



CHORUS.



Tell, tell the story
Of the wondrous night,
When shepherds who were watching
Their flocks till morning light,
Saw angel hosts from heaven,
Heard the angel voice,
And so were told the tidings
Which makes the world rejoice.
Sing, sing for Christmas,
Welcome, happy day!
For Christ is born our Saviour,
To take our sins away.

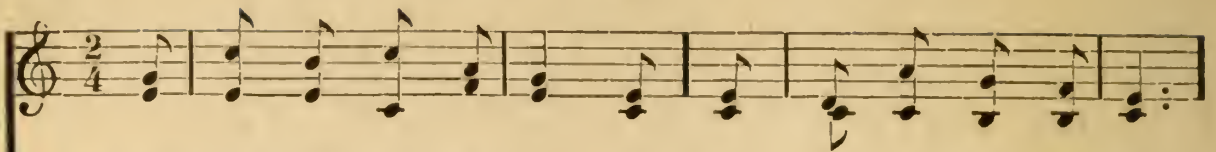
Softly, softly shining,
Stars were in the sky,
And silver fell the moonlight
On hill and mountain high,
When suddenly the night
Outshone the bright mid-day,
With angel hosts who herald
The reign of peace for aye.
Sing, sing for Christmas,
Welcome, happy day!
Christ is born our Saviour,
To take our sins away.

Hark, hear them singing,
Singing in the sky,
Be worship, honor, glory,
And praise to God on high!
Peace, peace, good-will to men!
Born the Child from heaven!
The Christ, the Lord, the Saviour,
The Son to you is given!
Sing, sing for Christmas,
Welcome, happy day!
For Christ is born our Saviour,
To take our sins away.

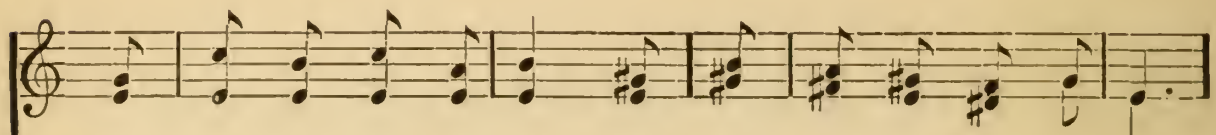
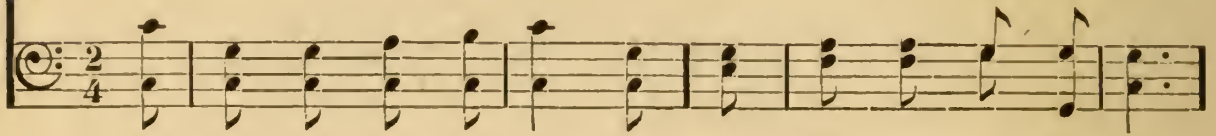
Sing, sing for Christmas!
Echo, earth, the cry
Of worship, honor, glory,
And praise to God on high!
Sing, sing the joyful song,
Let it never cease,
Of glory in the highest,
On earth good-will and peace.
Sing, sing for Christmas,
Welcome, happy day!
For Christ is born our Saviour,
To take our sins away.

197

We've Decked the Church with Ivy.



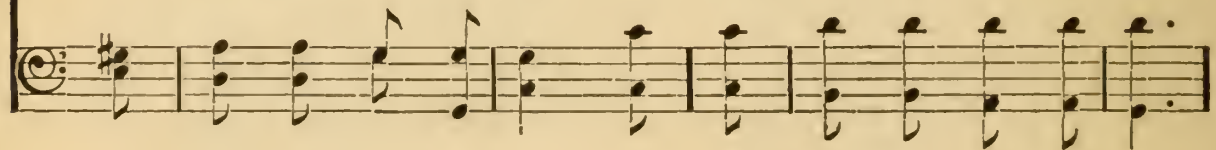
We've decked the Church with i - vy, And hol - ly branch - es gay,



We've wreathed the shin - ing lau - rel 'Round font and pil - lars grey;



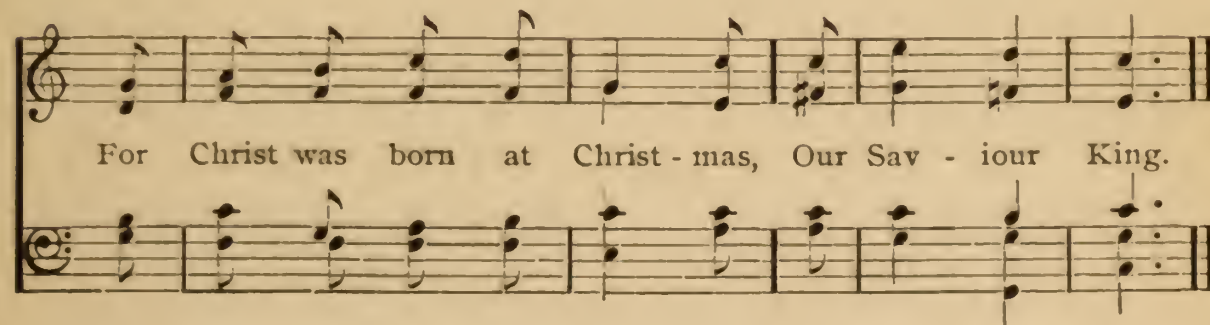
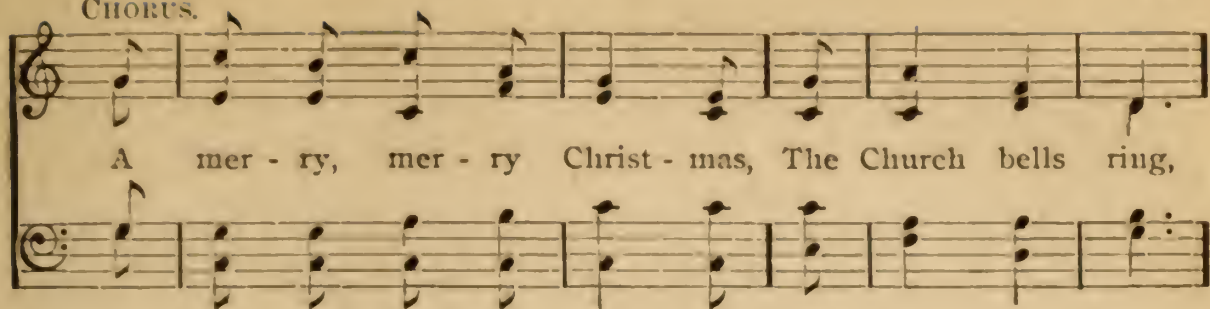
And now we come right glad - ly To join the an - gel strain,



Of peace on earth, and glo - ry To God a - gain.



CHORUS.



On that first blessèd Christmas
 The wise men, we've been told,
 Brought gifts to the Child Jesus,
 Myrrh, frankincense and gold;
 And we, though little children,
 Have love as deep as they,
 And long to bring some offering,
 This Christmas day.
 A merry, merry Christmas,
 The Church bells ring,
 A joyful, joyful Christmas,
 We children sing—
 For Christ was born at Christmas,
 Our Saviour King.

We have no gold to bring Him,
 No spices rare and sweet,
 But He doth call the children,
 So, kneeling at His feet,—
 We'll give ourselves, dear Jesus,
 And earnestly we'll pray
 To be kept very faithful
 E'en from to-day.
 A merry, merry Christmas,
 The Church bells ring,
 A joyful, joyful Christmas,
 We children sing—
 For Christ was born at Christmas,
 Our Saviour King.

198

Jesus, David's Root and Stem.

Je - sus, Da-vid's Root and Stem, Je - sus, bright and glorious Gem,

Je - sus, Babe of Beth-le - hem; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.

Jesus, by the Mother-Maid,
In Thy swaddling clothes arrayed,
And within a manger laid,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Jesus, at Whose infant feet,
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Jesus, unto Whom of yore
Wise men, hastening to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

From all childish sins that stain,
From all words that might give pain,
From all evil thoughts and vain;
Deliver us, O Jesus.

From each proud and sullen mood,
From all tempers rough and rude,
Hardness and ingratitude;
Deliver us, O Jesus.

From a will that disobeys,
From all selfish works and ways,
From all guile and falsehood base;
Deliver us, O Jesus.

By Thy birth and childhood's years,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
By Thine infant wants and fears;
Save us, Holy Jesus.

By Thy pattern bright and pure,
By the pains Thou didst endure
Our salvation to procure;
Save us, Holy Jesus.

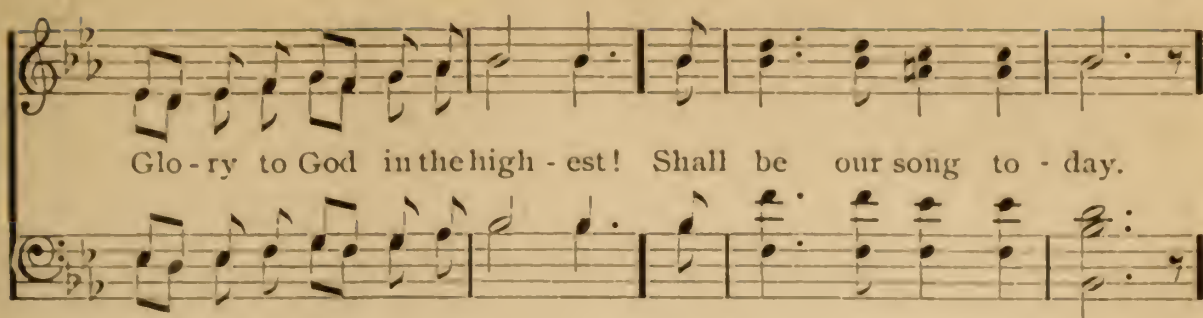
By Thine own unconquered might,
By Thy never-fading light,
By Thy mercies infinite;
Save us, Holy Jesus.

God the Father, God the Word,
God the Holy Ghost adored,
Blessèd Trinity, one Lord;
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

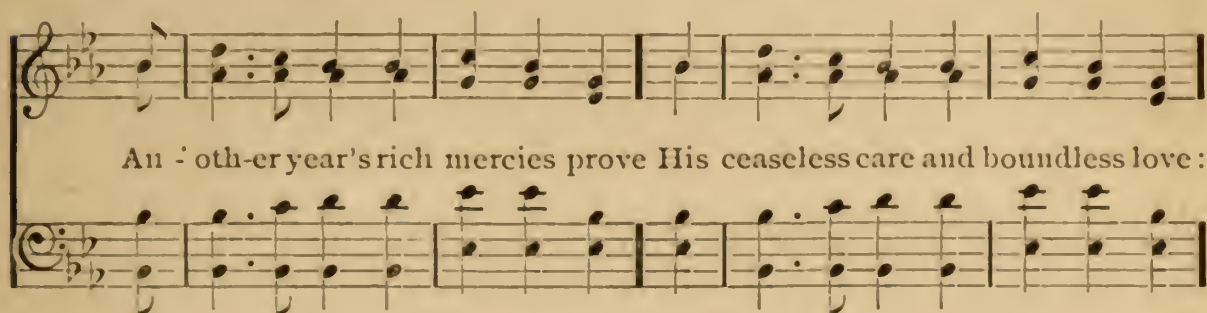
199

Glory to God in the Highest.

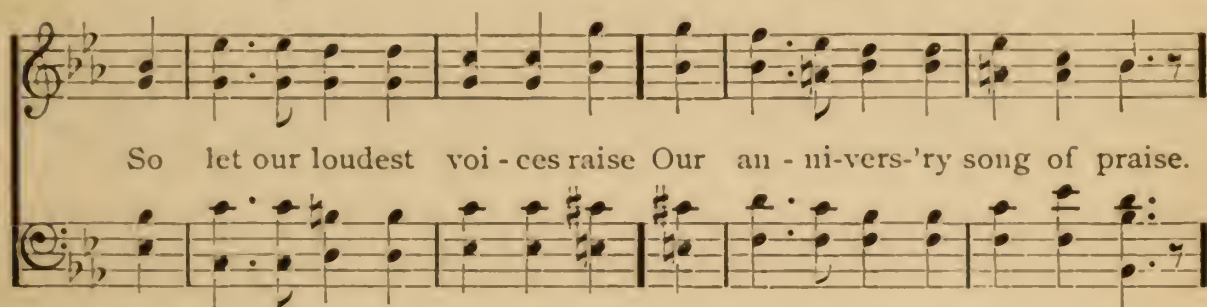
Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God,



Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall be our song to - day.

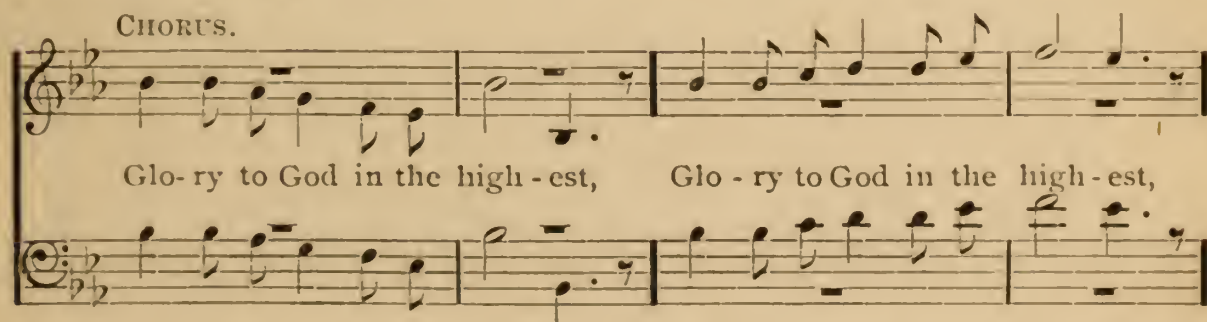


An - oth-er year's rich mercies prove His ceaseless care and boundless love:

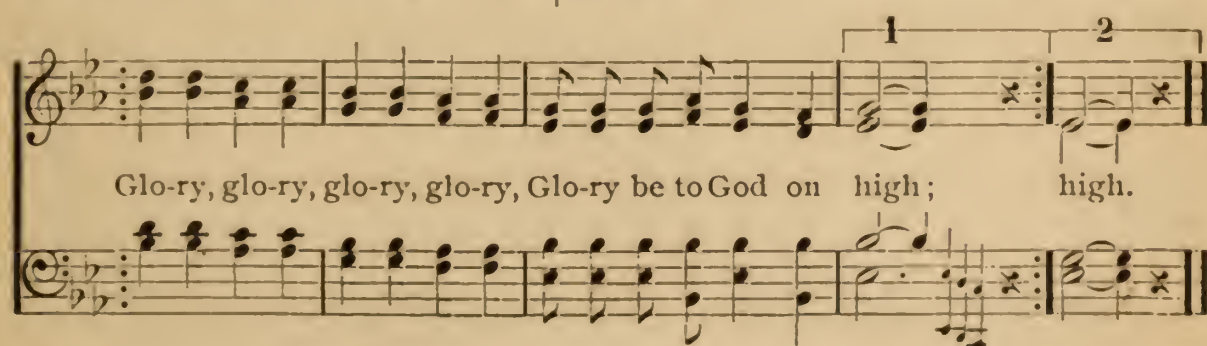


So let our loudest voi - ces raise Our an - ni-vers-'ry song of praise.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est,



Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high; high.

Glory to God in the highest!
 Glory to God, Glory to God,
 Glory to God in the highest!
 Shall be our song to-day.

The song that woke the glorious morn
 When David's greater Son was born,
 Sung by an heavenly host, and we
 Would join th' angelic company.

CHORUS.

Glory to God in the highest!
 Glory to God, Glory to God,
 Glory to God in the highest!
 Shall be our song to-day.

And while we with the angels sing,
 Gifts, with the wise men, let us bring
 Unto the Babe of Bethlehem,
 And offer all our hearts to Him.

CHORUS.

200

Clearly in the East it Shone.

Angelic Melody
Written by H. J. Clarke
in the Morning
for this

Voices in unison.

Clear-ly in the east it shone, That star in splen-dor bright,
 In a man-ger, cold and bare, The Ho-ly Babe you'll find,

FINE.

And shep-herds on their fa-ces fell At the wondrous sight.
 The King of kings, and Lord of lords, The Saviour of mankind.

But an an-gel calm-ly stood With high up-lift-ed hand;
 Fall on thy knees and worship Him, And bless this hap-py morn;

D.C.

"Fear not," he cried, "for joy I bring, And peace to all the land."
 'Tis for thy sake, oh, sin-ful man, The Son of God is born.

201

Once in Royal David's City.

Once in roy-al Da-vid's cit - y Stood a low-ly cat-tle shed,

Where a moth-er laid her ba - by, In a man-ger for his bed;

Ma - ry was that moth-er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.

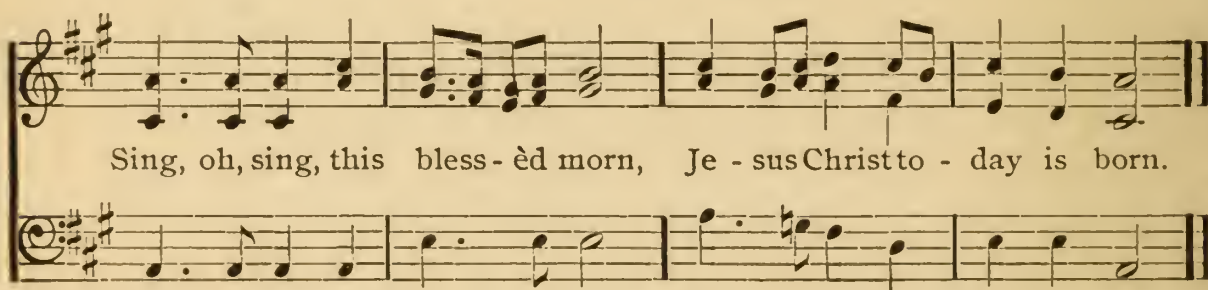
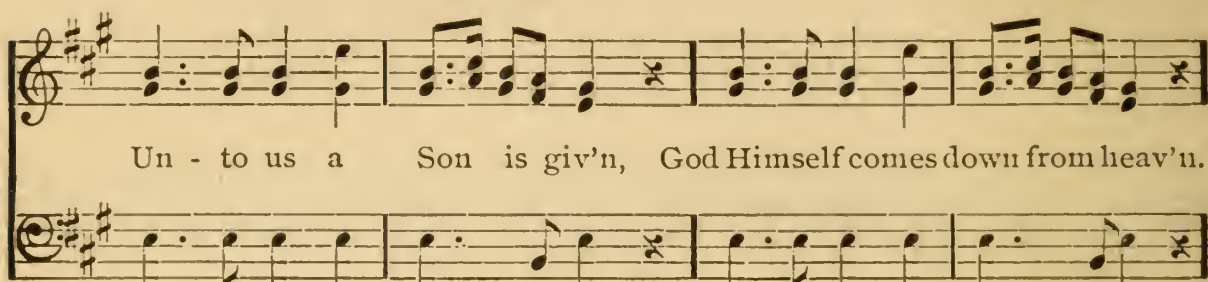
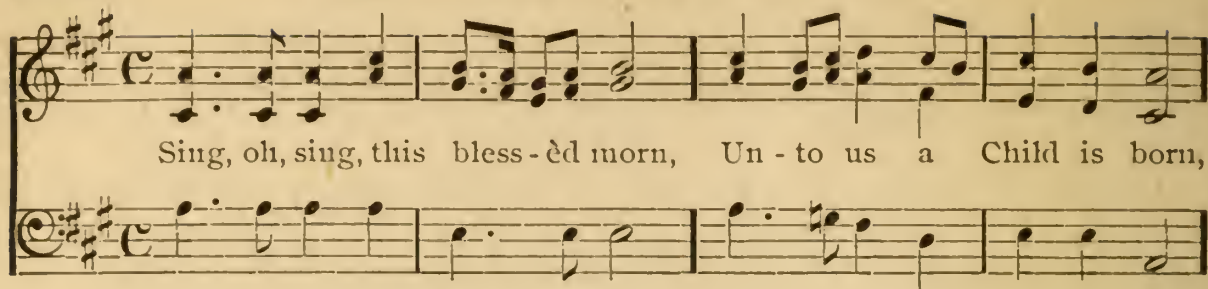
He came down to earth from heaven
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall;
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And, through all his wondrous childhood,
 He would honor and obey,
 Love, and watch the lowly maiden
 In whose gentle arms he lay;
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as he.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
 Day by day like us he grew;
 He was little, weak, and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us He knew;
 And He feeleth for our sadness,
 And He shareth in our gladness.

202

Sing, oh, Sing, this Blessed Morn.



God of God, and Light of light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, oh, sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

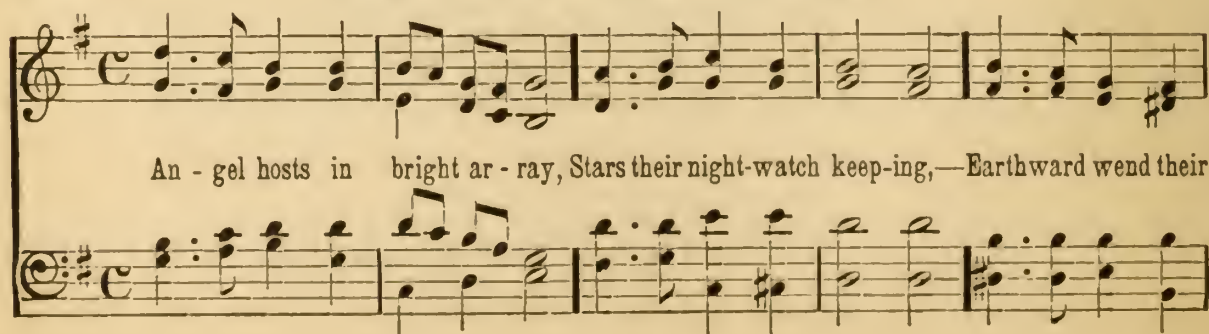
God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
Sing, oh, sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

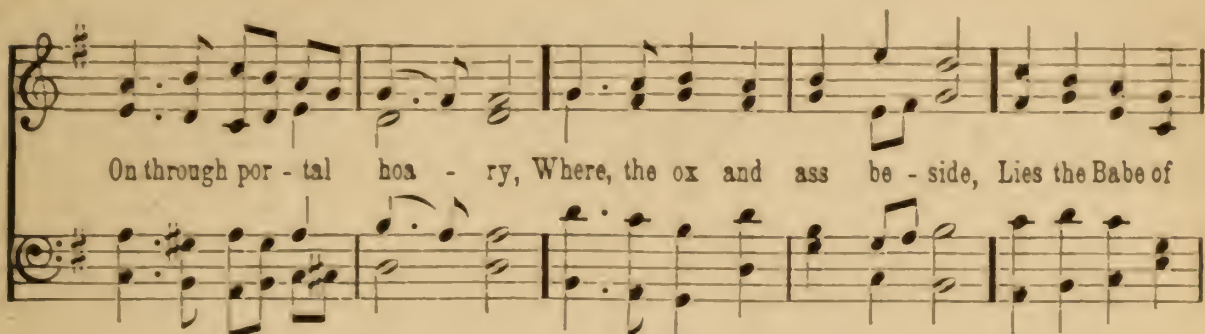
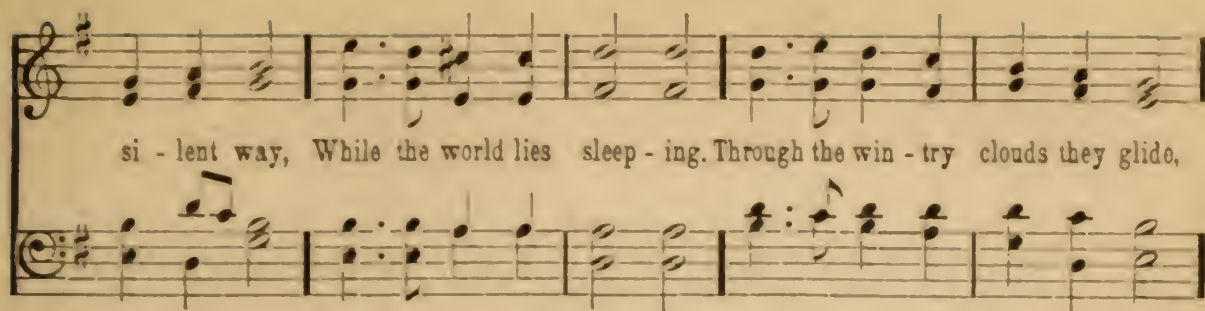
God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, oh, sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, oh, sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

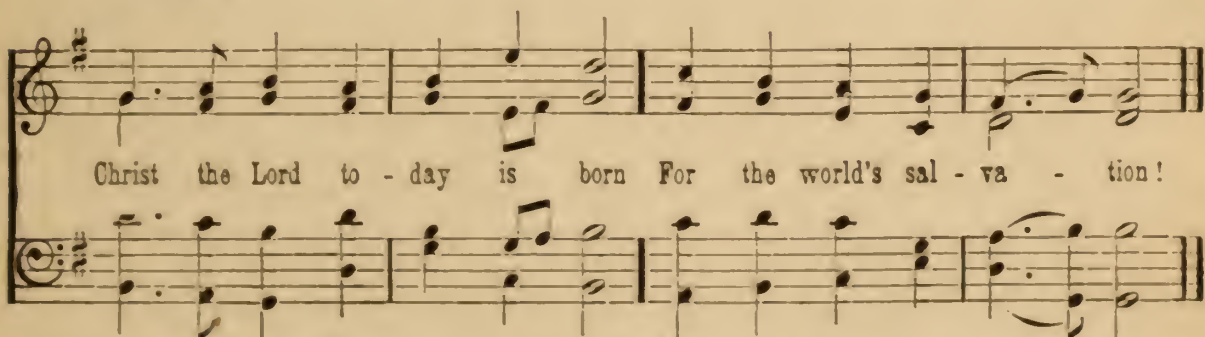
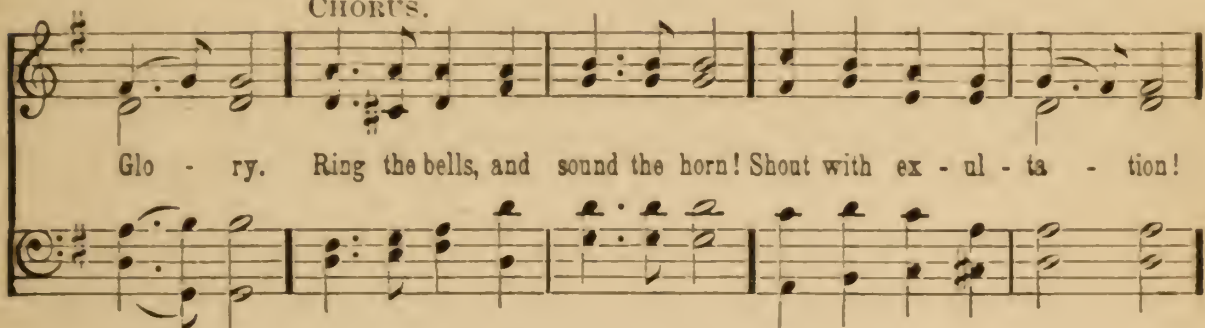
203

Angel Hosts in Bright Array.





CHORUS.



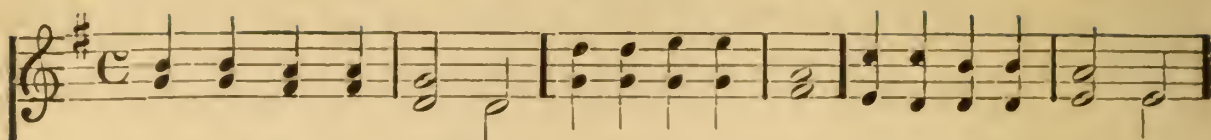
All unseen by mortal eye,
 Reverent and lowly;
 Prostrate there, they laud on high
 Him, the Infant Holy;
 From their lips celestial rise
 Sounds, with joy o'erflowing,
 Strains upborne beyond the skies,
 Hymns with rapture glowing.
 Ring the bells, etc.

Hark the news the angel tells;—
 Lo! an Infant Stranger,
 God's dear Son among you dwells,
 Born in Bethlehem's manger!
 Burst a chorus from the sky,
 Loud from Heaven's portal:—
 Glory be to God on High,
 Peace, good will to mortal!
 Ring the bells, etc.

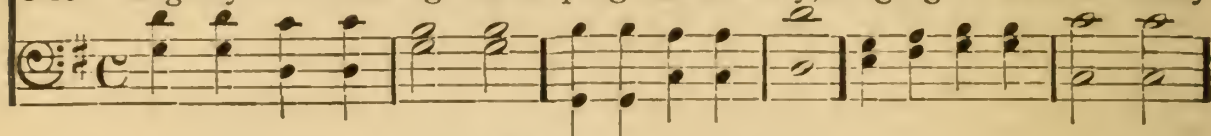
Angel spirits earthward led,
 With a hope endearing,
 First to worship, first to spread,
 News of Christ's Appearing!
 Trace we out your footfalls light,
 Praise we Christ in glory,
 Then waft ye the tidings bright
 Of the Gospel story!
 — Ring the bells, etc.

204

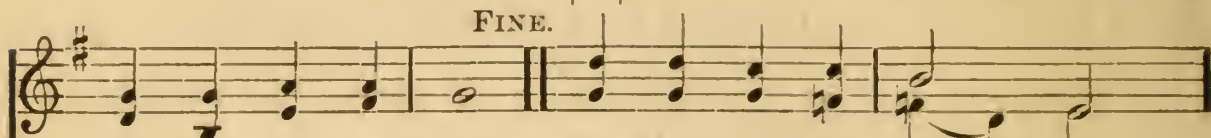
Come, all Happy Children.



Come, all hap - py chil-dren, Joy-ful-ly proclaim, Pointing to the man-ger,
 CHO.—Brightly shine the angels Sweeping thro' the sky, Singing sweet their "Glory



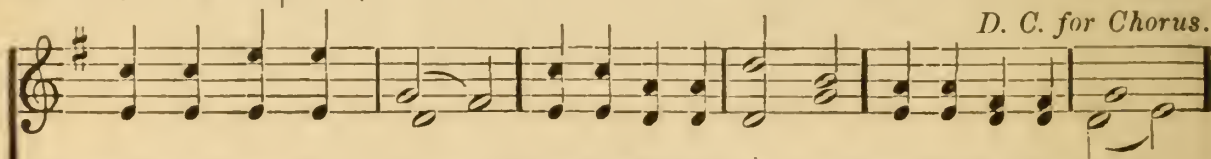
FINE.



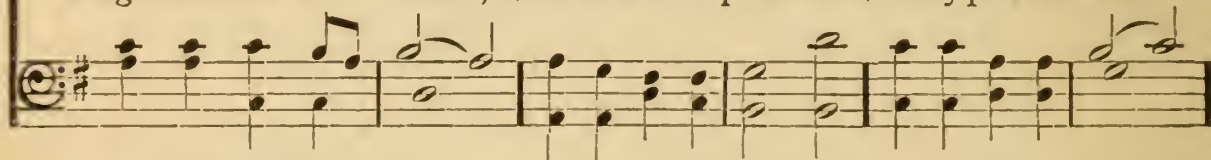
Our Im - man-uel's name. He from heav'n de - scend - ing,
 Un - to God Most High."



D. C. for Chorus.



Deigns with us to dwell; Lovelike His it pass - es Earthly pow'r to tell.



See what dazzling brightness
 Flames in yonder sky!
 Hear the angel chorus;
 Let our songs reply.
 Now the Son appearing—
 Saviour long foretold—
 Comes to take our nature,
 Turns our dross to gold.—CHO.

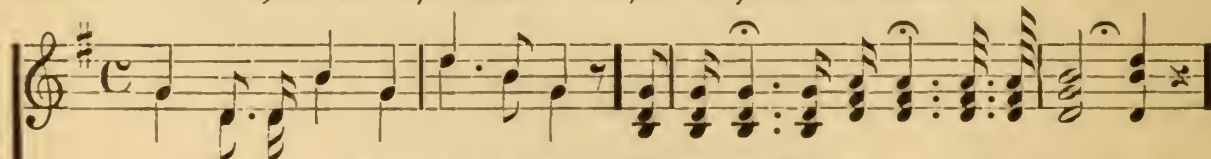
Haste we to the grotto
 Where the Infant lies—
 At His feet outpouring
 All the wealth we prize;

Offering, too, with gladness,
 Hearts that swell with love;
 Asking Him, in meekness,
 All our faith to prove.—CHO.

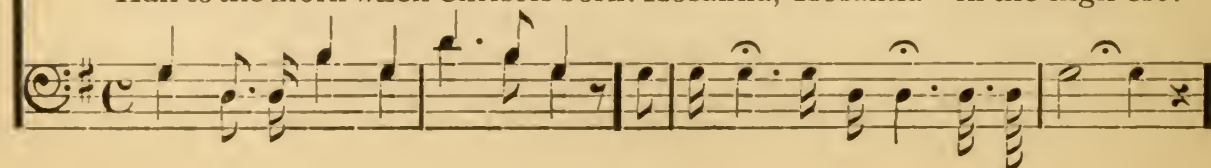
Lift we high our banner
 Bearing that sweet Name—
 Press we on to battle,
 Spreading wide His fame.
 Lowliness to glory
 Changes, as our King,
 Conquering, upward leads us
 Near His Throne to sing.—CHO.

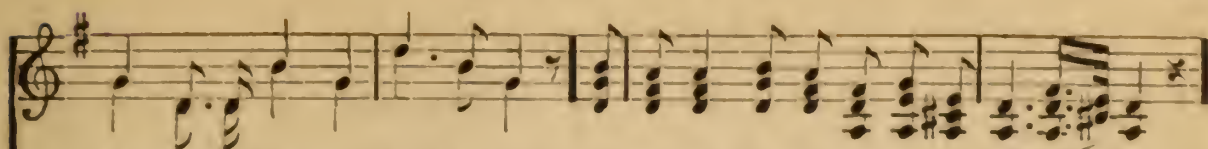
205

Hail to the Morn when Christ is Born!

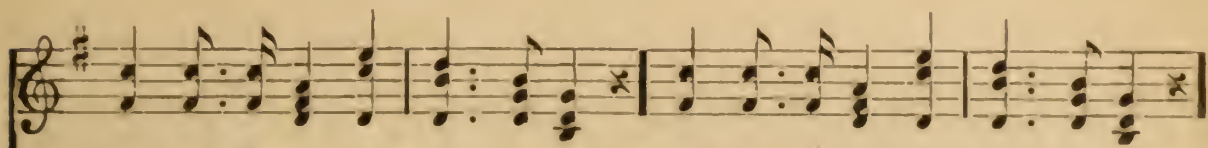


Hail to the morn when Christ is born! Hosanna, Hosanna in the high-est!



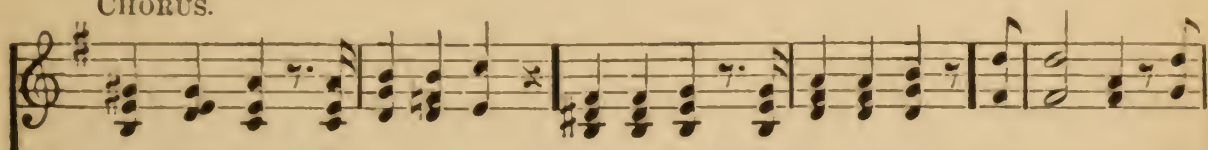


Angels on high sing thro' the sky: Hosan-na, Hosan-na in the high - est!

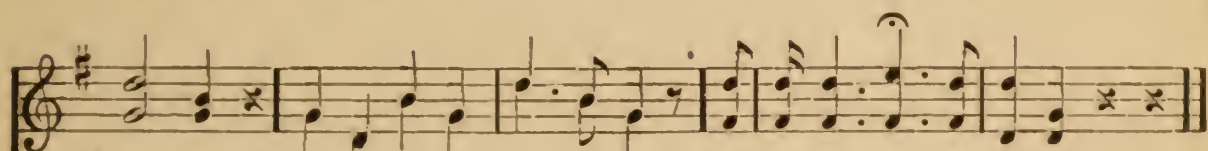


Shepherds a-dore the Lamb to-day; Kings from the East are on their way;

CHORUS.



Sing, then, all in house and hall, Sing, then, all in house and hall, Hosanna, Ho-



- san - na! Christ is born on Christmas morn, Hosanna in the highest!

Cedar and pine now cheerily twine:
 Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest!
 Crown every scene with evergreen:
 Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest!
 Now is the reign of darkness o'er;
 Jesus is King for evermore.
 Sing, then, all, etc.

Boughs of the holly this day adorn;
 Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest!
 Sharp are the leaves as crowns of thorn;
 Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest!
 See in the berries, all blood-red,
 Blood, that for us this Babe shall shed.
 Sing, then, all, etc.

Laurel and bay bring forth to-day;
 Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest!
 Matchless His might in deadly fight;
 Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest!
 Hail to the Child Immanuel.
 Conqueror is He of death and hell.
 Sing, then, all, etc.

206 (First Tune.) We three Kings of Orient are.

Symphony. We three kings of O-ri-ent are;

Bearing gifts we traverse afar Field and fountain, moor and mountain, Following

CHORUS.

yon-der star. O Star of won-der, Star of night, Star with roy - al

beauty bright, Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring, to crown Him again,
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.

O Star of wonder, etc.

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God most High.

O Star of wonder, etc.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom:
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

O Star of wonder, etc.

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice,
Heaven singing Alleluia;
Joyous the earth replies.

O Star of wonder, etc.

206 (Second Tune.) We three Kings of Orient are.

Wethreekings of O - ri-ent are ; Bear-ing gifts we traverse a - far

Field and fountain, moor and mountain, Fol-low - ing yon-der star.

CHORUS.

O Star of won - der, Star of night, Star with royal beau - ty bright,

Westward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring, to crown Him again,
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.
O Star of wonder, etc.

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God most High.
O Star of wonder, etc.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom :
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
O Star of wonder, etc.

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice,
Heaven singing Alleluia ;
Joyous the earth replies.
O Star of wonder, etc.

207

The City's Hum was Hushed and Still.

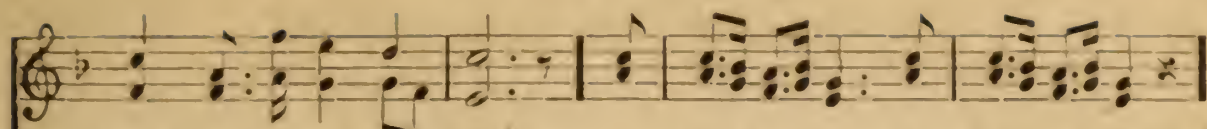
The cit - y's hum was hush'd and still, And silence reign'd o'er

vale and hill; The birds had sought the shel - t'ring tree,

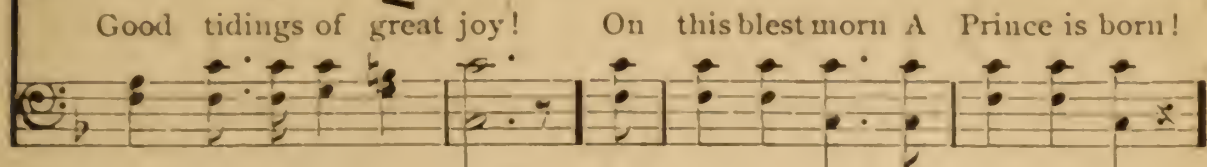
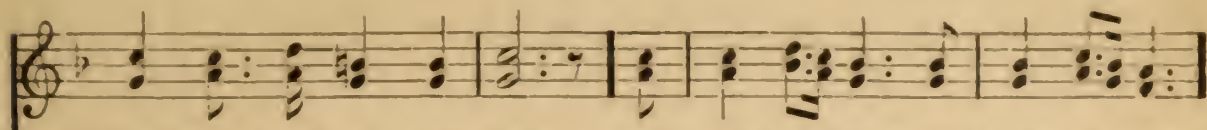
The flocks were fold-ed ten - der-ly; No sound of life was on the breeze

That murmured thro' the ol - ive trees, And 'mid the stars heaven's brightest gem

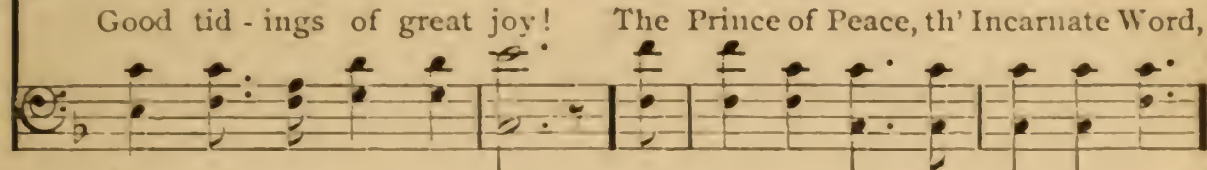

CHORUS.
Shone o - ver sleeping Beth-le-hem: Good tid-ings, good tid-ings,



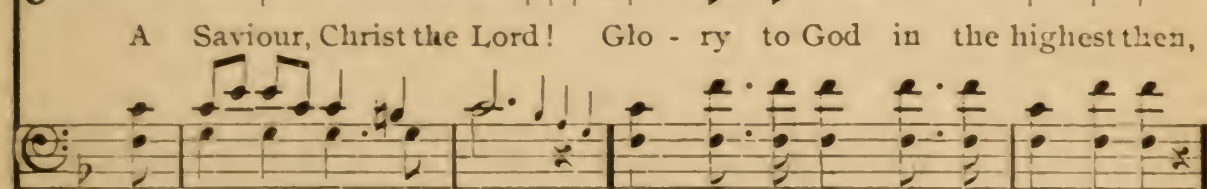

Good tidings of great joy! On this blest morn A Prince is born!

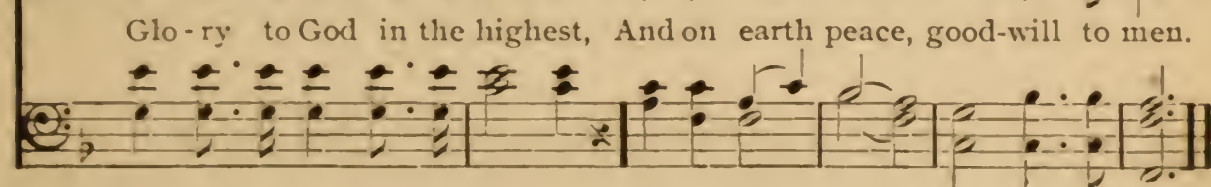
Good tid - ings of great joy! The Prince of Peace, th' Incarnate Word,

A Saviour, Christ the Lord! Glo - ry to God in the highest then,

Glo - ry to God in the highest, And on earth peace, good-will to men.



In rapturous tones that strain arose,
 And burst upon the night's repose;
 A white-winged legion from on high
 With dazzling glory filled the sky:
 The music of the angel band
 Went floating o'er the Holy Land,
 While on the listening shepherds' ear
 Still rang that chorus loud and clear—
 Good tidings, good tidings, etc.

The vision faded from the sight,
 Hushed were those voices of the night,
 And brightly dawned upon the earth
 The morning of our Saviour's birth:
 Oh morn of gladness, day of joy,
 Well may thy praise our tongues employ!
 Well may we join that song of love
 First sung by minstrels from above:
 Good tidings, good tidings, etc.

208

Let every Heart now Dance with Joy.

CHORUS. FULL.

Let ev-'ry heart now dance with joy, For Christmas comes a - gain;

Sing "Glo - ry be to God on high, On earth good-will to men!"

FINE.

VERSE. SOLI.

Though win - try cold may chill the skies, And earth be dark and bare;

Our Christmas light within shines bright, And love reigns ev-'ry-where.

D.C.

Though summer trees are leafless all,
And grey on Nature's brow;
Our Christmas tree now sparkling see,
With lights on every bough!
Let every heart, etc.

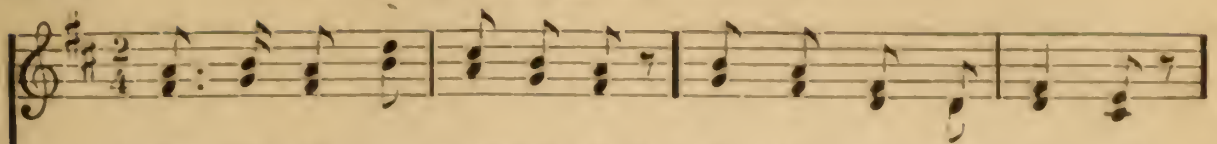
Tho' fields are stripped of Autumn fruits,
And snow-storm end the Fall;
By loving hands well-loaded, stands
Our tree, so strong and tall!
Let every heart, etc.

No room was found for Christ the King,
When He was born of yore;
But hearts now yearn for His return,
To reign for evermore!
Let every heart, etc.

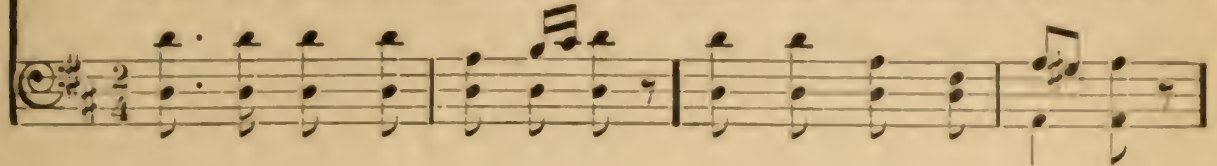
No love like His was ever known,
Our earthly life to share;
It is His light makes Christmas bright,
His love reigns everywhere!
Let every heart, etc.

209

Ring, ye Happy Christmas Bells!



Ring, ye hap - py Christmas bells! Ring the pre - cious sto - ry!



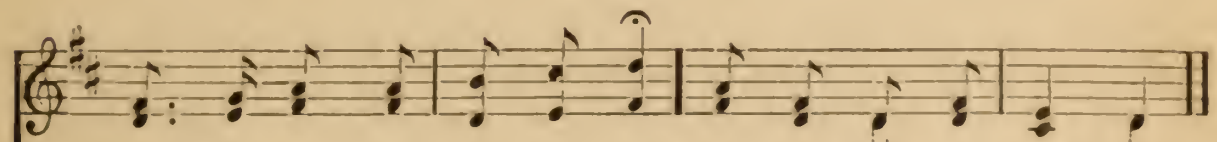
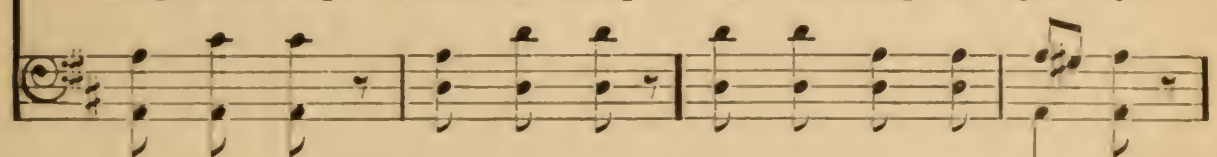
Christ was born in Beth - le - hem, Christ, the King of glo - ry!



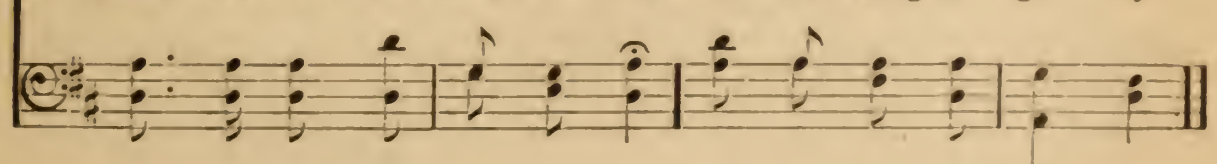
CHORUS.



Ring, bells, ring! Christ is King! Christ is King of glo - ry!



Christ was born in Beth - le - hem!—Christ, the King of glo - ry!



Little children, come and learn,
Learn the sweet old story—
Once the Christ, a child like you;
Now the King of glory!

Then the angels sang aloud,
"Peace on earth!" and "glory"
To the God who from above
Sent this wondrous story.

O ye angels, sing again!
Sing the gladsome story!
An answer to the joyous bells—
"Christ is King of glory!"

210

Silent Night! Holy Night!

DUET.

Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright,
 Round you Virgin Mother and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so tender and mild,
 Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.

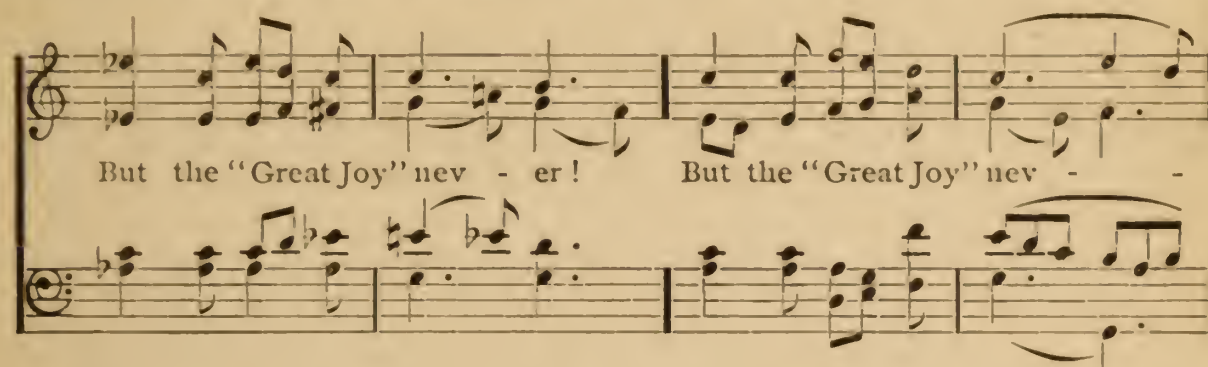
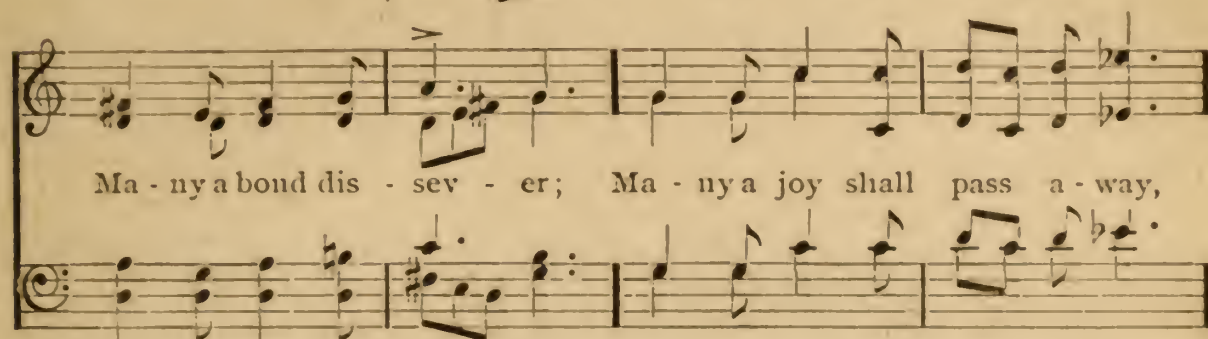
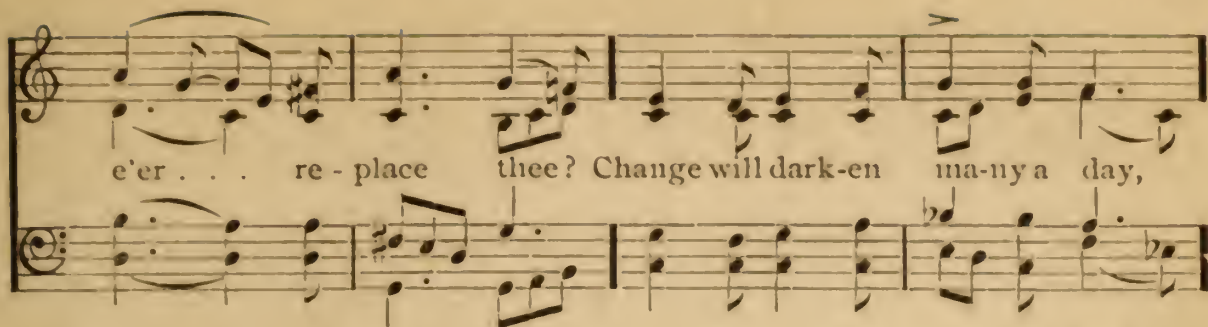
Silent night! Holy night!
 Shepherds quake at the sight!
 Glories stream from Heaven afar,
 Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,
 Christ, the Saviour, is born!

Silent night! Holy night!
 Son of God, love's pure light
 Radiant beams from Thy holy Face,
 With the dawn of redeeming grace,
 Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

211

Once Again, O Blessed Time!

Once a - gain, O blessèd time, Thankful hearts em - brace thee;
 If we lost thy fes - tal chime, What could e'er replace . . . thee? What could



Once again the Holy Night
Breathes its blessing tender;
Once again the Manger Light
Sheds its gentle splendor;
O could tongues by Angels taught
Speak our exultation
In the Holy Child that brought
All mankind Salvation?

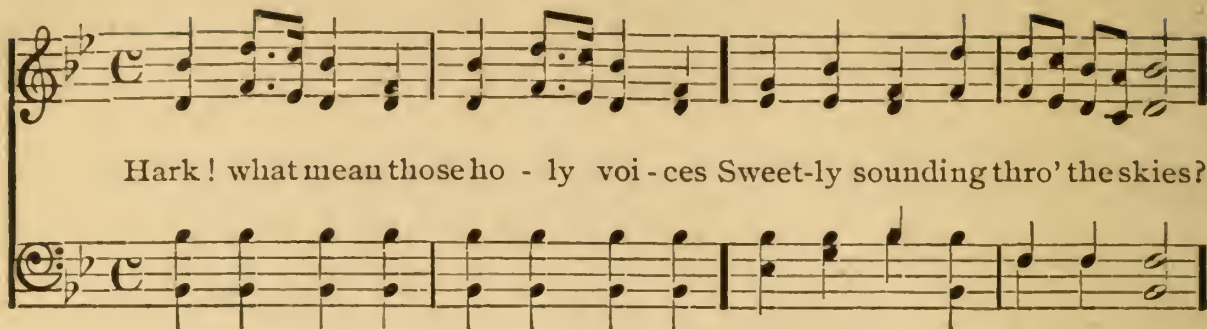
Welcome Thou to souls athirst,
Fount of endless pleasure;
Gates of Hell may do their worst,
While we clasp our Treasure;
Welcome, though an age like this
Puts Thy Name on trial,
And the Truth that makes our bliss
Pleads against denial!

Yea, if others stand apart,
We will press the nearer;
Yea, O best fraternal Heart,
We will hold Thee dearer;
Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning,
"Jesus Christ is God with us,
Born on Christmas morning."

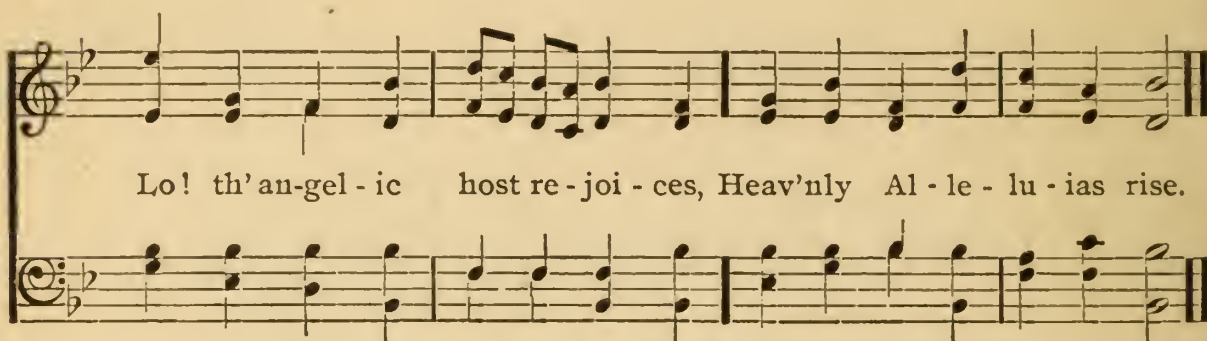
So we yield Thee all we can,
Worship, thanks, and blessing;
Thee true God, and Thee true Man
In our hearts confessing;
While Thy Birthday morn we greet
With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O most true and sweet!
In Thy Mercy's ocean.

212

Hark! what Mean those Holy Voices.



Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces Sweet-ly sounding thro' theskies?



Lo! th' an-gel - ic host re - joi - ces, Heav'nly Al - le - lu - ias rise.

Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

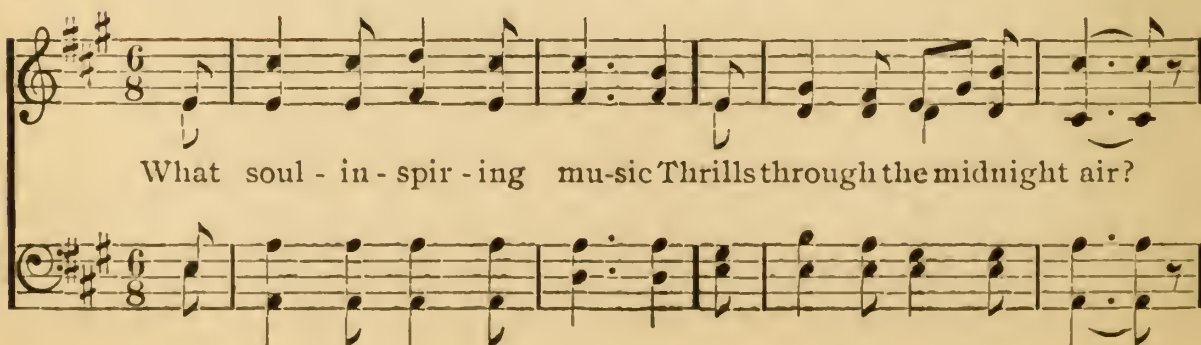
"Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

"Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"

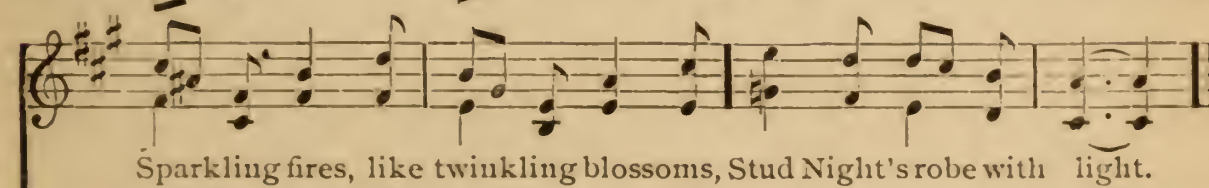
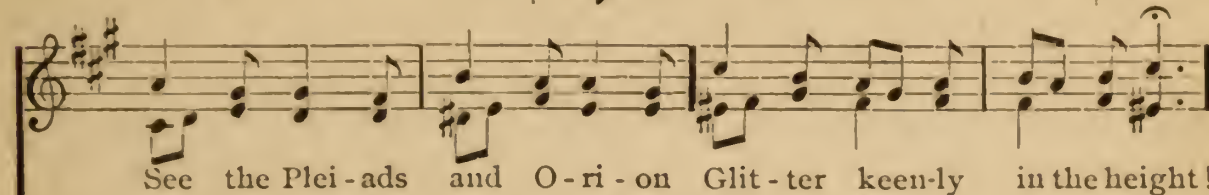
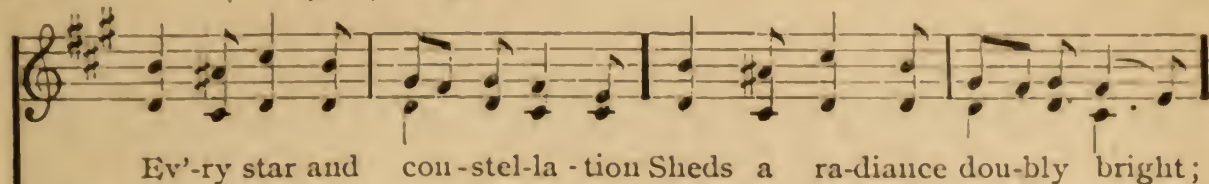
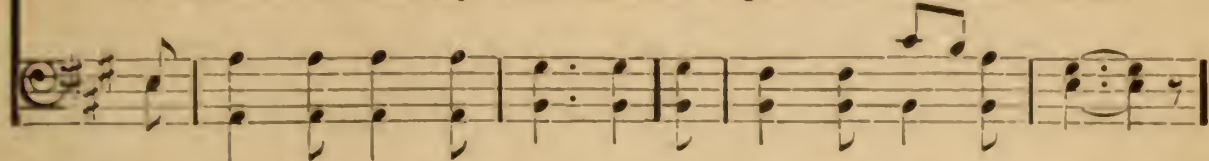
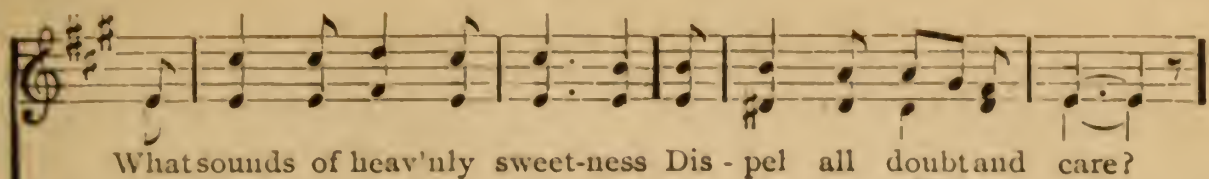
Composed for this Book

213

What Soul-Inspiring Music.



What soul - in - spir - ing mu-sic Thrills through the midnight air?



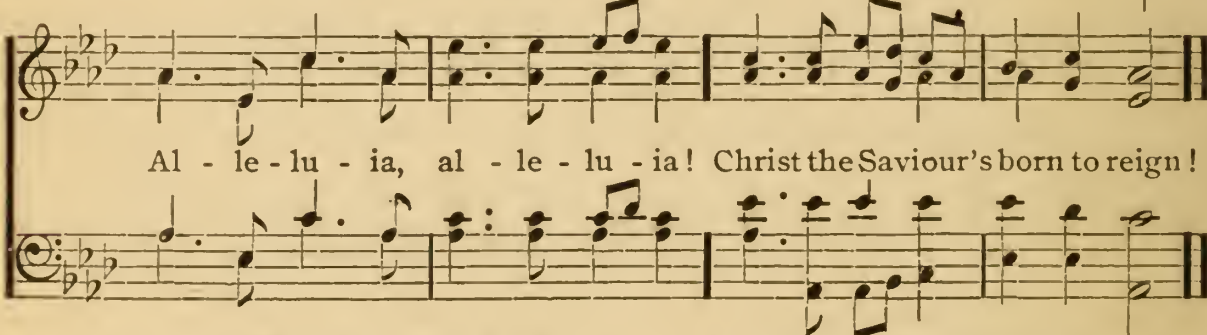
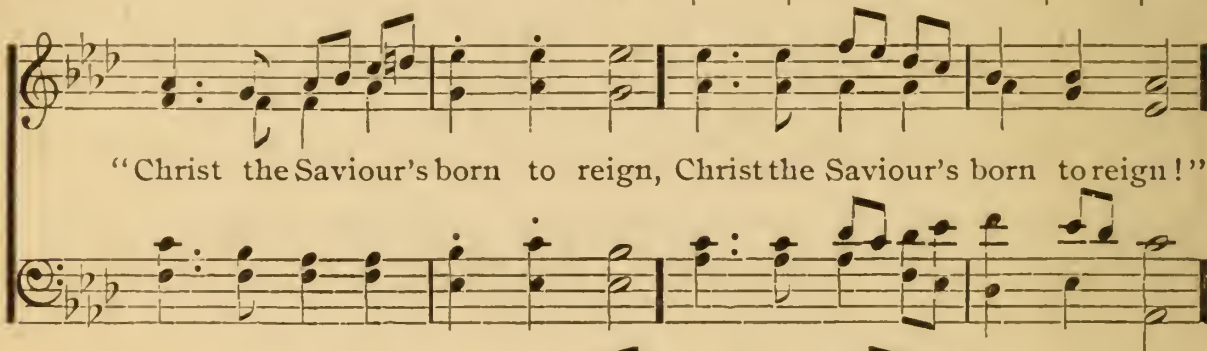
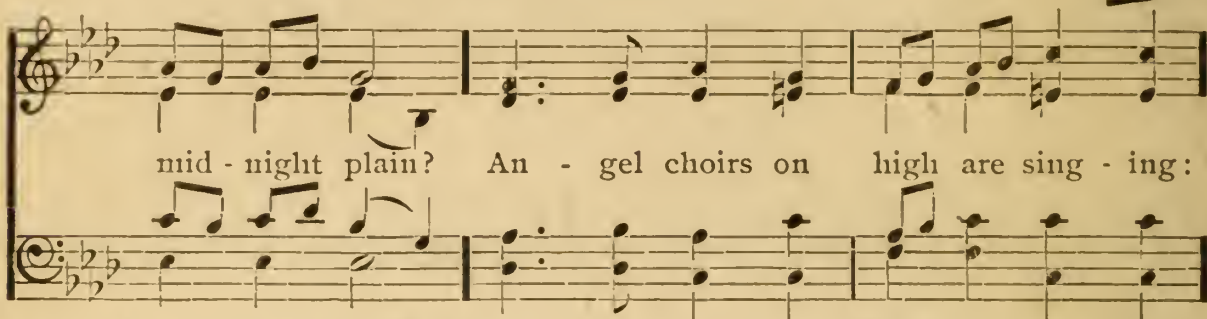
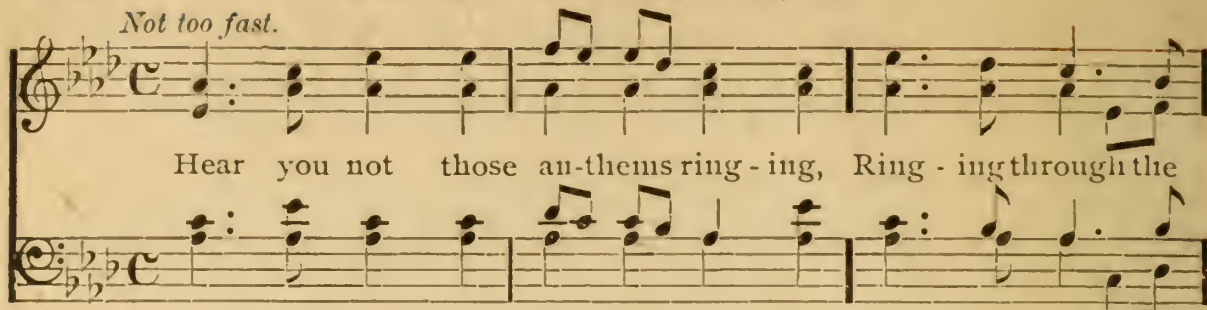
Strange forms float hovering o'er us,
 New sounds fall on our ear;
 God's angel bids us welcome,
 His voice says "Never fear:
 Born to you in David's city
 Lies the Saviour, all Divine,
 David's Root and David's Offspring,
 Promised Seed of David's line,
 He is swathed and in a manger:
 Take this for a sign."

Straight, crowds of heavenly warriors,
 Outshining every star,
 Stand forth round that one Herald,
 Proclaiming peace afar:
 Choirs of angels and archangels,
 Seraphim and cherubim,
 Thrones and princeloms, dominations,
 Powers and might which wax not dim;
 Spirit-hosts in ranks celestial,
 Raise one joyous hymn.

Speed, Shepherds, leave your sheepfolds,
 To Bethlehem haste away;
 Fall on your knees before Him,
 Salute Him while ye may:
 Bring your offerings, bring your treasure,
 Open wide each simple store:
 Pipe and dance in rustic measure,
 In His Manger Him adore:
 Every deed to give Him pleasure
 Be yours evermore.

214

Hear Ye not Those Anthems?

Not too fast.

Born to reign, though cradled lowly
In the stall where oxen feed;
God’s own Son, of Virgin holy,
Hath an humble birth indeed,
Blessèd infant, blessèd infant!
Humble is Thy birth indeed!

Love to man is still abounding,
“Peace to sinners,” is their theme;
And they tell us,—news astounding!
“Christ is born in Bethlehem.”
Alleluia, alleluia!
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

In a manger, ’mid the malice
Of the stern December sky,
Not where rises the proud palace
Lies the Dayspring from on high!
In a manger, in a manger
Lies the Dayspring from on high!

Yet, has royal palace ever
Held, within its courtly hall,
One of greater glory? Never!
For He’s King and Lord of all.
Alleluia, alleluia!
He is King and Lord of all!

Raise we then our voices ringing—
Ringing with His glorious name,
’Till they blend with Angels singing:
“Christ is born in Bethlehem.”
Shout hosanna, shout hosanna!
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

215

Hark! the Sound of Angel Voices.

Hark! the sound of an - gel voi - ces O - ver Bethlehem's starlit plain;

Hark! the heav'nly host re - joi - ces, Je - sus comes on earth to reign.

See ce - les - tial ra - diance beam - ing, Lighting up the midnight sky;

'Tis the prom - ised day - star gleaming, 'Tis the day - spring from on high.

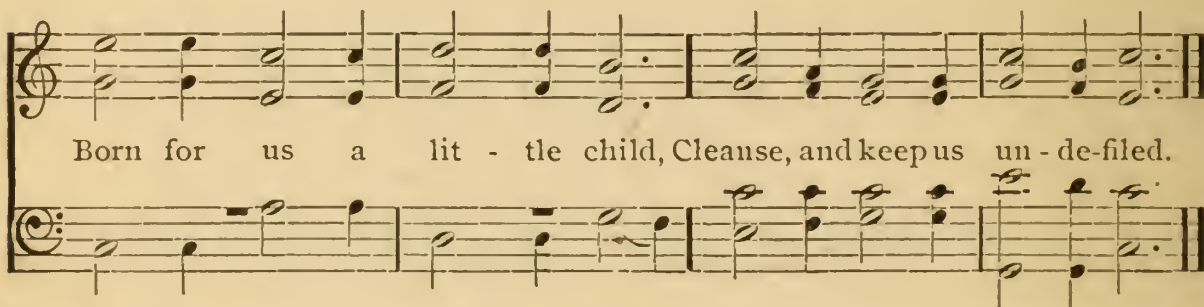
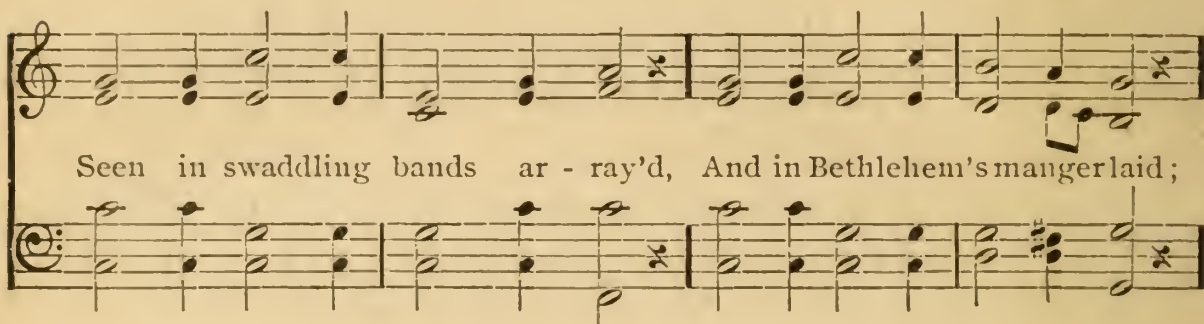
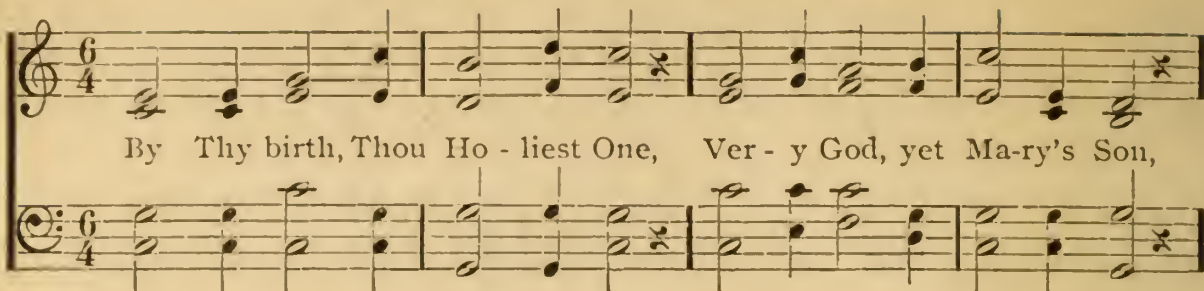
Westward, all along the ages,
Trace its pathway clear and bright;
Star of hope to Eastern sages,
Radiant now with gospel light.
Angels from the realms of glory,
Peace on earth delight to sing;
Christian, tell the wondrous story,
Go proclaim the Saviour King.

Where the woodman's axe is ringing,
Where the hunter roams alone,
Where the prairie flowers are springing,
Make the great Redeemer known.
While from California's mountains
Pure and sweet the anthem swells,
Oregon's dark wilds and fountains
Hail the sound of Sabbath bells.

Like an armèd host with banners
Terrible in war array,
Zion comes with glad hosannas
To prepare her Monarch's way.
Unto Him all power is given,
All the world His sway shall own,
And on earth as now in heaven,
Shall His will be done alone.

216

By Thy Birth, Thou Holiest One.



By the Angel words that led
 Shepherds to Thy lowly bed,
 Teaching us the songs of heaven,
 Unto whom a Son is given;
 Born for us a little child,
 Cleanse, and keep us undefiled.

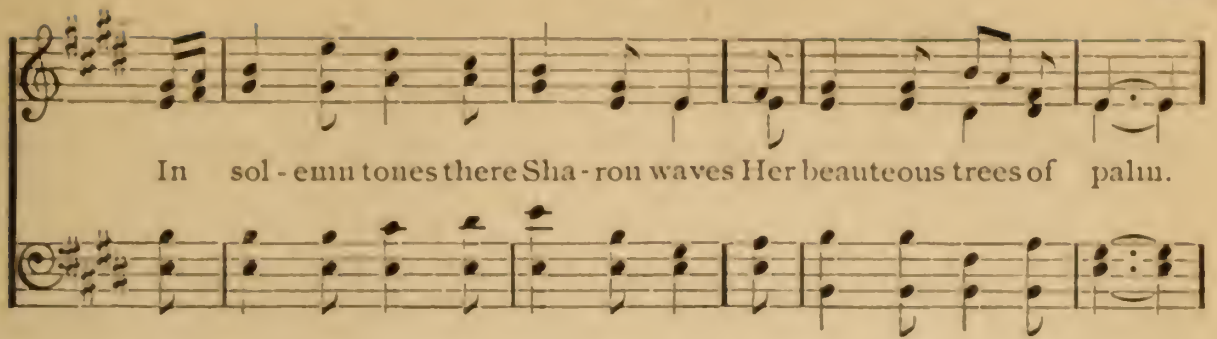
By Thy duteous reverence still
 Subject to Thy parents' will
 Winning both from God and man
 Favor such as childhood can.
 Born for us a little child,
 Cleanse, and keep us undefiled.

Look upon us, Lord, for we
 Ask but to resemble Thee,
 Treading in Thy footsteps here,
 Walking in our Father's fear,
 Lowly, loving, undefiled,
 Followers of the Holy Child.

217

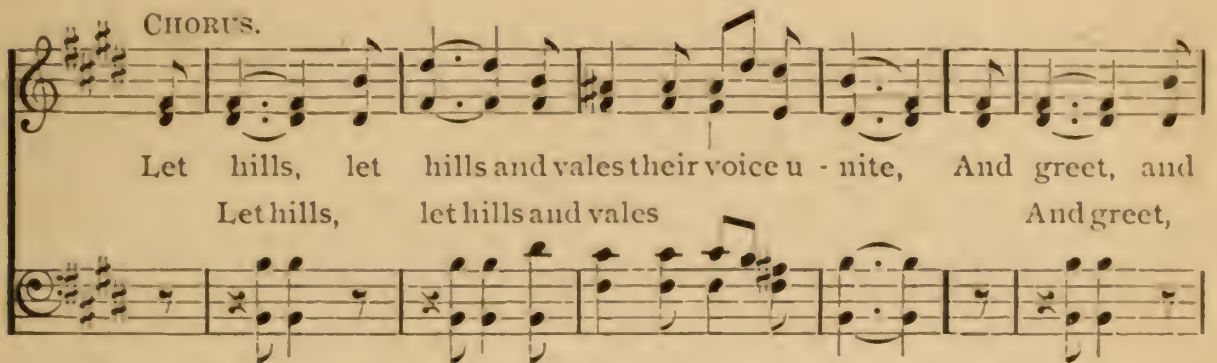
O'er Bethlehem's Bright and Sunny Plain.



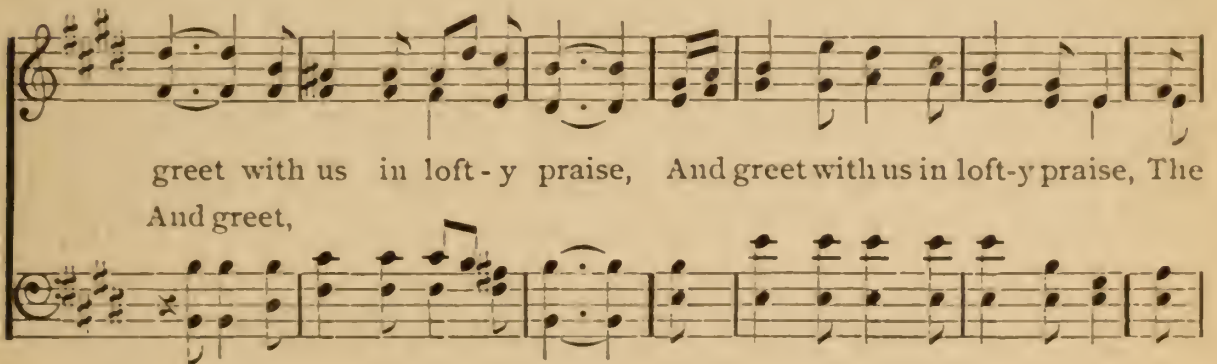


In sol - emn tones there Sha - ron waves Her beauteous trees of palm.

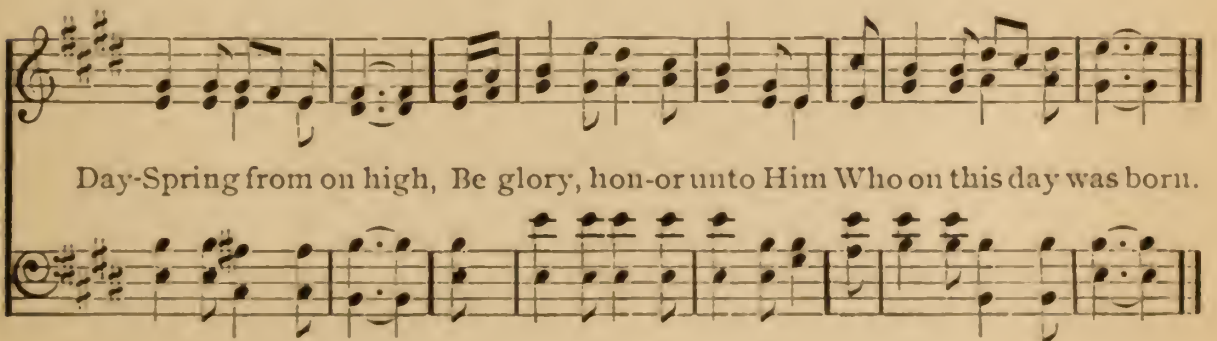
CHORUS.



Let hills, let hills and vales their voice u - nite, And greet, and
Let hills, let hills and vales And greet,



greet with us in loft - y praise, And greet with us in loft-y praise, The
And greet,



Day-Spring from on high, Be glory, hon-or unto Him Who on this day was born.

Be glory, honor unto Him,
Who on this day was born,
With heart and voice join in the strain,
This holy sacred morn.—CHO.

All nations catch the glory theme,
And our Messiah praise,
Let every tongue His honor speak,
And sing in joyful lays.—CHO.

Far on the listening ear of night,
Comes sweet and sacred song,
The angels from their lofty height,
The mighty strain prolong.—CHO.

218

Children, Awake, Salute the Happy Morn.

Children, a-wake, sa-lute the hap-pymorn, Where-on the Sav-iour of man-kind was born;

Rise to a-dore the mys-te-ry of love, Which hosts of angels chant-ed from a - bove;

With them the joy - ful tidings first be - gun Of God In- car-nate and the Vir-gin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
 Who heard th' angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
 I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
 To you and all the nations upon earth:
 This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
 This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
 In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
 The praises of redeeming love they sang,
 And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang:
 God's highest glory was their anthem still,
 Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
 Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
 Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
 From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
 Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
 Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, th' angelic thrones among,
 To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
 He, that was born upon this joyful day
 Around us all His glory shall display;
 Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing,
 Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

219

All my heart this Night Rejoices.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three systems of staves. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear

Far and near, Sweet-est an - gel voi - ces; "Christ is born," their

choirs are sing-ing: Till the air, Ev - 'ry-where, Now with joy is ring-ing.

Hark, a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come, from all that grieves you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

Come then, let us hasten yonder:
Hear let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the star,
That from far,
Bright with hope is burning.

Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more,
For the door
Now is found, of gladness;
Cling to Him, for He will guide you:
Where no cross,
Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

Blessèd Saviour, let me find Thee;
Keep Thou me
Close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee;
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest
On Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

220 While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, The an-gel of the

Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. "Fear not," said he, for might-y dread Had

seized their troubled mind; "Glad tid-ings of great joy I bring To you, and all man-kind.

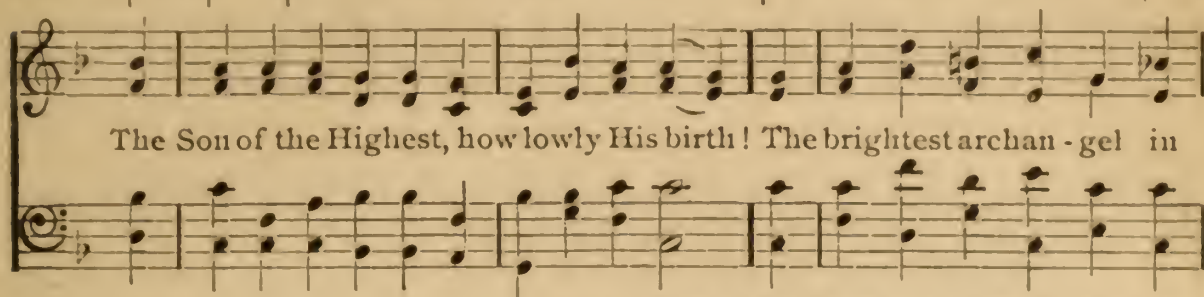
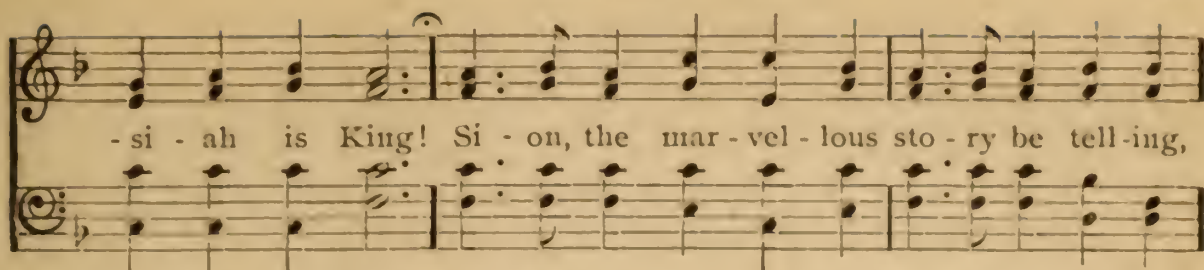
"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.
"The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

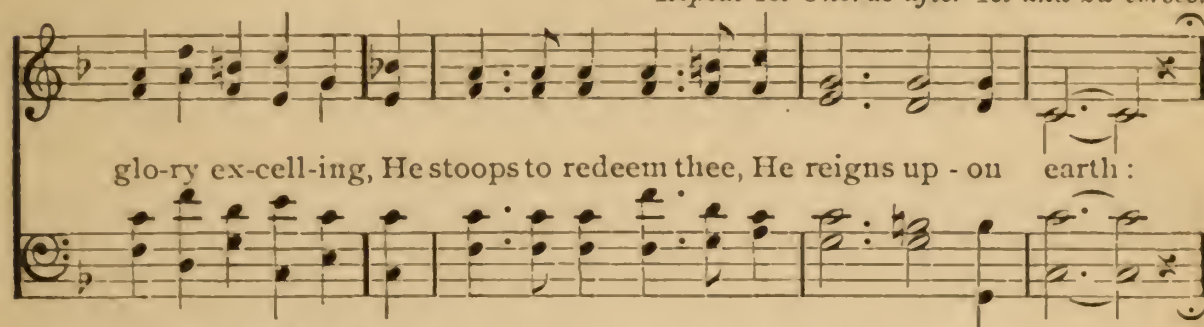
221 Shout the Glad Tidings.

CHORUS.

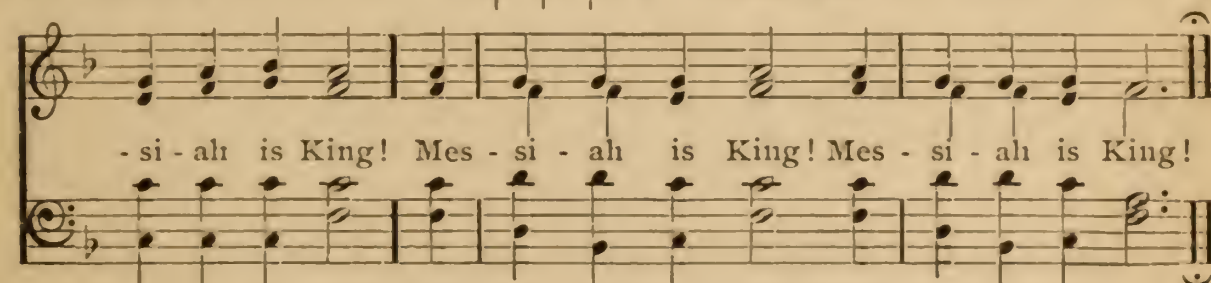
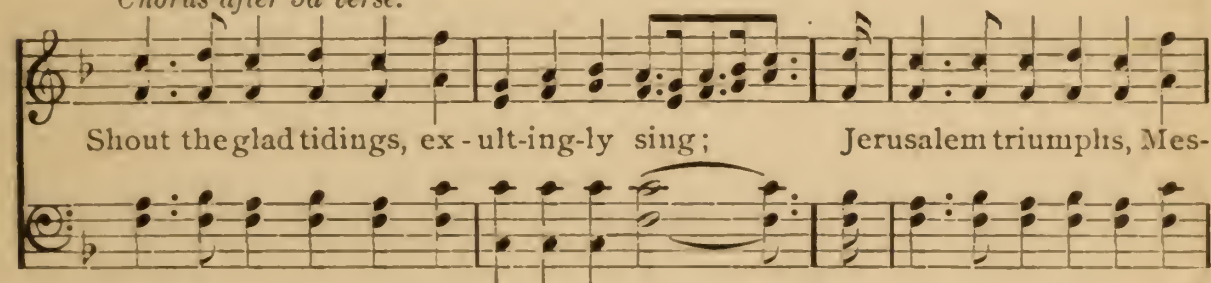
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing; Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-



Repeat 1st Chorus after 1st and 2d verses.



Chorus after 3d verse.



Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
 Tell how He cometh from nation to nation,
 The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
 How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
 How His people with joy everlasting are crowned:
 CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
 And sweet let the gladsome Hosanna arise;
 Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;
 One chorus resound through the earth and the skies:
 CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

222

Come Hither, Ye Faithful.

Come hither, ye faith-ful, Tri - umph-ant-ly sing! Come, see in the

man - ger The an-gels' dread King! To Beth - le - hem has - ten With

joy - ful ac - cord! O come ye, come hith - er To wor - ship the

Lord! O come ye, come hith - er To wor - ship the Lord!

True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten
With joyful accord!
O come ye, come hither
To worship the Lord!

Hark, hark to the angels!
All singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten
With joyful accord!
O come ye, come hither
To worship the Lord!

To Thee, then, O Jesus,
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor
Through heaven and earth:
True Godhead incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord!

223

Joy Fills our Inmost Heart To-day.

Joy fills our inmost heart to-day, The Roy - al Child is born,

And an - gel hosts in glad ar - ray His Ad - vent keep this morn.

Re - joice, rejoice! Th' in-car-nate word Has come on earth to dwell,

No sweet - ersound than this is heard—Em-man-u-el! Em-man-u-el!

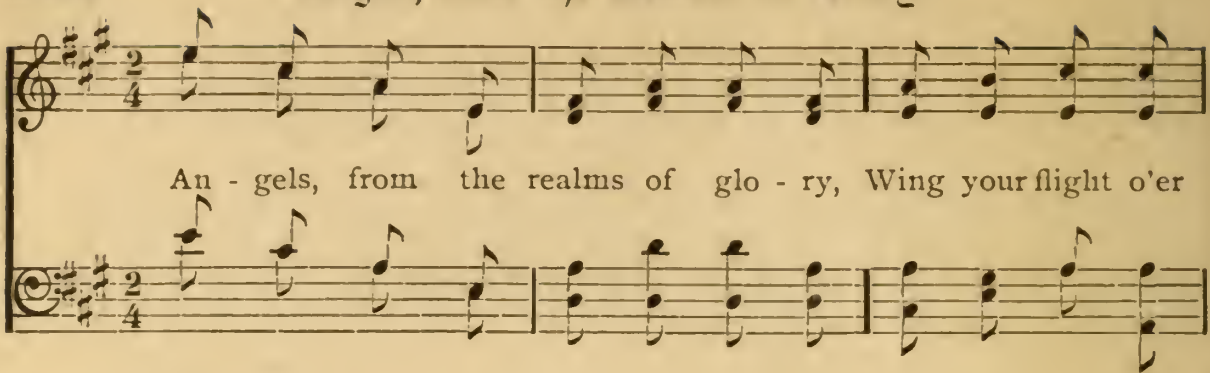
Low at the cradle Throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy was sweet before.
Rejoice, rejoice! etc.

For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger shrine,
When, folded in Thy mother's arms,
We see Thee, Babe divine.
Rejoice, rejoice! etc.

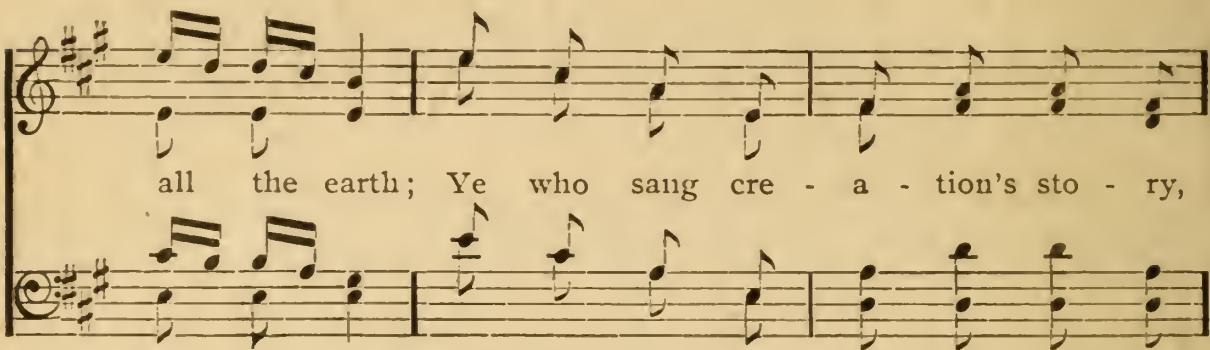
Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, Holy Child;
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
Rejoice, rejoice! etc.

224

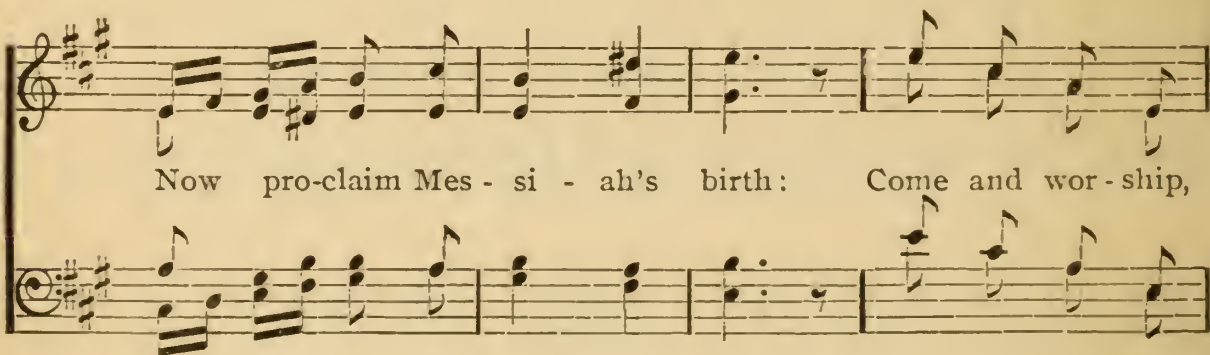
Angels, from the Realms of Glory.



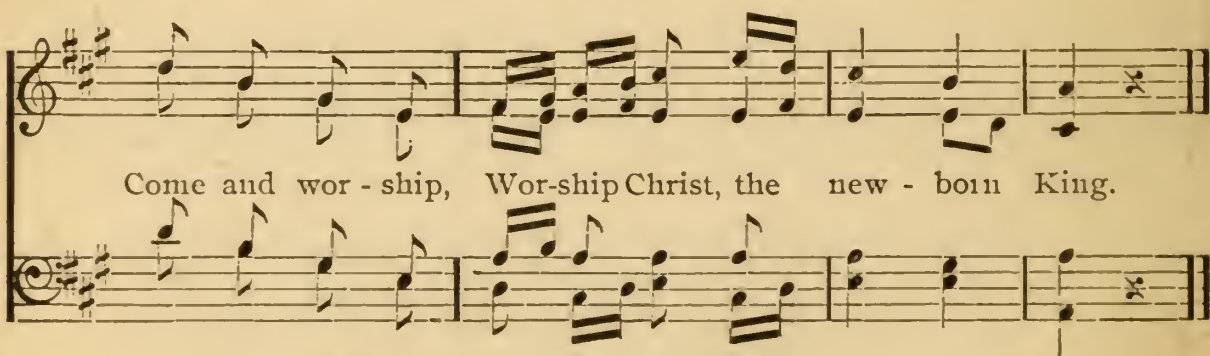
An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er



all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry,



Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth: Come and wor - ship,



Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship, etc.

Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship, etc.

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship, etc.

225

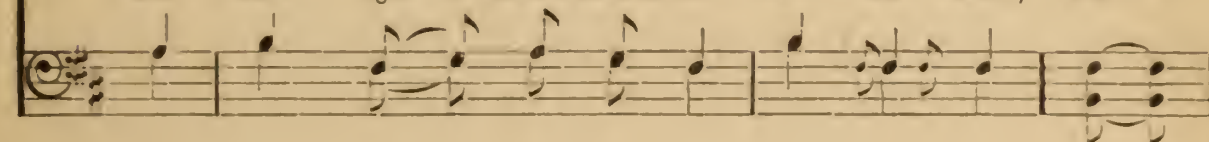
Like Silver Lamps in a Distant Shrine.



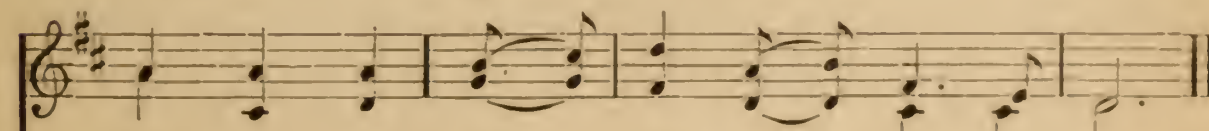
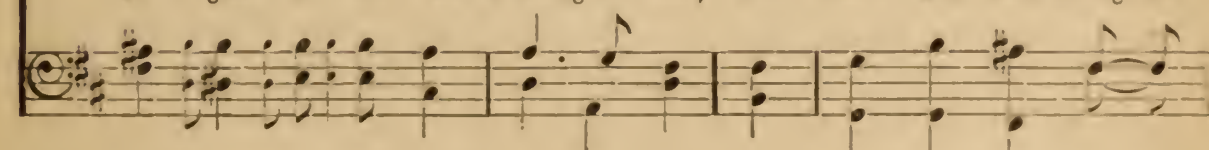
Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - tant shrine The stars are spark - ling bright;
And nev - er fell mel - o - dies half so sweet As those which are fill - ing the skies,
For now a new pow'r has come on the earth, A match for the ar - mies of hell:
The stars of heav'n still shine as at first They gleam'd on this won - der - ful night;
Faith sees no lon - ger the sta - ble floor, The pave - ment of sap - phire is there;



The bells of the cit - y of God ring out, For the
And nev - er a pal - ace shone half so fair As the
A child is . . . born who shall con - quer the foe, And . . .
The bells of the cit - y of God peal out, And the
The clear light of heav'n streams out to the world, And . . .



Son of Ma - ry was born to - night; The gloom is past, and the
man - ger bed where our Sav - iour lies; No night in the year is . . .
all the spir - its of wicked - ness quell, For Ma - ry's son is the
an - gels' song still rings in the height, And love still turns where the
an - gels of God are crowding the air; And heav'n and earth through the



morn at last Is . . . com - ing with O - rient light.
half so dear As . . . this which has ended our sighs.
might - y one Whom the Proph - ets of God fore - tell.
God - head burns, Hid in flesh from flesh - ly sight.
spot - less Birth Are at peace on this night so fair.



226

Carol, Brothers, Carol.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Car - ol, brothers, car - ol, Car-ol joyful - ly, Carol the good tidings,

CHORUS. *f* Animated.


Car-ol mer-ri-ly. Car-ol, broth-ers, car - ol, Car-ol joy - ful - ly,

Car-ol, the good tidings, Car-ol mer-rily; And pray a gladsome Christmas

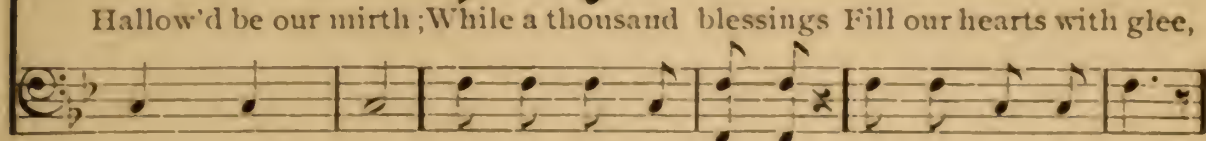
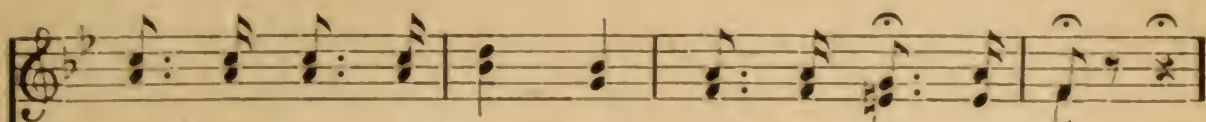
For all good Christian men ; Car-ol, brothers, car-ol, Christmas day a-gain.

SEMI-CHORUS.

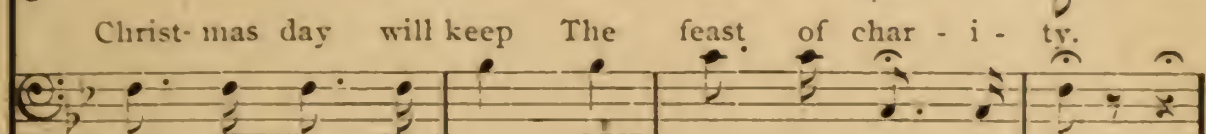
Car-ol, but in glad - ness, Not in songs of earth, On the Saviour's birth-day




Hallow'd be our mirth ; While a thousand blessings Fill our hearts with glee,

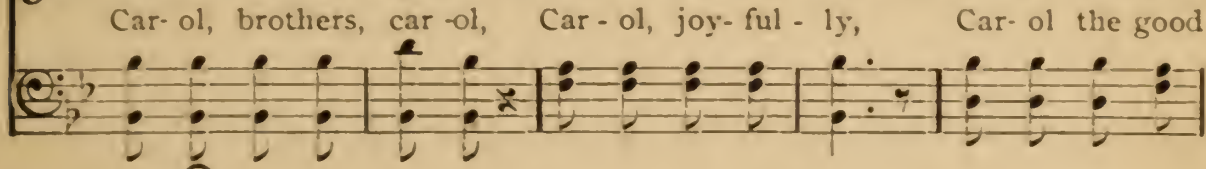
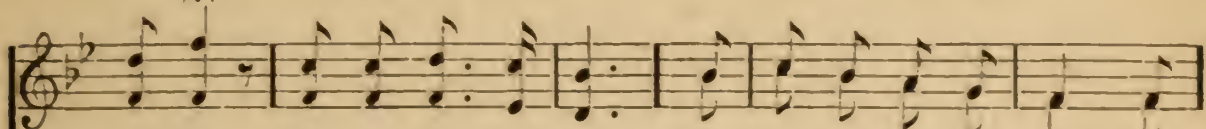
Christ-mas day will keep The feast of char - i - ty.



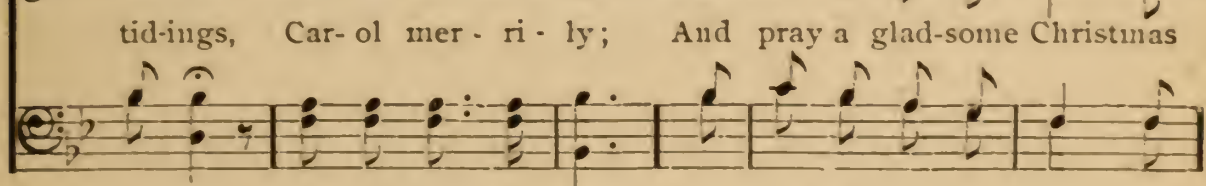

CHORUS.



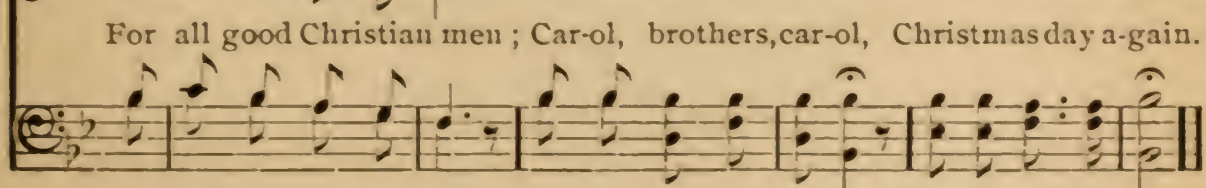
Car-ol, brothers, car-ol, Car-ol, joy-ful - ly, Car-ol the good

tid-ings, Car-ol mer - ri - ly ; And pray a glad-some Christmas

For all good Christian men ; Car-ol, brothers, car-ol, Christmas day a-gain.



At the merry table
Think of those who've none,
The orphan and the widow,
Hungry and alone ;
Bountiful your offerings
To the altar bring,
Let the poor and needy
Christmas carols sing.

List'ning angel music,
Discord sure must cease,
Who dare hate his brother,
On this day of peace?

While the heavens are telling
To mankind good-will,
Only love and kindness
Every bosom fill.

Let our hearts responding
To the seraph band
Wish this morning's sunshine
Bright in every land ;
Word and deed and prayer
Speed the grateful sound,
Telling "merry Christmas"
All the world around.

227

Morning Star, Thy Cheering Light.

Morn - ing Star, Thy cheer-ing light Can dis -

- pel the gloom of night; Light di - vine, come and shine, Come and

shine, Light di - vine, In this dark - - some heart of mine.

Thine effulgence, glorious Light,
Far exceeds the sun so bright;
Jesus, Thou canst bestow,
Jesus, Thou canst bestow
More than thousand suns can do.

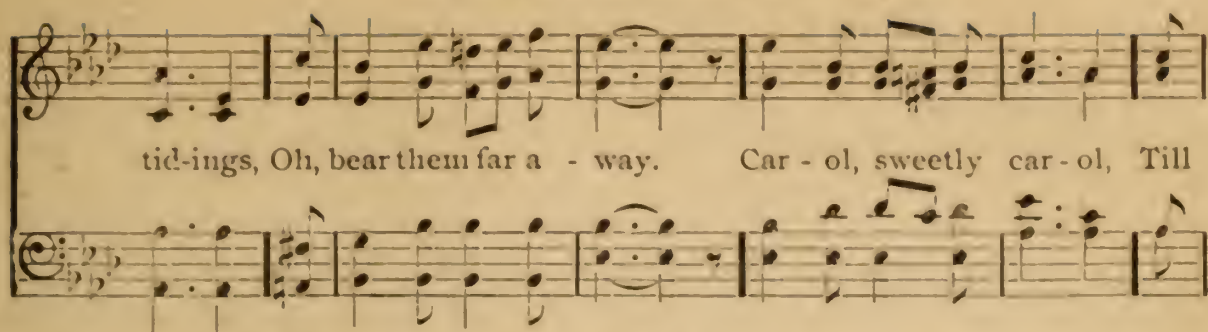
Joyful beam, Thy light we see,
Willingly we follow Thee;
Fairest Star, near and far,
Near and far, Fairest Star,
Christ as God we Thee revere.

Therefore, oh! Thou Light divine,
Come without delay and shine,
Jesus, come make Thy home,
Jesus, come make Thy home
In my heart; Lord Jesus, come.

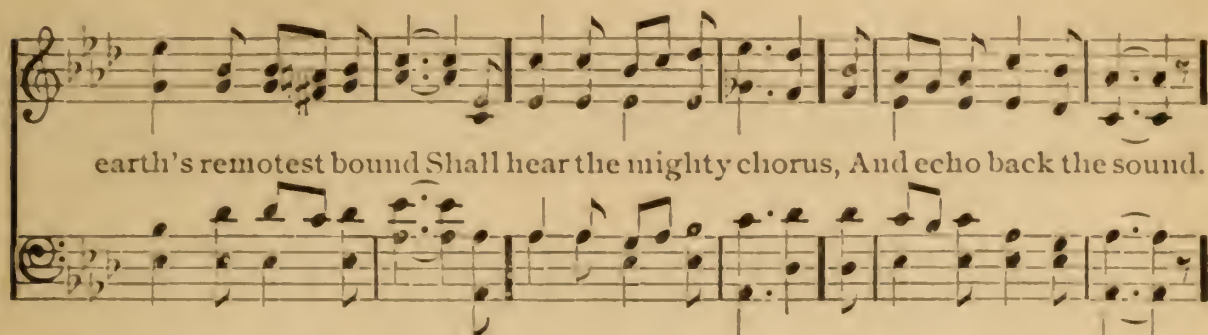
228

Carol, Sweetly Carol.

Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, A Saviour's born to - day; Bear the joy- ful

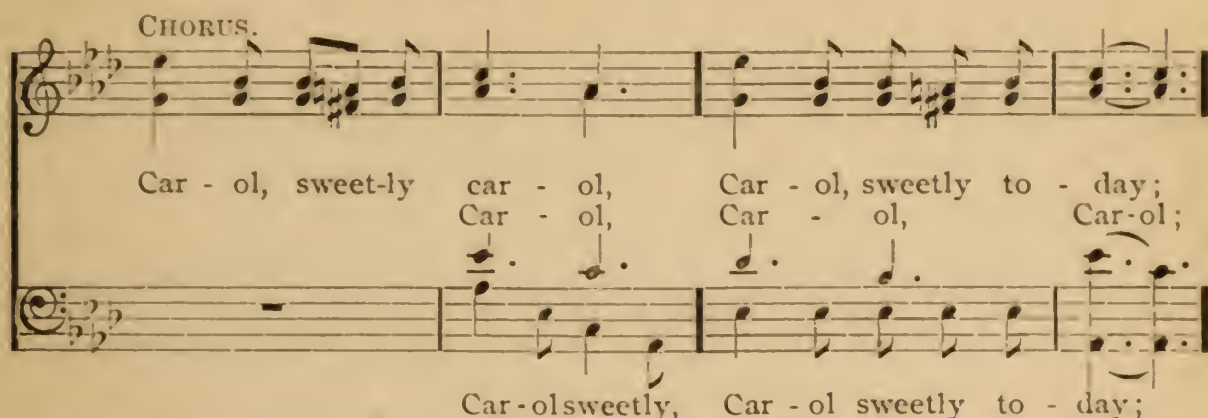


tid-ings, Oh, bear them far a - way. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, Till



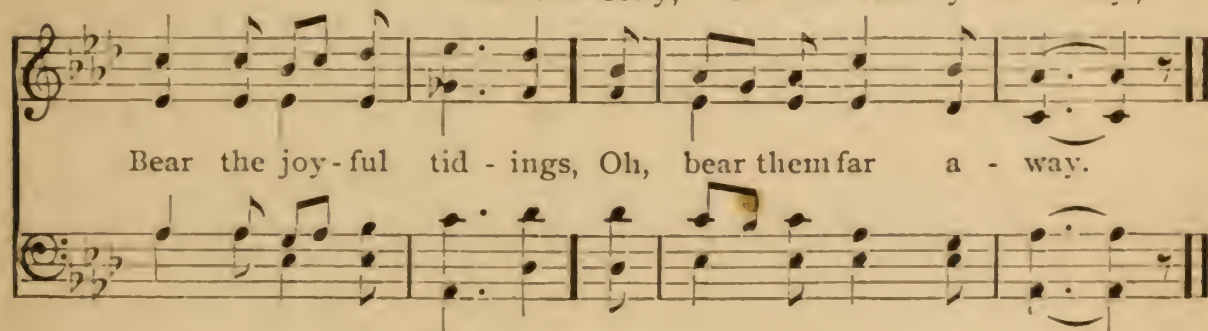
earth's remotest bound Shall hear the mighty chorus, And echo back the sound.

CHORUS.



Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Car - ol, sweetly to - day;
Car - ol, Car - ol, Car - ol, Car-ol;

Car-olsweetly, Car - ol sweetly to - day;



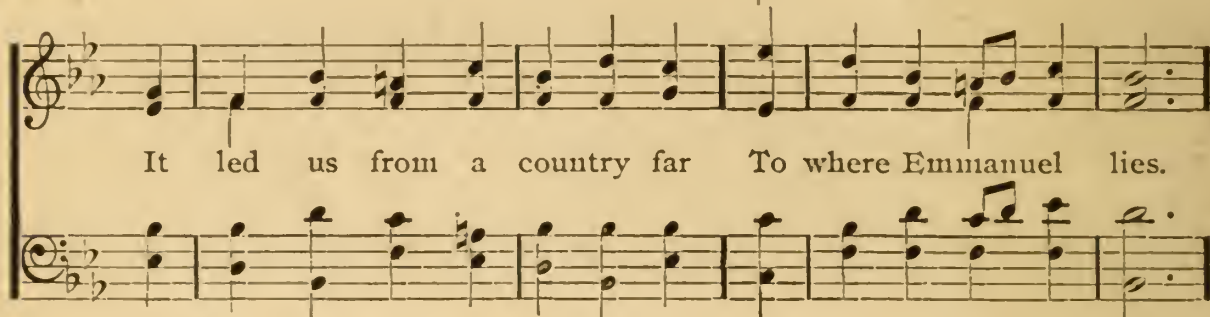
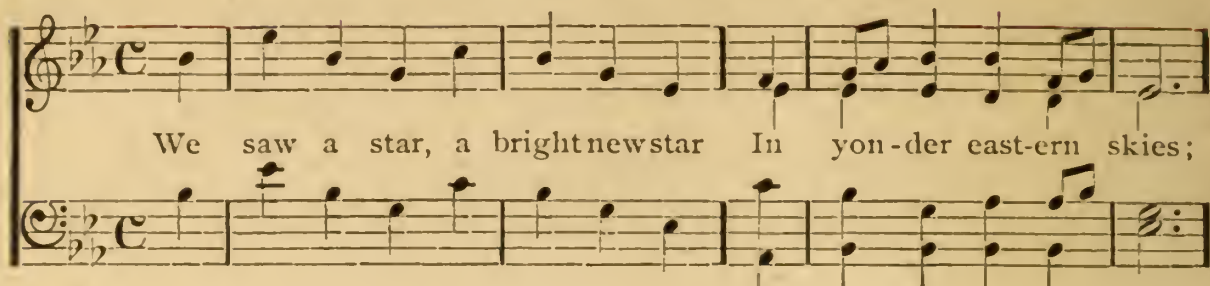
Bear the joy-ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.

Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the angel throng
O'er the vales of Judah,
Awoke the heavenly song.
Carol, sweetly carol,
Good-will, with peace and love,
Glory in the highest,
To God who reigns above.—CHORUS.

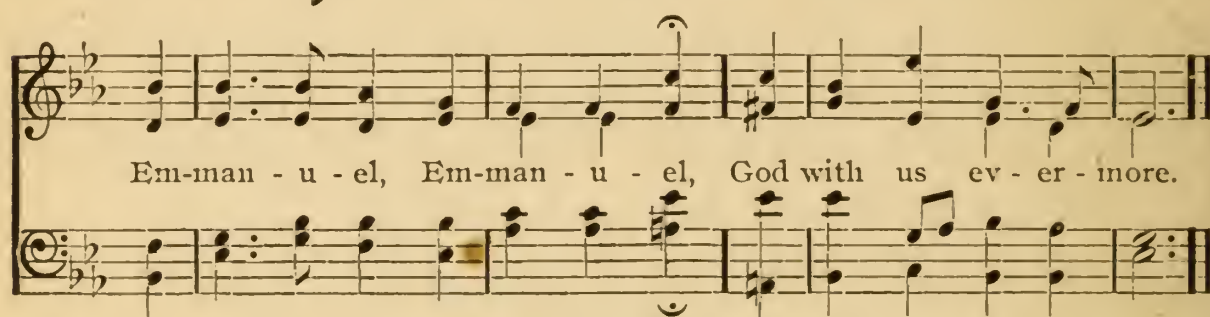
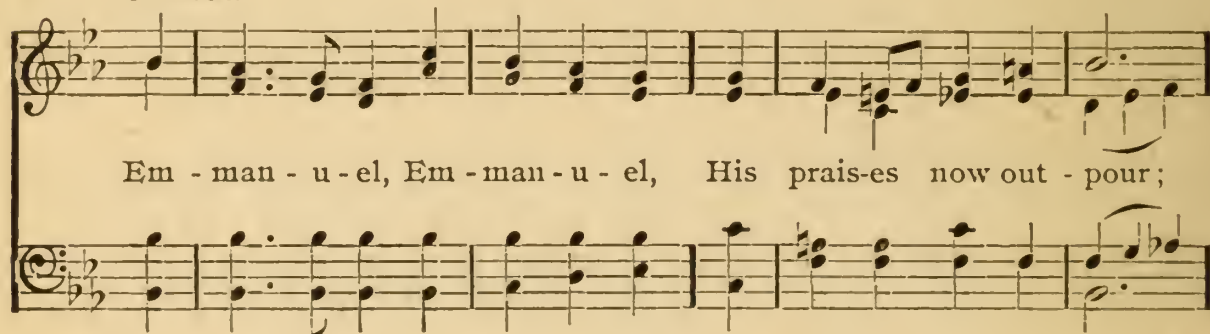
Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas time;
Hark! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime;
Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
Sing in loudest numbers,
Oh, sing redeeming love.—CHORUS.

229

We Saw a Star, a Bright New Star.



CHORUS.

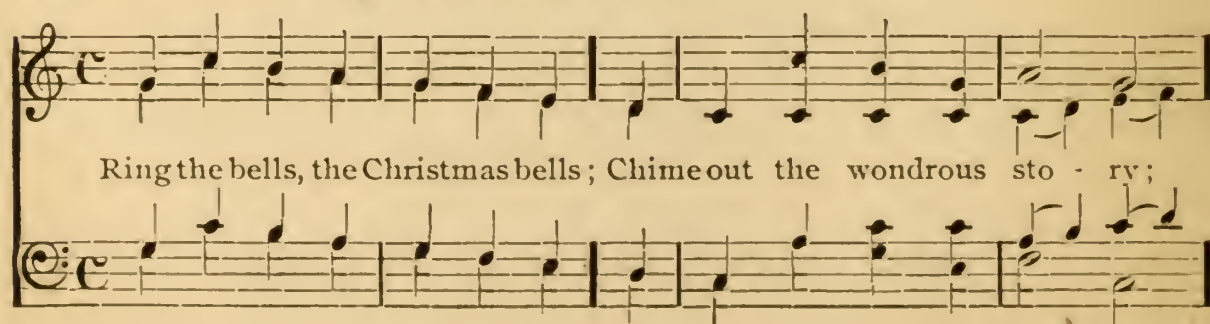


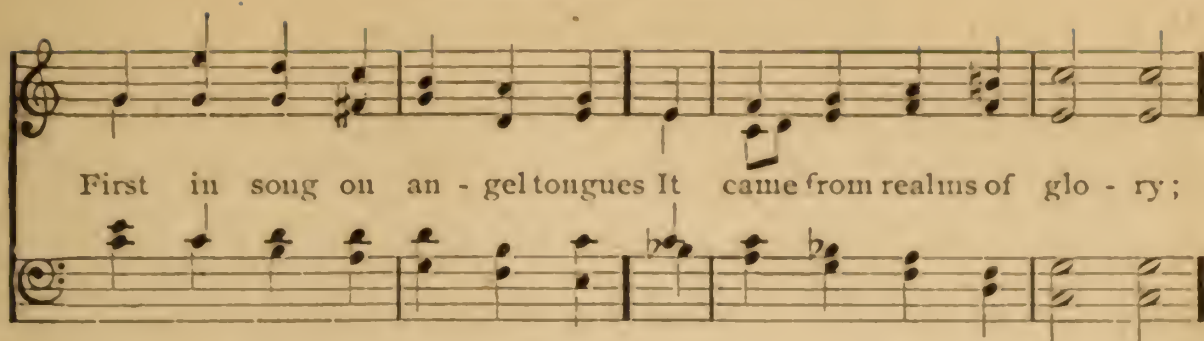
We heard a song, an angel song,
Float sweetly o'er the plain:
The Prince of Peace, expected long,
To-night begins His reign.—CHO.

O Prince of Peace, O Prince of Peace,
The law of love is Thine;
O Prince of Peace, O Prince of Peace,
Reign in this heart of mine.—CHO.

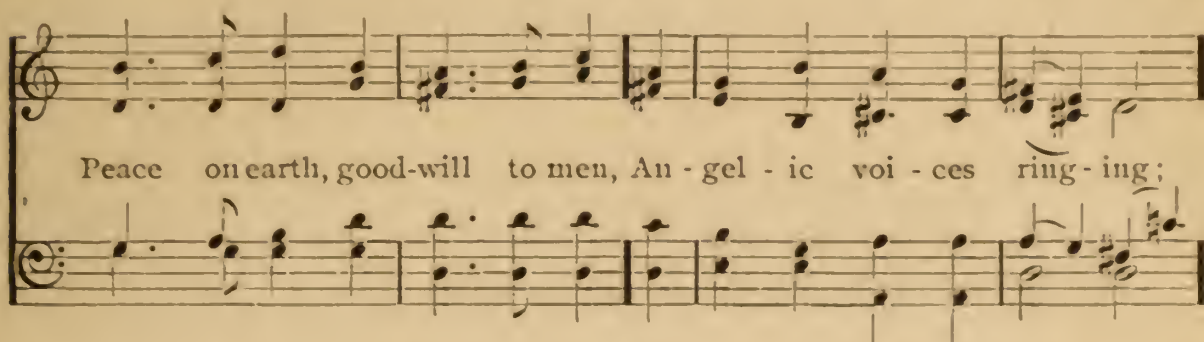
230

Ring the Bells, the Christmas Bells.

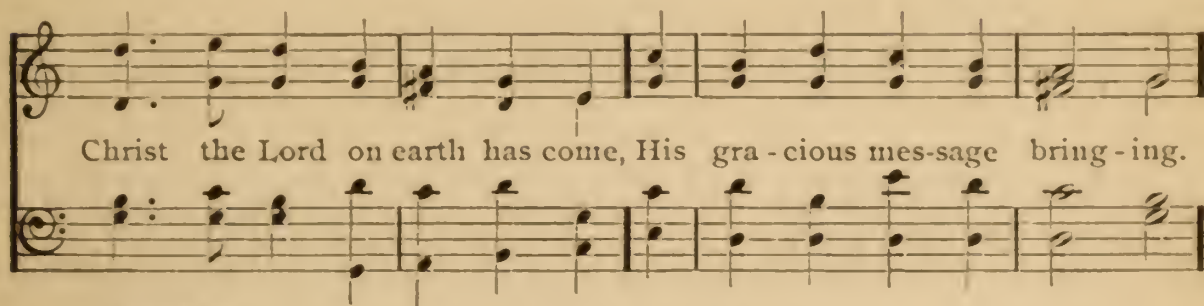




First in song on an - gel tongues It came from realms of glo - ry;

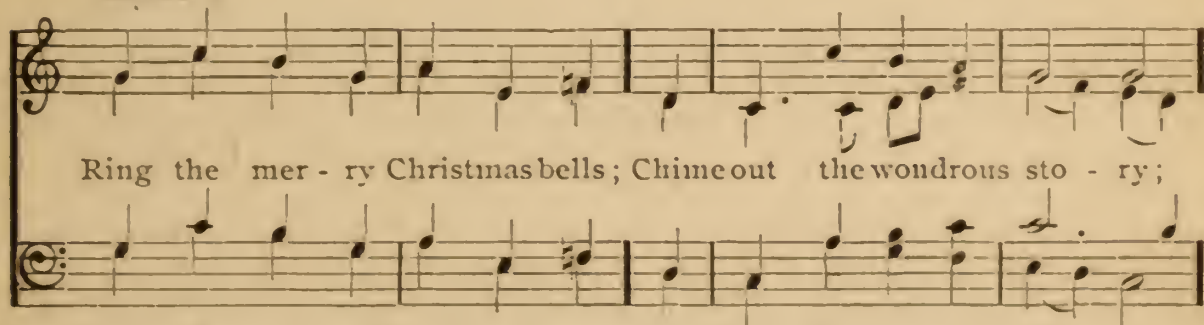


Peace on earth, good-will to men, An - gel - ic voi - ces ring - ing;

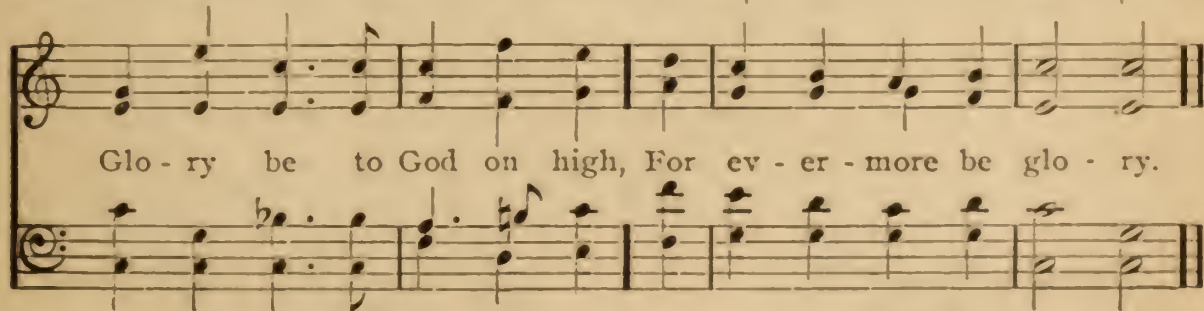


Christ the Lord on earth has come, His gra - cious mes - sage bring - ing.

REFRAIN.



Ring the mer - ry Christmas bells; Chime out the wondrous sto - ry;



Glo - ry be to God on high, For ev - er - more be glo - ry.

Wise men hastened from the East
To bring their richest treasure—
Gold, and myrrh, and frankincense,
And jewels without measure.
Him they sought; although a King,
They found His birthplace lowly,
There within a manger lay
The Babe so pure and holy.

Ring the merry Christmas bells, etc.

P

Earthly crowns were not for Him,
He came God's love revealing;
On the Cross He died for us,
His Blood forgiveness sealing.
'Tis the Saviour, promised long,
Ring out your loudest praises;
Every heart this happy day
Its grateful anthem raises.

Ring the merry Christmas bells, etc.

231

See, Amid the Winter's Snow.

See, a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low,

See, the ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Promised from e - ter - nal years.

Hail! Thou ev - er bless - ed Morn, Hail! Redemption's hap - py dawn.

Sing, thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

Lo! within a manger lies
He Who built the starry skies;
He Who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim.
Hail! Thou ever blessèd, etc.

Sacred Infant, All Divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this.
Hail! Thou ever blessèd, etc.

Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.
Hail! Thou ever blessèd, etc.

*Completed for
The 11th*

EASTER CAROLS.

232

Ye Happy Bells of Easter Day.

Ye hap - py bells of Eas - ter Day! Ring, ring your joy Thro'

Soft Organ.
earth and sky, Ye ring a glo - rious word.

The notes that swell in gladness tell The ris - ing of the Lord!

Organ.
The ris - ing of the Lord!

Ye carol-bells of Easter Day!
The teeming earth,
That saw His birth
When lying 'neath the sword,
Upspringeth now in joy, to show
The rising of the Lord!

Ye glory-bells of Easter Day!
The hills that rise
Against the skies,
Re-echo with the word—
The victor-breath that conquers death—
The rising of the Lord!

Ye passion-bells of Easter Day!
The bitter cup
He lifted up,

Salvation to afford—
Ye saintly bells! your passion tells
The rising of the Lord!

Ye mercy-bells of Easter Day!
His tender side
Was riven wide,
Where floods of mercy poured:
Redeemèd clay doth sing to-day
The rising of the Lord!

Ye victor-bells of Easter Day!
The thorny crown
He layeth down:
Ring! ring! with strong accord—
The mighty strain of love and pain,
The rising of the Lord!

233

Jesus Lives! No longer Now.

Je-sus lives! no longer now Can thy terrors, death ap - pal us; Je - sus

lives! by this we know Thou, O Grave, can'st not enthral us. Al-le - lu - ia!

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
Alleluia!

Continued for the 18th

234

Christ is Risen! Christ is Risen!

Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain!

Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Earth and Heav'n pro-long the strain!

SEMI-CHORUS.

He who suffered pain and loss, In His love to us,

Dy - ing on the bit - ter Cross, Lives vic - to - ri - - ous!

FULL-CHORUS.

Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain!

Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Earth and Heav'n pro-long the strain!

Lo, the chains of death are broken!
 Earth below, and Heaven above,
 Joy anew in every token
 Of Thy triumph, Lord of love!
 He o'er earth and heaven shall reign
 At His Father's side,
 Till He cometh once again,
 Bridegroom, to His Bride.
 Christ is risen! etc.

Angel legions, downward thronging,
 Hail the Lord of earth and skies!
 Ye who watched with holy longing
 Till your Sun again should rise:—
 He is risen! Earth, rejoice!
 Sing, ye starry train!
 All things living, find a voice!
 Jesus lives again!
 Christ is risen! etc.

235

Angels, Roll the Rock Away!

An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up the might - y Prey!

The musical notation is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the accompaniment is primarily chords.

See, the Sa - viour quits the tomb, Glowing with im - mor - tal bloom.

The musical notation continues in the same 3/4 time and B-flat major key. The melody and accompaniment follow the same pattern as the first system.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is risen to - day.

The musical notation continues in the same 3/4 time and B-flat major key. The melody and accompaniment follow the same pattern as the previous systems.

Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise:
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

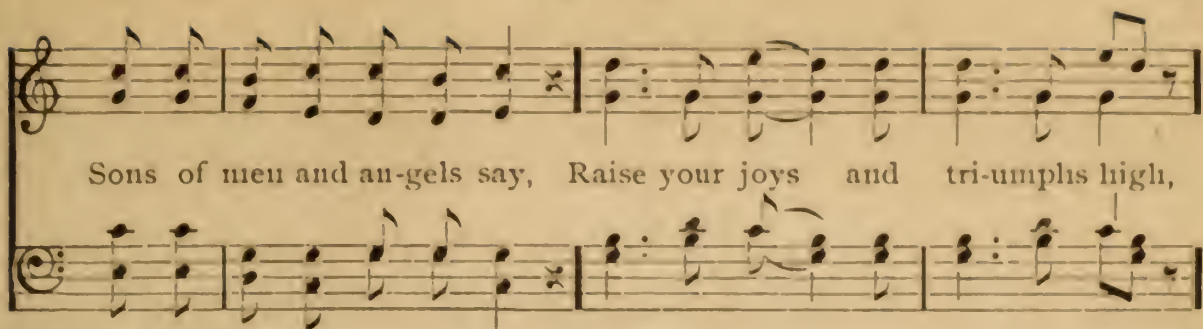
Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

236

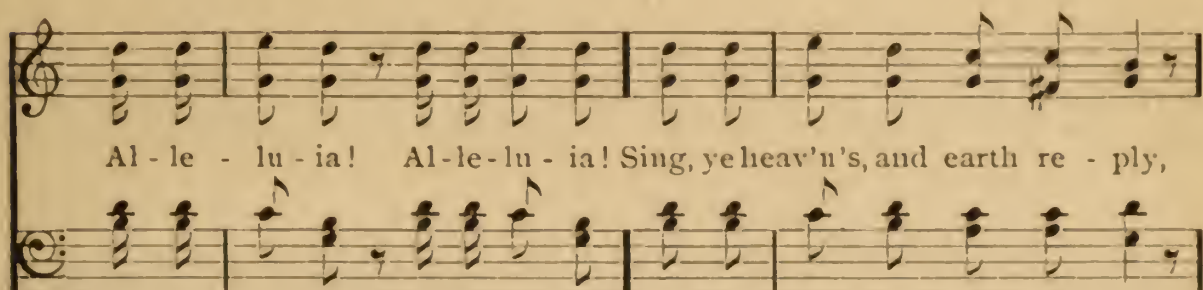
Christ the Lord is Risen To-Day.

Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia!

The musical notation is in common time (C), key of C major. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.



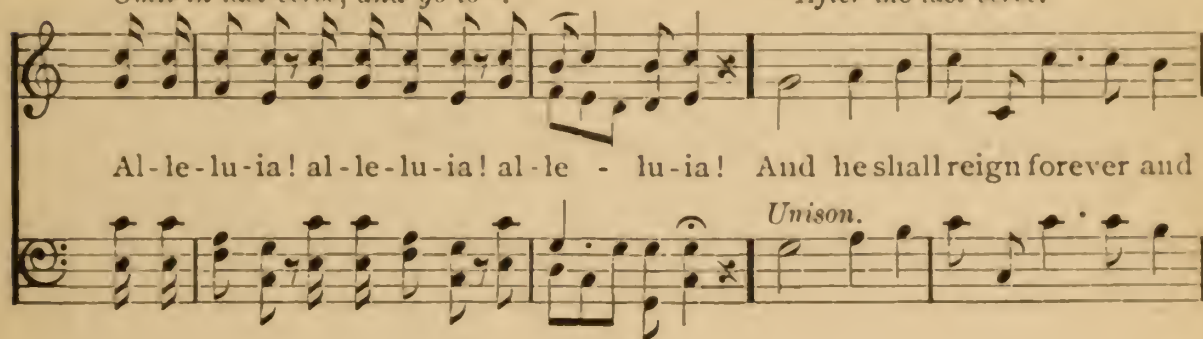
Sons of men and an-gels say, Raise your joys and tri-umphs high,



Al - le - lu - ia! Al-le-lu - ia! Sing, ye heav'n's, and earth re - ply,

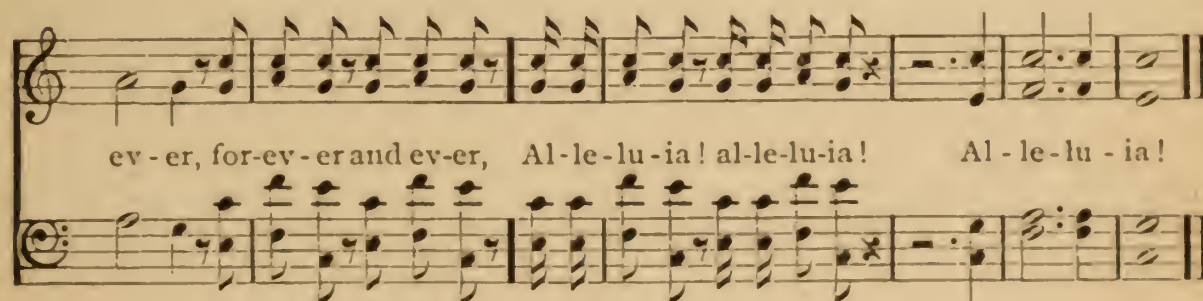
Omit in last verse, and go to.*

** After the last verse.*



Al-le-lu-ia! al-le-lu-ia! al-le - lu-ia! And he shall reign forever and

Unison.



ev - er, for-ev - er and ev - er, Al-le-lu-ia! al-le-lu-ia! Al - le-lu - ia!

Love's redeeming work is done,
Alleluia! alleluia!
Fought the fight, the victory won;
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Alleluia! alleluia!
Darkness veils the earth no more.
Alleluia! alleluia! etc.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ hath opened paradise.
Alleluia! alleluia! etc.

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Alleluia, alleluia!
Following our exalted head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Alleluia, alleluia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Alleluia! alleluia! etc.

237

Christ the Lord is Risen To-Day.

Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Sons of men and an - gels say: Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'ns; and earth, re - ply. Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Love's redeeming work is done,
Alleluia!
Fought the fight, the victory won!
Alleluia!
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Alleluia!
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
Alleluia!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Alleluia!
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Alleluia!
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Alleluia!
Christ hath opened Paradise.
Alleluia!

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Alleluia!
Following our exalted Head,
Alleluia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Alleluia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Alleluia!

238

Jesus Risen! Shout the Tidings.

Je - sus ris - en! shout the tid - ings, Send it o'er the earth a - broad;

Let no hu - man be - ing wan - der In the dark without this word.

Tell it in the vale of weep - ing; Tell it on the mountain top;

Tell it loud - ly, tell it glad - ly,—Tell it always,—never stop.

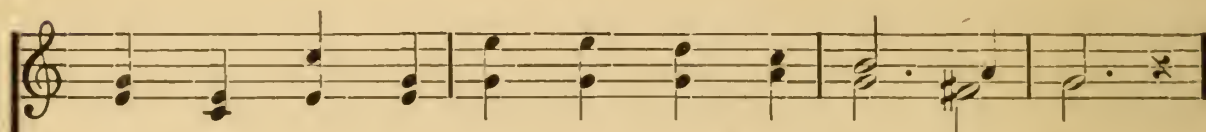
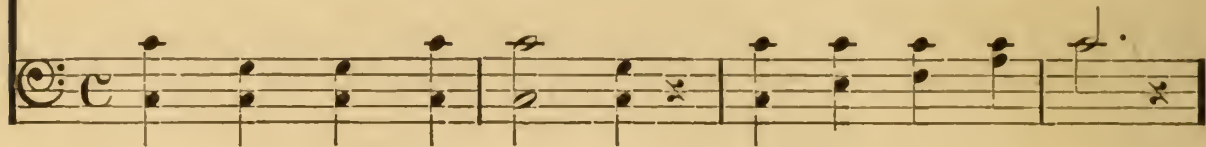
Tell it to the lone and blighted,
 Broken hearts now steeped in woe,
 That for them the Lord is risen,
 And has triumphed o'er their foe.
 And that risen He shall raise them,
 Wash and cleanse their souls from sin;
 Make them meet for heaven's glory,
 Ope the door and take them in.

Hope for all earth's hopeless children,
 Balm for all whose hearts have bled,
 Cluster in the blessèd, saying:
 Christ is risen from the dead.
 Alleluia! Jesus risen,
 O my soul, this Christ adore;
 Count no sacrifice too heavy;
 Praise Him, praise Him evermore!

Welcome, Happy Morning!



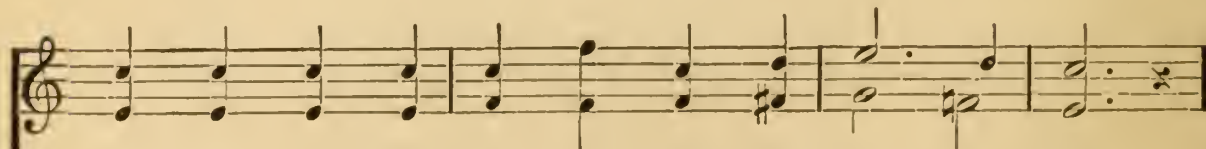
Wel - come, hap - py morn - ing! age to age shall say:



Hell to - day is vanquish'd, heav'n is won to - day!



Lo, the Dead is liv - ing, God for ev - er - more!



Him, their true Cre - a - tor, all His works a - dore.



Voices in unison.

Wel-come, hap - py morn - ing! age to age shall say:

Hell to - day is vanquish'd, heav'n is won to - - day!

Voices in harmony.

Lo, the Dead is liv - - ing, God for ev - er - more!

Him, their true Cre - a - tor, all His works a - dore.

Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
 All good gifts returned with her returning King.
 Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
 Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
 Welcome, happy morning! etc.

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
 Thou from Heaven beholding human nature's fall,
 Of the Father's Godhead, True and only Son,
 Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
 Welcome, happy morning! etc.

240

Ring the Joy Bells!

8787D.

Ring the joy bells! Christ has ris - en! He who died in hu-man pain,

From the bondage of His pris - on Breaks, to glad - den earth a - gain.

Ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells, Je - sus comes on earth to reign!

Ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells, Je-sus comes on earth to reign!

Ring the joy bells of the Sabbath,
 Blessèd day when He arose,
 As the conqueror, in triumph,
 Death and sin His vanquished foes.
 Ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells,
 Till the day of life shall close!

Ring the joy bells, loud and gleeful,
 Sound aloud their notes of peace,
 Fill the world with their vibrations,
 Till the strife of earth shall cease.
 Ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells,
 Let their notes be notes of peace!

Ring the joy bells, here together,
 Children of the Sunday-school,
 He who died from sin to save us,
 In our hearts and lives shall rule.
 Ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells,
 Children of the Sunday-school!

Ring the joy bells, saints in glory;
 Listen to the glad refrain,
 Ringing forth the olden story,
 How the Christ is born again.
 Ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells,
 Jesus in our hearts shall reign!

241

See the Seal is Rudely Broken!

See the seal is rude-ly bro-ken! Lo! the stone is rolled a-way!

Kept is ev-'ry sign and to-ken; "He is ris-en!" an-gels say.

CHORUS.

"He is ris-en!" "He is ris-en!" See the place where Je-sus lay!

See the place where Jesus lay!

An-gels her-ald the glad tidings: Christ, the Lord, a-rose to-day!

Lo! the tomb is standing open,
And the Marys weeping near,
Angel tones within are spoken:
"He is risen, do not fear!"
"He is risen!" etc.

Hark! the joyful tidings ringeth,
Christ hath triumphed over the grave!
Joy to all His followers bringeth,
Christ hath risen!—lives to save!
"He is risen!" etc.

242

He is Risen, He is Risen!

He is ris - en, He is ris - en! Tell it out with joy - ful voice:

He has burst His three days' pris-on, Let the whole wide earth re-joice:

Death is con-quer'd, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry.

He is risen, He is risen!
 He hath opened heaven's gate;
 We are free from sin's dark prison,
 Risen to a holier state.
 Soon a brighter Easter beam
 On our longing eyes shall stream.

Triune God, let all adore Thee,
 Saints on earth and saints in heaven;
 Every creature bow before Thee,
 Who hast all their being given;
 Who by grace dost us restore:
 Praise to Thee for evermore!

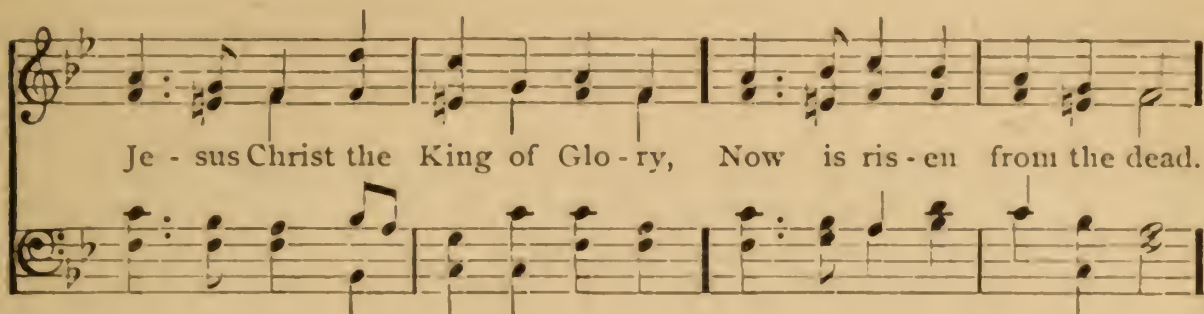
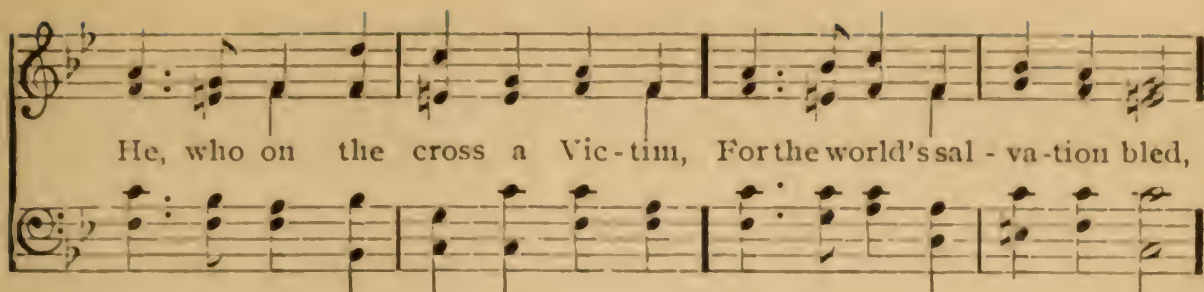
243

Alleluia! Alleluia!

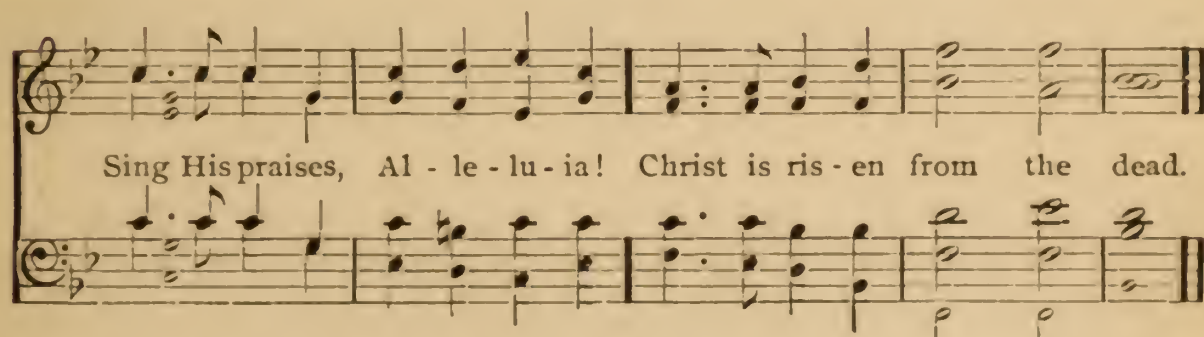
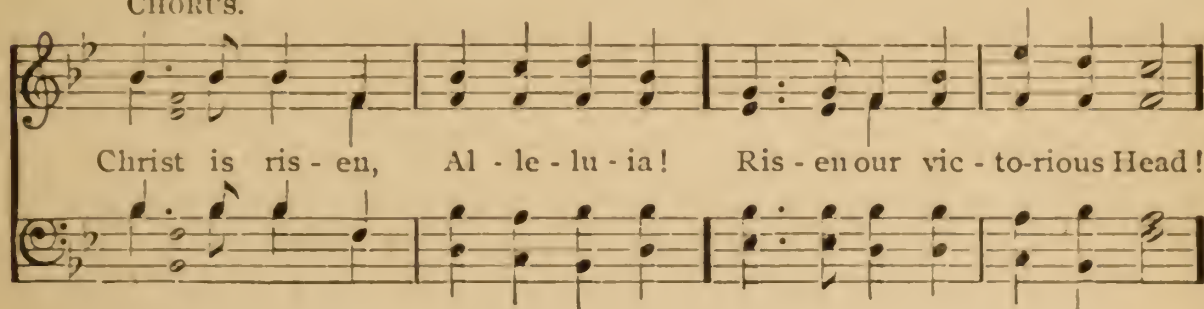
*P. S. Write
 the Sec. Imp. 7th. 2nd.*

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n, and voi-ces raise;

Sing to God a hymn of gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise,



CHORUS.



Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.—CHO.

Christ is risen, we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face;
That we, with our hearts in heaven
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.—CHO.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty.—CHO.

244

Hark, the Glad Sound Has Gone Forth.

Hark, the sound of the fight has gone forth, And we must not

tar - ry at home; For our Lord from His tomb has gone forth,

Organ.

And com-mand-ed His sol - diers to come, Has com-mand - ed His

Organ.

sol - diers to come. We must on with our banner un - furl'd: We must

on: 'tis Je - sus who leads: We must hasten to conquer the world,

CHORUS.

With the con - quer-ing Lamb who bleeds. Hark, the sound of the

fight has gone forth, And we must not tar - ry at home;

For our Lord from His tomb has gone forth, And com-mand-ed His

sol - diers to come, Has com-mand - ed His sol - diers to come.

We must stand to our colors like men :
 Our Lord is a leader to love :
 For the wounded He heals ! and the slain
 He crowns in His city above.
 We must march to the battle with speed :
 Upon earth our one duty is strife :
 O how blest are the soldiers who bleed
 For the Saviour who died to give life.
 Hark, the sound of the fight, etc.

There is Jesus in heaven above,
 There is Jesus on earth below ;
 And His the one standard we love,
 And His the one watchword we know.
 Let us sing the new song of the Lamb :
 O sing of His triumph o'er the grave,
 Let us sing of that beautiful blood
 Which was shed to redeem and to save.
 Hark, the sound of the fight, etc.

245

Hark! Bright Angels Sweetly Sing.

Hark! bright an - gels sweet - ly sing In the glo - rious
East - er sky, How from death the Lord our King Rose hence -
- forth no more to die, Rose henceforth no more to die.

Vainly soldiers tried to hold
Holy Jesus in the grave,
Sealed the stone, as they were told,
At the entrance to the cave.

For on this day, Jesus said,
He would rise in triumph high;
Rise all glorious from the dead,
Clothed with light and majesty.

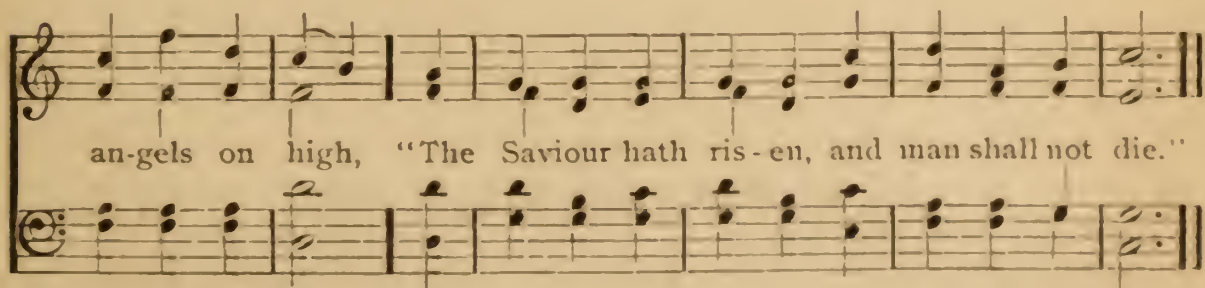
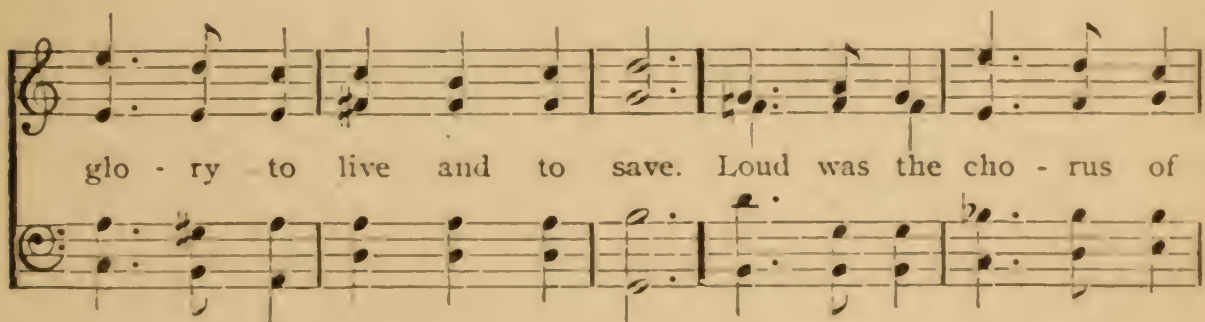
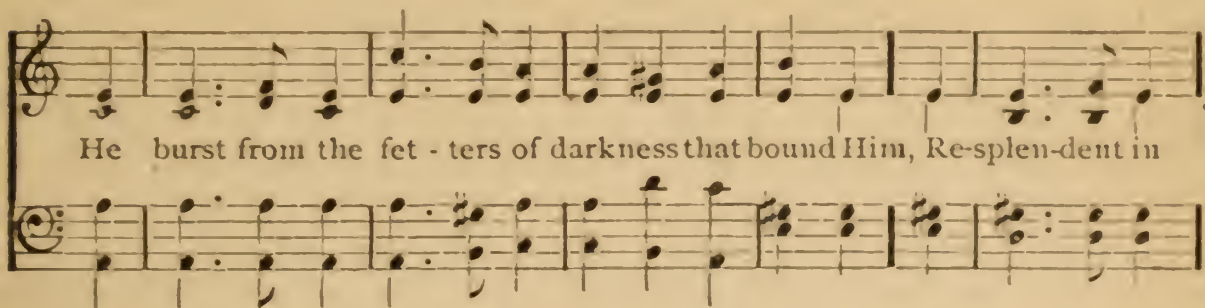
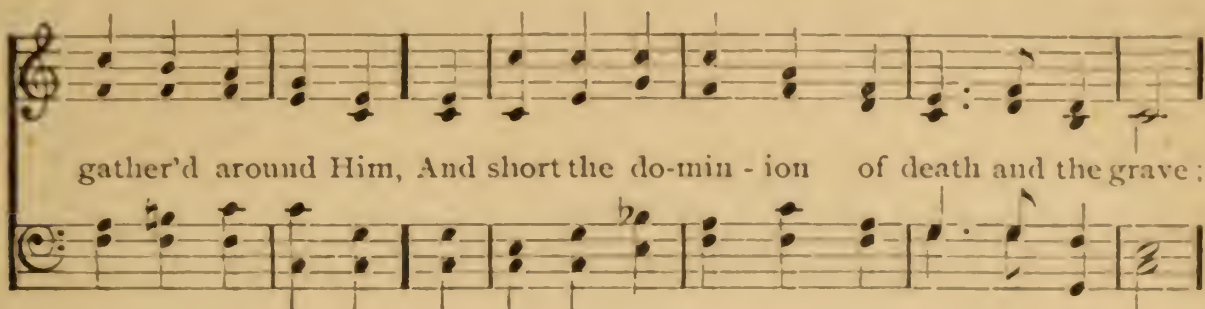
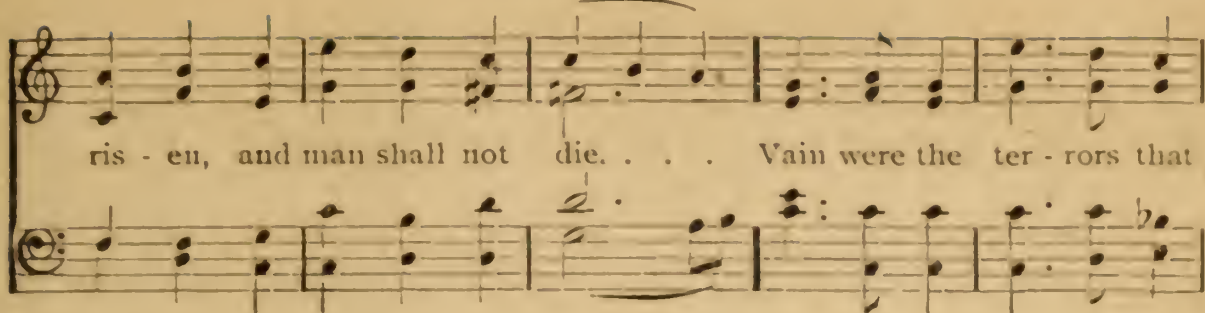
We must die as Jesus died,
But we hope with Him to rise,—
And in bodies glorified
Reign with Him beyond the skies.

Alleluia! evermore,
Alleluia! angels sing
Alleluia! we adore
Thee, O Christ, our God, and King!

246

Lift Your Glad Voices in Triumph on High.

Lift your glad voi - ces in tri-umph on high, For Je - sus hath



Glory to God, in full anthems of joy !
 The being He gave us, death cannot destroy ;
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
 If tears were our birthright, and death were our end ;
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

247

Daughter of Zion, Greatly Rejoice!

Daugh - ter of Zi - on, great - ly rejoice! Shout a-loud, Je-
See, the conquering he - - - ro comes! Sound the trumpets,

FINE.

- ru - - - sa - lem. Lo! thy King draws nigh to
beat the drums. Sports pre- pare, the lau - - rel

D.C. al Fine.

thee; Yea, He comes, the Prince of Peace.
bring, Songs of tri - umph to Him sing.

248

Let the Merry Church Bells Ring!

Come, all chil-dren, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad - ness! God hath brought His

Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness,—Loosed from Pharaoh's bit - ter yoke

Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters,—Led them with unmoistened feet Through the Red Sea wa - ters.

CHORUS.

Let the mer - ry Church bells ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!

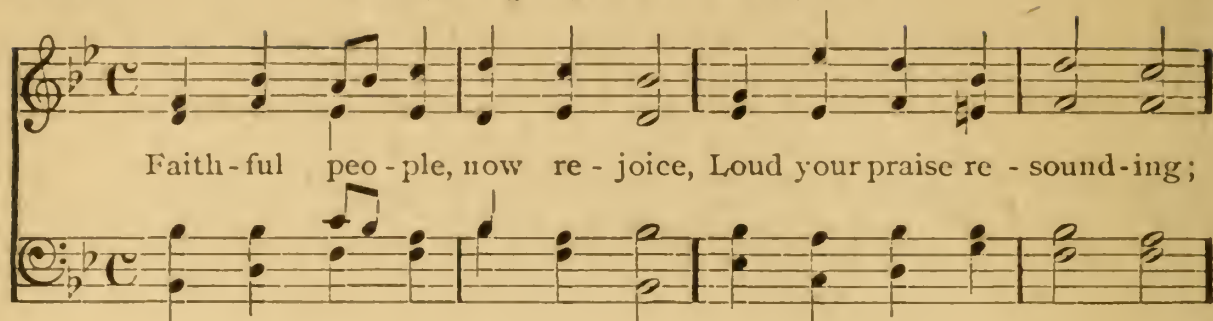
Let the mer - ry Church bells ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!

'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:
 Christ has burst His prison,
 From the frost and gloom of death
 Light and life have risen.
 All the winter of our sins,
 Long and dark, is flying
 From His Face to whom we give
 Thanks and praise undying.—CHO.

Now the Queen of seasons, bright
 With the day of splendor,
 With the royal feast of feasts,
 Comes its joy to render;
 Comes to glad Jerusalem,
 Who with true affection
 Welcome in unwearied strains
 Jesus' Resurrection!—CHO.

249

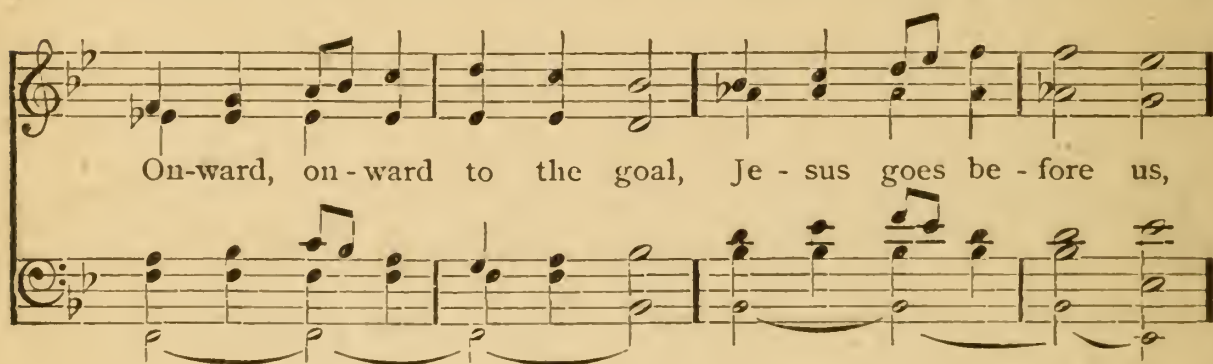
Faithful People, Now Rejoice.



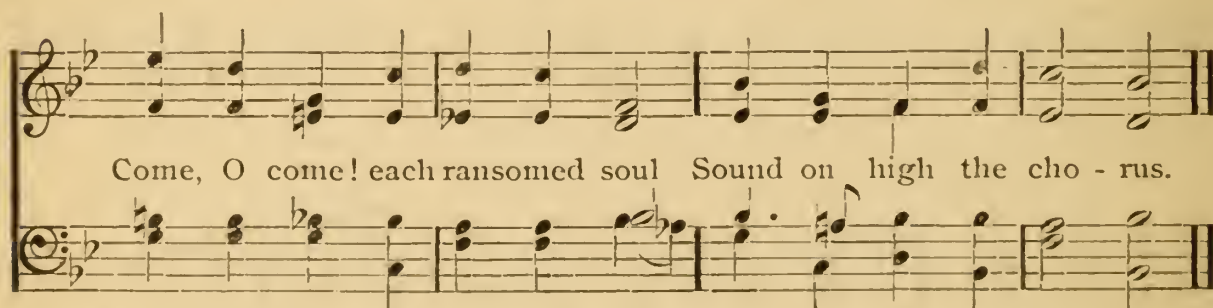
Faith - ful peo - ple, now re - joice, Loud your praise re - sound - ing;



Come with thankful heart and voice, Fer - vent zeal a - bound - ing.



On - ward, on - ward to the goal, Je - sus goes be - fore us,



Come, O come! each ransomed soul Sound on high the cho - rus.

Though around on every hand
Satan's hosts assail us,
We've a captain in command
Who will never fail us:
Fierce may rage the battle strife,
Nothing shall alarm us;
Pressing to eternal life,
Not a shaft shall harm us.

As we raise our martial song,
Courage ne'er abating,
Angel bands, a holy throng,
On our steps are waiting.
Soon the journey will be o'er,
Passed each dark affliction;
Let us think how Jesus bore
Scourge and crucifixion.

See the heavenly mansions bright
Faithful hope adorning:
Far behind us looms the night,
But before the morning:—
Onward, onward to the goal,
Jesus goes before us,
Come, O come! each ransomed soul
Sound on high the chorus.

250

Christ is Risen! Lift the Song.

Christ is ris - en! Lift the song Of our East - er glad - ness;

With the bright tri - umph - ant throng Cast a - way all sad - ness.

Spring-tide flow - ers tell us how We must leave the sigh-ing,

Ritard.
As we pass the sor - row now Of our earthly dy - ing.

Lo, th' Apostles met in fear,
Their great sorrow bearing
Till the Master came to hear
They His grief were sharing—
And through doors fast closed, once dead,
He appeared, Who ever,
Loved them to the end, He said,
And would leave them never.

Lo, in all our sorrow here,
Often deep repining,
Through all doubt and darksome fear
Easter Sun is shining—
Wherefore now on things above
Set we our affection—
Know the power of Jesus' Love
By His Resurrection!

Gladsome birds, fresh breezes tell
With the sunny weather
That dear Creed we love so well,
"All things rise together"—
So the angels joyfully
Taught the wondrous story,—
"Christ is risen! To Galilee
Go and preach His Glory"!

251

Now the Bursting Spring Awakes.

DUET.

Now the burst-ing spring a - wakes, Now the flow - ers bloom,

Now the sleep-ing in - sects creep From their win - try tomb.

CHORUS.

Ring the chimes! ring the chimes! East - er day! hap - py day!

Yes, ring the chimes!

Ring the chimes! ring the chimes! Bless - ed East - er day!

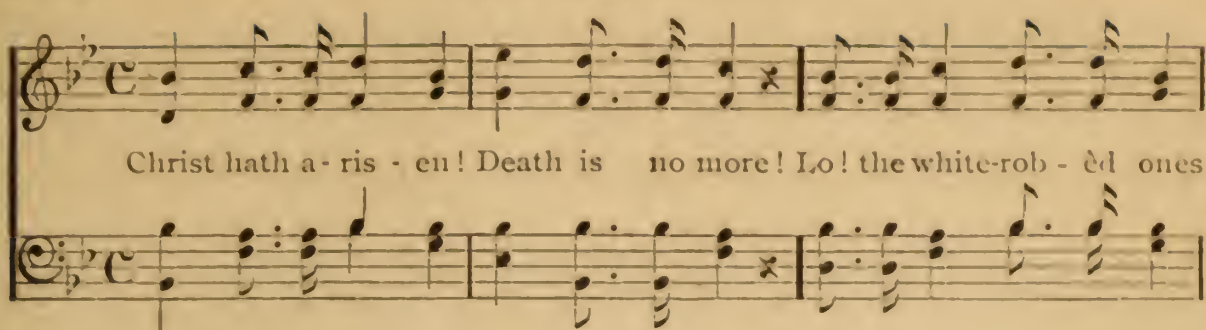
Yes, ring the chimes!

Now the birds are flying home,
Singing as they come;
Now the world is full of joy,
Spring, bright spring has come!

Many little children sleep
In their lowly tombs,
Where the angels keep their watch
Till the Saviour comes.

252

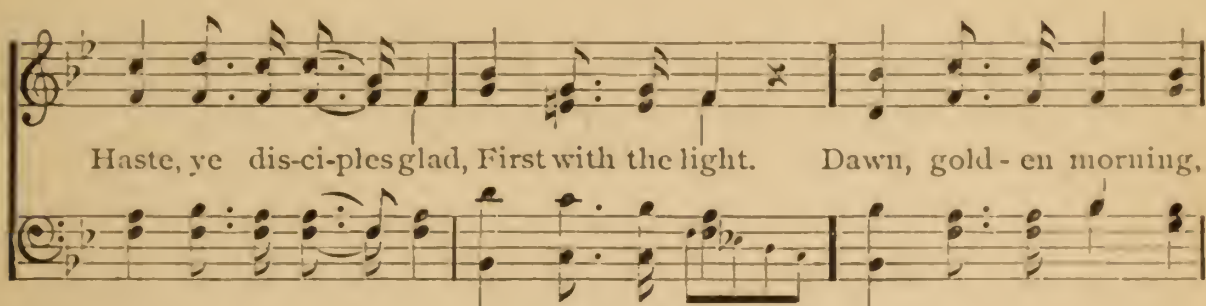
Christ hath Arisen!



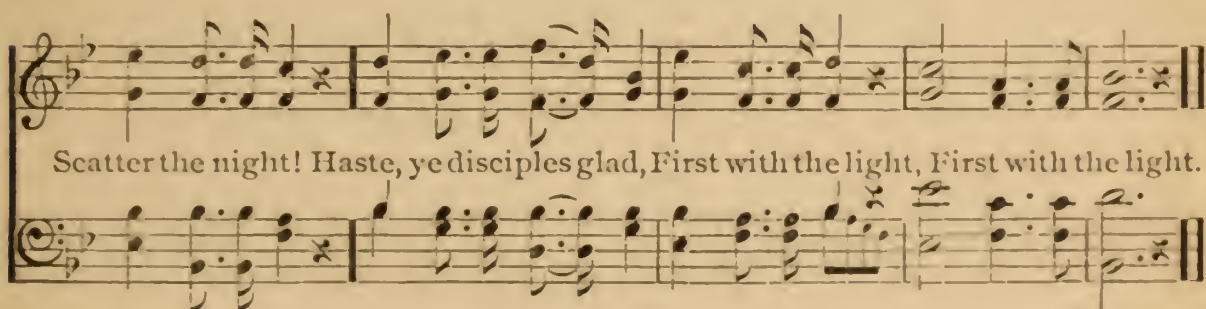
Christ hath a - ris - en! Death is no more! Lo! the white-rob - ed ones



Sit by the door. Dawn, gold - en morning, Scat - ter the night!



Haste, ye dis-ci-ples glad, First with the light. Dawn, gold - en morning,



Scatter the night! Haste, ye disciples glad, First with the light, First with the light.

Break forth in singing,
O world new-born!
Chant the great Eastertide,
Christ's holy morn.
Chant Him, young sunbeams,
Dancing in mirth!
Chant, all ye winds of God,
Coursing the Earth!
Chant Him, etc.

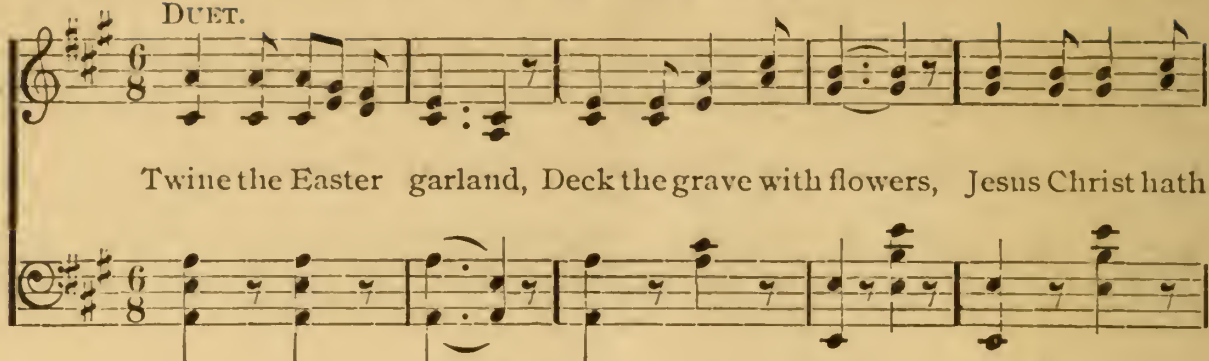
Chant Him, ye laughing flowers,
Fresh from the sod:
Chant Him, wild leaping streams,
Praising your God!
Break from thy winter,
Sad heart, and sing!
But with thy blossoms fair;
Christ is thy Spring.
Break from thy winter, etc.

Come where the Lord hath lain,
Past is the gloom:
See the full eye of day
Smile through the tomb.
Hark! angel voices
Fall from the skies!
Christ hath arisen!
Glad heart, arise!
Hark! angel voices, etc.

253

Twine the Easter Garland.

DUET.

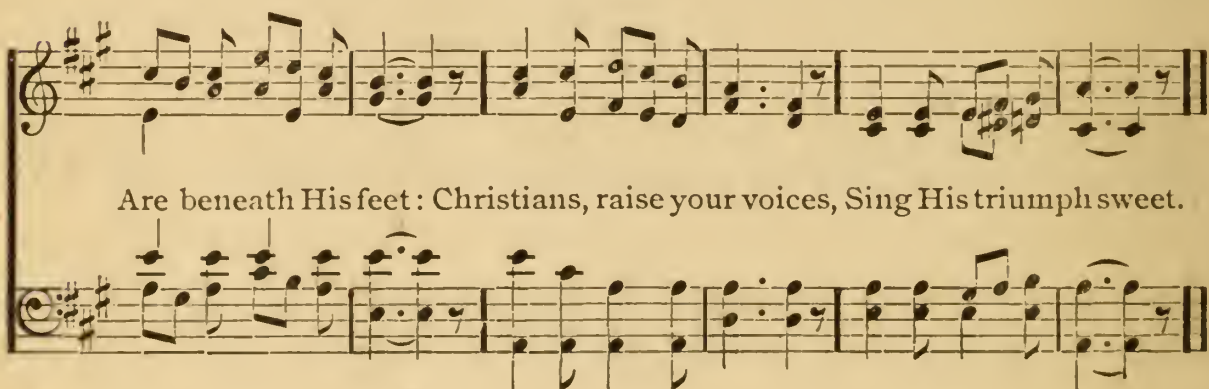


Twine the Easter garland, Deck the grave with flowers, Jesus Christ hath

ALL.



conquered Death's enthralling powers: Sa-tan, sin, and sor-row,



Are beneath His feet: Christians, raise your voices, Sing His triumph sweet.

Like a mighty victor
 Rose the Lord that morn;
 Brighter light and purer
 On this earth was born:
 Rays of hope and mercy
 Round His form were shed,
 Scattered doubt, and showered
 Glory on the dead.

We are brother pilgrims
 Marching on to life,
 Following our Leader
 Through the mortal strife:
 Grave and pain before us
 Cannot quench our love:—
 Christians, we can triumph,
 Through the might above.

Faith, a ray of glory,
 Shows the empty tomb,
 And the many mansions
 Of the Saviour's home,
 Where the saints are resting
 After death and grave:—
 Christians, we can conquer,
 Sing His power to save.

By the joyful tidings
 Of this sacred day,
 We have got a Surety,
 None can take away,
 We will show it, living
 Holy lives of love;
 We will prove it, dying
 In the Hope above.

*Composed for
Tune 254*

254

Children of God, Rejoice and Sing!

Chil - dren of God, re - joice and sing! For Christ hath
risen, our glo - rious King, O'er death and Sa - tan
tri - umph-ing. Al - le - lu - - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Alto) in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has two staves, the second has two staves, and the third has two staves. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The final system ends with a double bar line.

On that first morning of the week,
Before the day began to break,
The rock-hewn tomb the Marys seek.
Alleluia!

An angel clothed in white they see,
Who said, "Ye seek the Lord; but He
Is risen, and gone to Galilee."
Alleluia!

That night th' Apostles met in fear;
Amidst them stood their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be with you here."
Alleluia!

But Thomas, when of this he heard,
Was doubtful of his brethren's word,
And questioned if it were the Lord.
Alleluia!

"Thomas, behold My Side," saith He
"My Hands, My Feet, My Body see;
Nor faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

When Thomas saw that wounded Side,
The truth no longer he denied;
"Thou art my Lord, my God," he cried.
Alleluia!

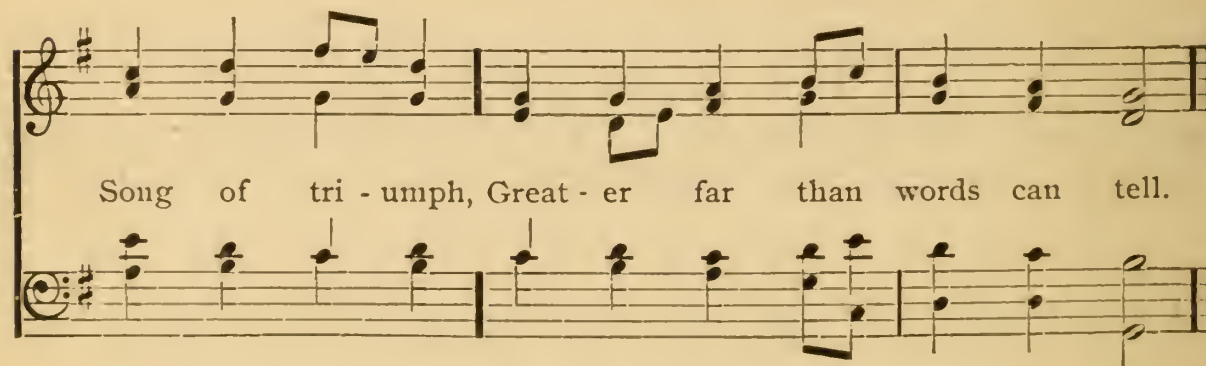
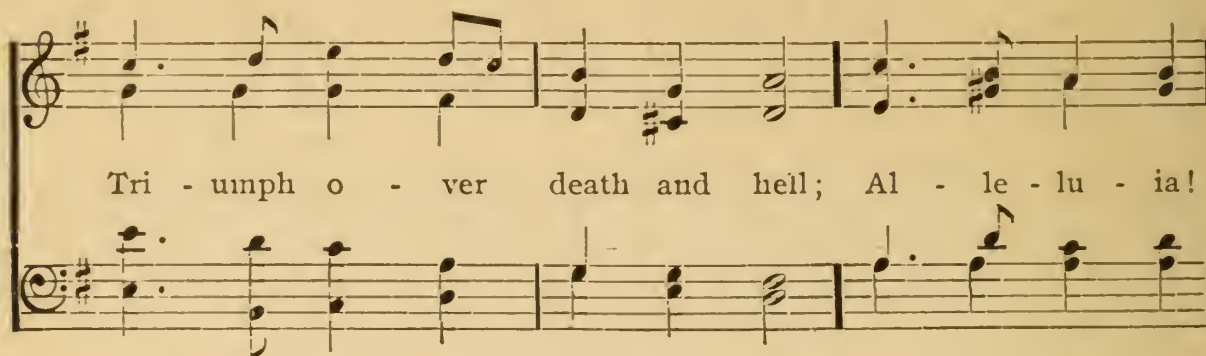
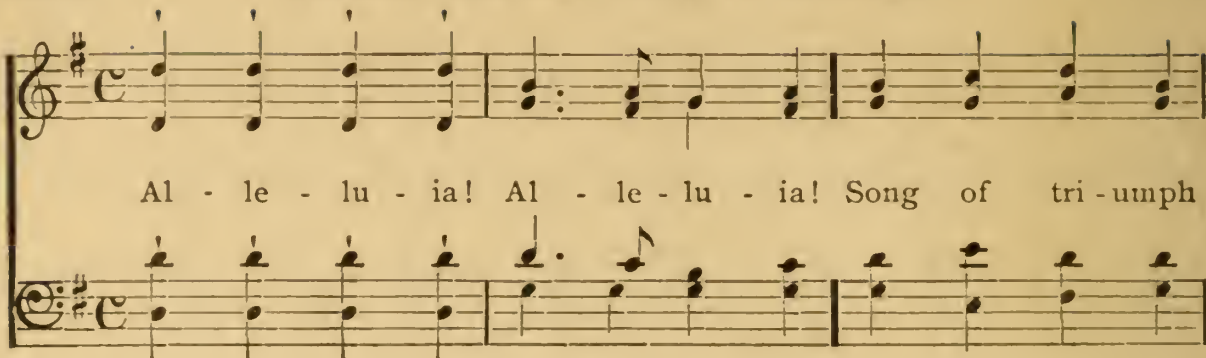
Oh, blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith has constant been;
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

On this most holy day of days,
Our hearts and voices, Lord, we raise
To Thee, in jubilee and praise;
Alleluia!

To Thee be glory evermore,
Whose mercy ever runneth o'er;
Whom men and angel-hosts adore.
Alleluia!

255

Alleluia, Alleluia, Song of Triumph.



Alleluia! Song of triumph,
 Christ, Who came the lost to save,
 Alleluia! now hath risen,
 Mighty Conqueror o'er the grave.

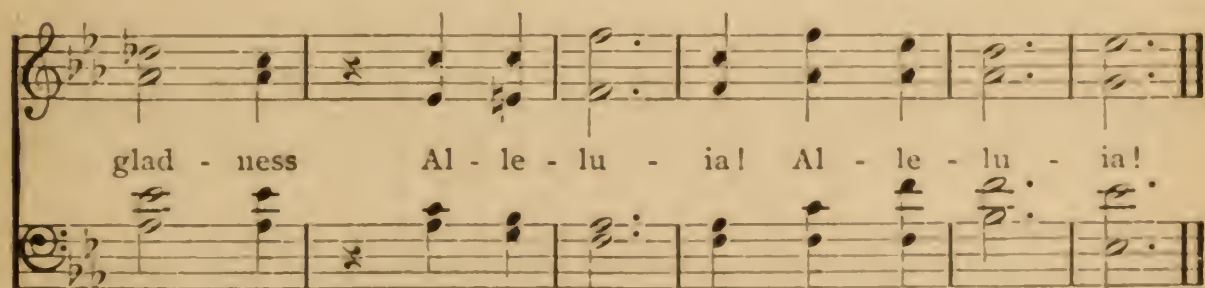
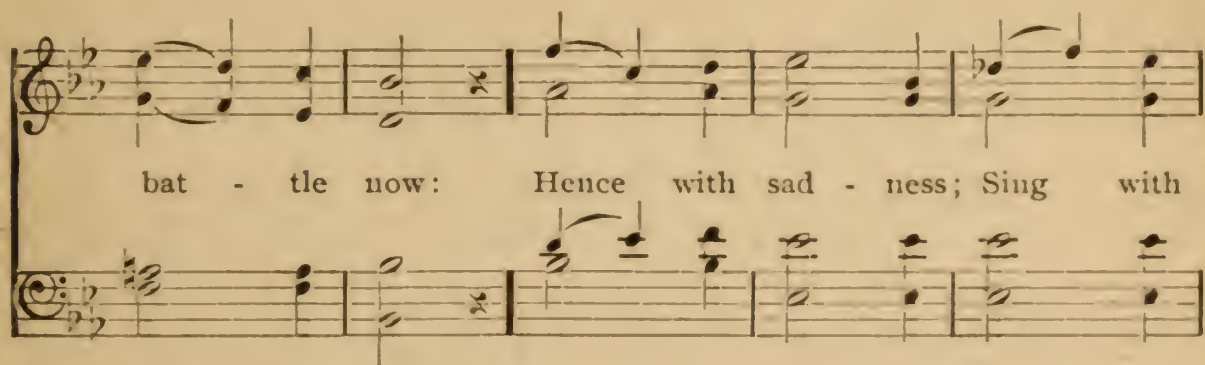
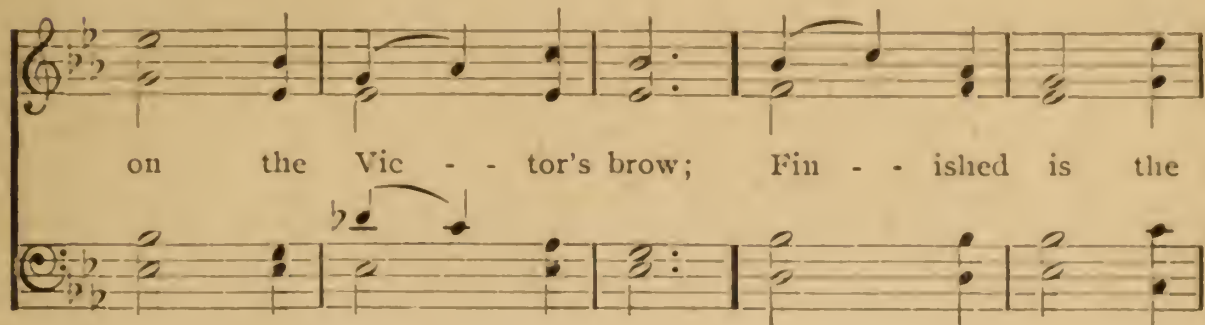
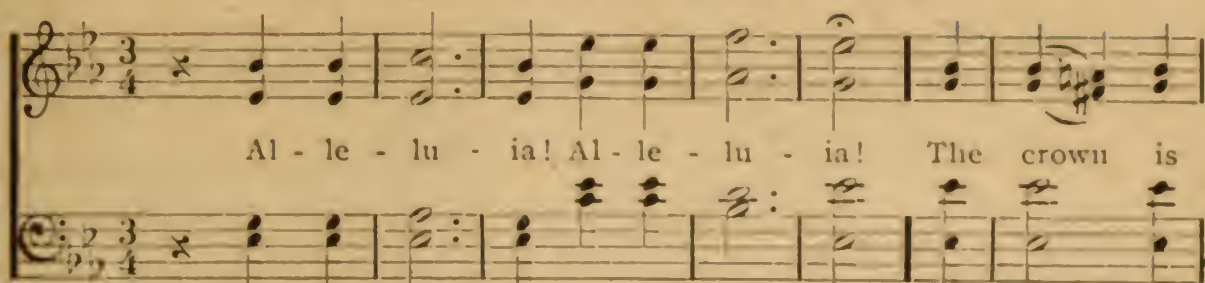
Alleluia! Holy Angels
 Came and rolled away the stone;
 Alleluia! now no longer
 Death can claim Him for his own.

Alleluia! Christ hath broken
 Bars that none could break before;
 Alleluia! Death defeated,
 Sinks to rise again no more.

Alleluia! Song of triumph,
 Loud through all creation rolls;
 Alleluia! Men and angels
 Sing the song of ransomed souls.

256

The Crown is on the Victor's Brow.



Alleluia! Alleluia!
For after death that Him befell;
Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell:
Heaven is ringing,
Earth is singing
Alleluia! Alleluia!

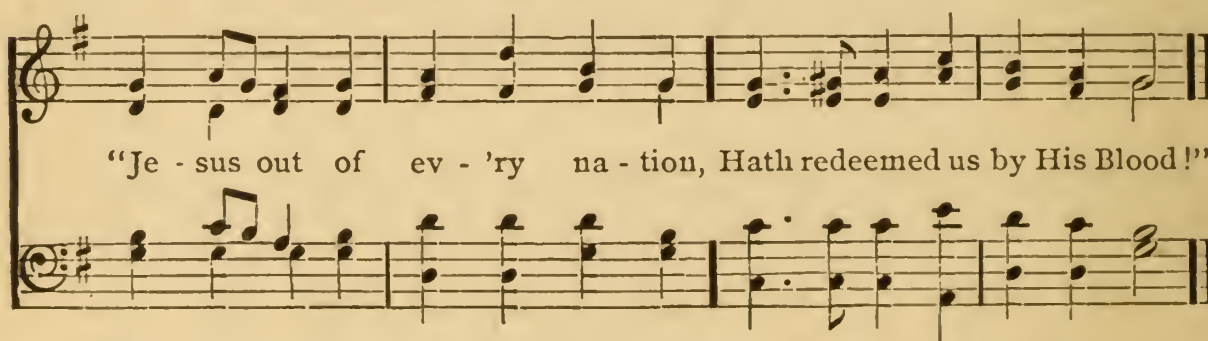
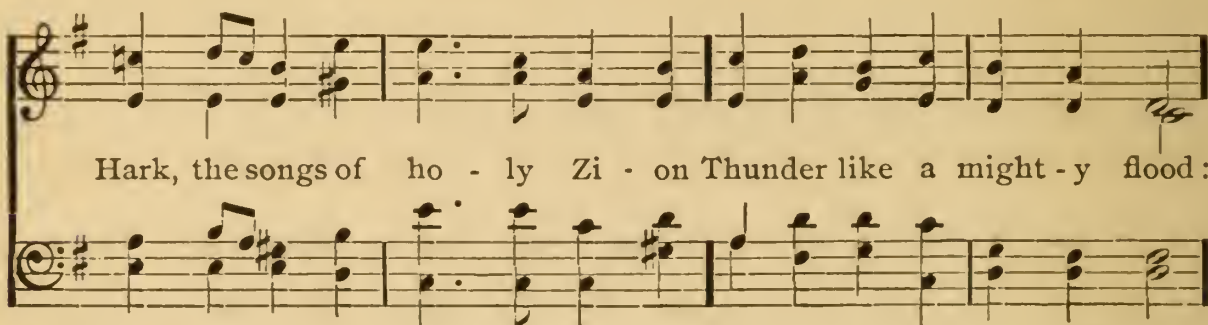
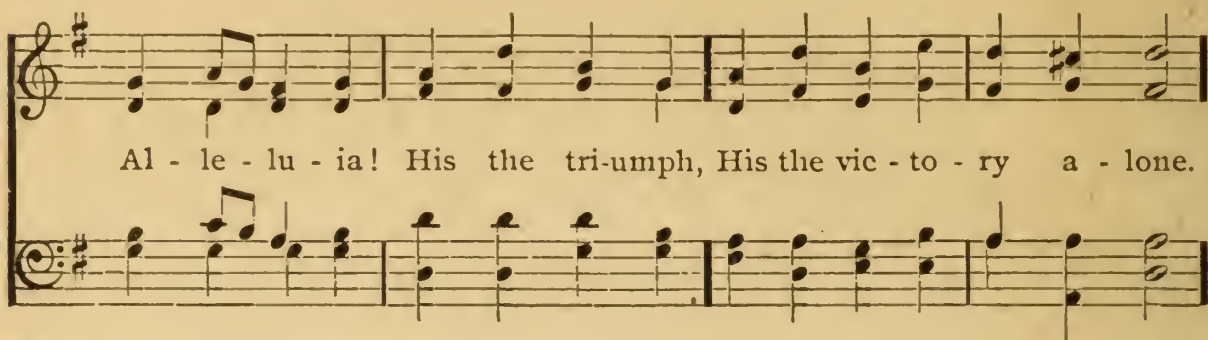
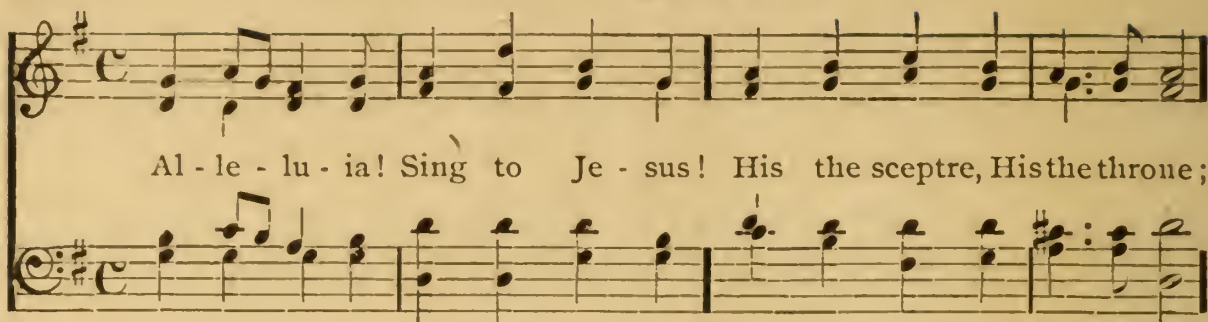
Alleluia! Alleluia!
On that third morning He arose
Bright with triumph o'er His foes;
Sing we lauding,
And applauding,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
For He hath closed hell's yawning door,
Heaven is open evermore:
Hence with sadness;
Sing with gladness
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lord, by Thy wounds we call on Thee,
So from death to set us free,
That our living
Be thanksgiving!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

257

Alleluia! Sing to Jesus.



Alleluia! Not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how.
Though the cloud from sight received
When the forty days were o'er, [Him
Shall our hearts forget His promise—
"I am with you evermore?"

Alleluia! Bread of heaven,
Thou on earth our food, our stay;
Alleluia! Here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day.
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high!
To the Father, and the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory!
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Fount of Love and Sanctity!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty!

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NO.	FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
41	Above the clear blue sky	† <i>Mc Vichar</i>	66664444
162	Again, O loving Saviour	<i>Dresden</i>	P M
80	A little lamb went straying	<i>Chenies</i>	7676 D
177	Alleluia! alleluia! Praise the Father	<i>Oswald</i>	8787
157	Angel voices ever singing	<i>Angel Voices</i>	8585843
174	Art thou weary, art thou languid	<i>Stephanos</i>	8583(1)
		<i>Wood End</i>	8583(2)
16	Behold, the Bridegroom cometh	<i>Bacon</i>	C M D
121	Breast the wave, Christian	<i>Onward</i>	55556565
154	Brightly gleams our banner	<i>Ambleside</i>	6565 D
126	Busy servant in the vineyard	* <i>Stirling</i>	8787 D
59	By the blood that flowed from Thee	* <i>Titchfield</i>	7777 D
148	Children, go and tell of Jesus	‡ <i>Echoing Voices</i>	8787
22	Children, let us sing of Jesus	* <i>Nedlit</i>	878747
127	Christian worker! pause and listen	* <i>Norbury</i>	8787 D
187	Cling to the Mighty One	<i>Faith</i>	6464 D
94	Come, faithful Shepherd, bind me	<i>Fairford</i>	7676 D
31	Come, Holy Spirit, come	<i>Hare</i>	S M
49	Come, let us sing of Jesus	‡ <i>Bishopthorpe</i>	7676 D
114	Come, shout aloud the Father's grace	<i>Ellacombe</i>	C M D
10	Come sing with holy gladness	† <i>Belmont</i>	7676 D
71	Come to Jesus! are you lonely	* <i>Burnell</i>	8787 D
77	Come to Jesus! come away	<i>Fulton</i>	7886
83	Come to Jesus, little one	<i>Hartland</i>	7575(1)
		† <i>St. Lawrence</i>	7575(2)
72	Come unto me, ye weary	<i>Come unto Me</i>	7676 D
159	Come, ye thankful people, come	<i>St. George</i>	7777 D
140	Daily, daily, sing the praises	‡ <i>Heavenly City</i>	8787 D
67	Dear Saviour, while on earth I stray	<i>Hanford</i>	8884
63	Father in heaven, bow down Thine ear	<i>Agnus Dei</i>	8886(1)
		<i>Soldau</i>	8886(2)
193	Fling out the Banner! let it float	<i>Triumph</i>	L M D
124	For His sake who bought my pardon	* <i>Harlan</i>	878747
132	For thee, O dear, dear country	<i>Homeland</i>	7676 D
122	Forward! be our watchword	<i>Armageddon</i>	6565 D
155	Forward go! and let the strain	† <i>Faithwell</i>	7777 D
100	From glory unto glory	<i>Zoan</i>	7676 D
145	From Greenland's icy mountains	<i>Missionary Hymn</i>	7676 D
60	Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	‡ <i>Innocents</i>	7777(1)
		<i>Peebles</i>	7777(2)
68	Gentle Jesus, Saviour mild	<i>Cheddon</i>	777777
167	Glory be to God the Father	<i>Corfe Mullen</i>	878747
18	Glory be to Jesus	<i>Sardis</i>	6565(1)
		<i>North Coates</i>	6565(2)
175	Glory, glory to our King	* <i>Iona</i>	7777777
46	Glory to the Father give	† <i>Auslin</i>	7777 D
2	God eternal, Lord of all	<i>Messiah</i>	7777 D

NO.	FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
119	God loved the world of sinners lost	‡ <i>Ebbert</i>	CM
189	God of life and light and motion	<i>Trinity</i>	8787D
61	God the Father, God the Son	‡ <i>Litany</i>	7776(1)
		<i>Tottle</i>	7776(2)
7	God the Father, seen of men	<i>Evelyn</i>	7776
8	God the Father, throned on high	<i>Evelyn</i>	7776
58	God the Father, who didst make me	* <i>Dabney</i>	87877
5	God, who hath made the daisies	<i>Spring Time</i>	7676D
19	Golden harps are sounding	<i>Hermas</i>	6565D
117	Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	<i>Royal</i>	7775
188	Growing up for Jesus	‡ <i>Satalia</i>	6565D
186	Hail, my ever blessed Jesus	<i>Paiseley</i>	8787D
146	Hark! a distant voice is calling	<i>Cecil</i>	878747
138	Hark! hark my soul, angelic songs are swelling	<i>Norwich</i>	PM
78	Hark! the voice of Jesus calling	<i>St. Thomas</i>	878787
172	Have you not a word for Jesus	‡ <i>Redner</i>	8787D
173	Hear the trumpets sounding	<i>Newell</i>	6565D
91	Heavenly Father, we implore Thee	* <i>Comegys</i>	8787D
73	He is waiting, waiting, waiting	* <i>Welcome</i>	8787D
150	Heralds of the mighty Gospel	‡ <i>Judson</i>	PM
1	Holy Father, we adore Thee	‡ <i>Arcadia</i>	8787D
36	Holy, holy, holy is the Lord	‡ <i>Constance</i>	PM
184	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	<i>Nicæa</i>	PM
32	Holy Spirit, blessed Spirit	† <i>Holy Spirit</i>	8787D
29	Holy Spirit, come, we pray	* <i>McIlvaine</i>	77777
88	How shall the young secure their hearts	<i>Brent</i>	CM
81	Hundreds of years have rolled away	<i>Brondesbury</i>	86868685
95	Hushed was the evening hymn	<i>Godric</i>	666688
89	I am a little child, you see	* <i>Newton</i>	CM(1)
		<i>Cross</i>	CM(2)
163	I am a little gleaner	<i>Shiloh</i>	7676D
99	I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus	<i>Wesley</i>	8583(1)
		<i>Wambold</i>	8583(2)
115	I could not do without Thee	<i>Fairbanks</i>	7676D
20	If washed in Jesus' blood	<i>Dalton</i>	6666(1)
		<i>Damascus</i>	6666(2)
123	If you would find salvation	‡ <i>Manlius</i>	7676
82	I heard the voice of Jesus say	<i>Blenden</i>	CMD
11	I love the name of Jesus	<i>Exultation</i>	7676D
176	I love to tell the Story	‡ <i>Hankey</i>	7676D
66	Impart Thy grace, that I may see	† <i>Clarke</i>	8886
136	I'm seeking a country—the home of the blest	* <i>Brecon</i>	II III III
27	I need Thee, precious Jesus	<i>Rutherford</i>	7676D
109	I ought to love the Saviour	‡ <i>Vox Jesu</i>	7676D
15	I think when I read that sweet story of old	<i>Sweet Story</i>	118129
108	It is a thing most wonderful	<i>Hilldrop</i>	LM(1)
		<i>Missionary Chant</i>	LM(2)
70	I want to be like Jesus	† <i>Ivins</i>	7686D
181	I want to join the ransomed	<i>Wingland</i>	7676D
93	I was a wandering sheep	<i>Lebanon</i>	SMD
90	I would come to Jesus	<i>Fides</i>	6565D
143	Jerusalem, my happy home	‡ <i>Stanley</i>	CM
135	Jerusalem, my home	‡ <i>Jerusalem, my home</i>	PM(1)
		† <i>Williamsport</i>	PM(2)
139	Jerusalem on high	<i>Darwall</i>	66664444
137	Jerusalem, the golden	<i>Ewing</i>	7676D
43	Jesus, blessed Saviour	* <i>Beckwith</i>	6565D

NO.	FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NAME OF TUNE.	METER.
23	Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour	<i>Vesper Hymn</i>	8787D
56	Jesus, high in glory	<i>Stevens</i>	6565D
113	Jesus, how can I but love Thee	<i>Barley</i>	8787810
98	Jesus, I will trust Thee	<i>Cephas</i>	6565D
171	Jesus, Lover of my soul	<i>Hearingside</i>	7777D
62	Jesus, meek and gentle	<i>Lambdale</i>	6565
112	Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all	* <i>Henchcliffe</i>	888888
57	Jesus! Shepherd of the sheep	<i>Wadleigh</i>	7575(1)
		<i>Charlton</i>	7575(2)
69	Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	<i>Ashton</i>	8787(1)
		<i>Lucerne</i>	8787(2)
116	Jesus, the very thought of Thee	<i>Berwick</i>	CM
103	Jesus, when He left the sky	<i>Capetown</i>	7775
179	Let the choir new anthems raise	<i>Beachley</i>	7676D
166	Little acts of kindness	† <i>Brighthurst</i>	6565D
76	Little children, come to Jesus	<i>Warner</i>	8787D
165	Little drops of water	<i>Little Things</i>	6565
130	Light's abode, Celestial Salem	<i>Regent Square</i>	878787
128	Live for Jesus! all the pleasure	½ <i>St. Clement's</i>	8787D
17	Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night	<i>Dow</i>	777777
106	Love Divine, all loves excelling	<i>Weston</i>	8787D
55	Lord, a little band and lowly	* <i>Woodford</i>	8787D
133	March, march onward, soldiers true	† <i>Pemsel</i>	7777D
87	Now who are these whose little feet	<i>Varina</i>	CM D
183	O day of rest and gladness	<i>Rotterdam</i>	7676D
180	O everlasting Light	<i>Pilgrim Song</i>	SMD
92	O happy they who know the Lord	<i>Erfurt</i>	LM(1)
		* <i>Lohengrin</i>	LM(2)
192	O holy Sabbath day	<i>Tatnall</i>	7676D
104	O Jesus, I have promised	<i>Lymington</i>	7676D
74	O Jesus, Thou art standing	<i>St. Edith</i>	7676D
21	O Lamb of God most lowly	<i>Alonzo</i>	7676D
107	O love that casts out fear	* <i>Ludgett</i>	6666(1)
		<i>Denys</i>	6666(2)
45	On our way rejoicing	<i>Salem</i>	6565D
158	Onward, Christian soldiers	<i>St. Gertrude</i>	6565D
105	One Priest alone can pardon me	<i>Bartley</i>	868688
129	O Paradise, O Paradise	* <i>Corcoran</i>	86866666
51	O Saviour, precious Saviour	<i>Harrow</i>	7676D
30	Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	<i>Cuthbert</i>	8684(1)
		<i>Forsythe</i>	8684(2)
9	Our Father God, who art in heaven	<i>Troyte's Chant</i>	(1)
		<i>Evan</i>	CM(2)
149	Our Saviour's voice is soft and sweet	½ <i>Elliott</i>	CM
14	O Word of God incarnate	½ <i>St. Michael</i>	7676D
160	Pleasant are Thy courts above	* <i>Salvator</i>	7676D
50	Praise my soul, the King of heaven	<i>Wetherburgh</i>	878787
47	Praise, O praise our God and King	<i>Monkland</i>	7777(1)
		½ <i>St. Stephen's</i>	7777(2)
52	Praise the Lord! from heaven praise Him	† <i>Burton</i>	8787D
37	Praise the Lord with cheerful voice	<i>Cranmer</i>	7777(1)
		<i>Ridley</i>	7777(2)
34	Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore Him	½ <i>St. John's</i>	8787D
44	Praise to Jesus, Lord and God	<i>Stafford</i>	7777D
182	Praise ye the Lord, O ye pilgrim band	½ <i>Jardine</i>	PM
28	Precious, precious blood of Jesus	½ <i>Meade</i>	8583D
65	Prince of Peace! control my will	½ <i>Pastor</i>	7777

NO.	FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
152	Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise	<i>Savannah</i>	10 10 10 10
25	Round the Lord in glory seated	<i>Jameson</i>	8 7 8 7 D
53	Round the throne of glory	<i>Chicago</i>	6 5 6 5 D
40	Saviour, blessèd Saviour	<i>Almy</i>	6 5 6 5 D
64	Saviour, who in love divine	<i>Winston</i>	7 7 7 7 D
85	Saviour, round Thy footstool bending	<i>Pilgrimage</i>	8 7 8 7 8 7
84	See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands	<i>Invitation</i>	C M
26	Shepherd, great and fair and holy	* <i>Kingsbridge</i>	8 7 8 7 4 7
12	Sing of Jesus, sing for ever	<i>Hyde</i>	8 8 8 5 (1)
		<i>Minster</i>	8 8 8 5 (2)
3	Soon as I heard my Father say	<i>St. Agnes</i>	C M (1)
		<i>Ambrey</i>	C M (2)
86	Soon as my youthful lips can speak	<i>St. Peter</i>	C M
190	Stand up, stand up for Jesus	<i>Howland</i>	7 6 7 6 D
161	Summer suns are glowing	<i>Ruth</i>	6 5 6 5 D
42	Sweet Alleluias! the birds and the blossoms	<i>Sweet Alleluias</i>	11 10 11 11
13	Sweeter sounds than music knows	<i>Fairley</i>	7 7 7 7
185	Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	<i>St. Jerome</i>	8 8 8 8 8 8
33	Sweet Spirit of mercy	<i>Benedictus</i>	6 5 6 5 D
6	Take me, O my Father, take me	<i>Griswold</i>	8 7 8 7 D
164	The armies of Christ's kingdom	† <i>Ferree</i>	7 6 7 6 D
169	The Church's one foundation	<i>Aurelia</i>	7 6 7 6 D
111	Thee will I love, my strength, my tower	* <i>Fallows</i>	8 8 8 8 8 8
102	The King of love my Shepherd is	<i>Perivale</i>	8 7 8 7
156	The Lord is our refuge, the Lord is our guide	* <i>Refuge</i>	11 11 11 11
142	There is a happy land	<i>Bradshaw</i>	6 4 6 4 6 7 6 4 (1)
		<i>Bentley</i>	6 4 6 4 6 7 6 4 (2)
141	There is a holy city	<i>Cramer</i>	7 6 7 6 D
144	There's a bright unfading crown	<i>Graley</i>	7 5 7 5 6 6 6 5
97	There's a Friend for little children	† <i>Rosemont</i>	8 6 7 6 7 6 7 6
134	There's beauty in the sunshine	<i>Mowbrey</i>	7 6 7 6 7 6 8 6
38	There was a time when children sang	<i>Israel</i>	L M
120	The Son of God goes forth to war	<i>De Koven</i>	C M D
178	The valleys and the mountains	<i>Universal Praise</i>	P M
118	Thine for ever; God of love	<i>Confirmation</i>	7 7 7 7
191	Thou art gone up on high	<i>Haselbury</i>	S M D
110	Thou hidden love of God, whose height	* <i>Hansell</i>	8 8 8 8 8 8
151	Through midnight gloom from Macedon	<i>Offertory</i>	8 8 8 8 8 8
101	Through the love of God our Saviour	<i>Southgate</i>	8 4 8 4 8 8 8 4
79	Thy Saviour standeth at the door	<i>Bonham</i>	8 6 8 6 4 4 4 4
147	'Tis sweet to be a Christian child	* <i>Dober</i>	C M
75	To-day Thy mercy calls us	<i>Tintern Abbey</i>	7 6 7 6 D
4	To God who reigns above the sky	<i>Beloved</i>	C M (1)
		<i>Newbold</i>	C M (2)
131	We are but strangers here	<i>North</i>	6 4 6 4 6 6 6 4
168	We march, we march to victory	<i>St. Austin's</i>	P M
170	We sing a loving Jesus	<i>Gracehill</i>	7 6 7 6 D
24	What a Friend we have in Jesus	<i>Folkestone</i>	8 7 8 7 D
48	What a strange and wondrous story	<i>Bethpage</i>	8 7 8 7 D
153	When children join in singing	<i>Mutley</i>	7 6 7 6 D
39	When His salvation bringing	<i>Greenland</i>	7 6 7 6 D
96	Who is on the Lord's side	<i>Epworth</i>	6 5 6 5 D
35	Why did Jesus come from heaven	<i>Sherford</i>	8 7 8 7 4 7
54	Will God who made the earth and sea	<i>Bernard</i>	C M (1)
		<i>Tiverton</i>	C M (2)
125	Work, for the night is coming	<i>Work</i>	7 6 7 5 D

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

NO.	FIRST LINE OF CAROL.	NO.	FIRST LINE OF CAROL.
219	†All my heart this night rejoices	227	♫Morning Star, Thy cheering light
203	♫Angel hosts in bright array		
224	♫Angels from the realms of glory	217	♫O'er Bethlehem's bright and sunny
216	By Thy birth Thou Holiest One	211	Once again, O blessed time
226	♫Carol, brothers, carol	201	Once in royal David's city
228	Carol, sweetly carol, a Saviour's		
218	Children, awake, salute the happy	195	Ring out the Bells for Christmas
200	Clearly in the East it shone	230	Ring the bells, the Christmas bells
204	Come, all happy children	209	♫Ring, ye happy Christmas bells
222	Come hither, ye faithful		
199	♫Glory to God in the highest	231	See, amid the winter's snow
205	♫Hail to the morn when Christ	221	Shout the glad tidings, exultingly
215	♫Hark! the sound of angel voices	210	Silent night! Holy night
212	Hark! what mean those holy voices	202	♫Sing, oh sing this blessed morn
214	♫Hear you not those anthems	196	Sing, sing for Christmas
194	†Hosanna to King David's Son	207	♫The city's hum was hushed and still
198	Jesus, David's Root and Stem	229	†We saw a star, a bright new star
223	†Joy fills our inmost heart to-day	206	♫We three Kings of Orient are
208	♫Let every heart now dance with joy	197	We've decked the Church with ivy
225	†Like silver lamps in a distant shrine	213	†What soul-inspiring music
		220	While shepherds watched their

EASTER CAROLS.

NO.	FIRST LINE OF CAROL.	NO.	FIRST LINE OF CAROL.
255	Alleluia, alleluia, Song of triumph	233	Jesus lives! no longer now
243	Alleluia, alleluia, hearts to heaven	238	*Jesus Risen! Shout the Tidings
257	Alleluia! Sing to Jesus		
235	Angels, roll the rock away	248	Let the merry Church bells ring
254	†Children of God, rejoice and sing	246	Lift your glad voices in triumph
252	♫Christ hath arisen! Death is no	251	♫Now the bursting spring awakes
234	†Christ is risen! Christ is risen	240	Ring the joy-bells! Christ has risen
250	Christ is risen! Lift the song		
236	♫Christ the Lord is risen to-day (1)	241	♫See the seal is rudely broken
237	Christ the Lord is risen to-day (2)	256	†The crown is on the Victor's brow
247	Daughter of Zion, greatly rejoice	253	Twine the Easter garlands
249	Faithful people, now rejoice	239	†Welcome, happy morning!
245	Hark! bright angels sweetly sing	232	†Ye happy bells of Easter day
244	*Hark, the glad sound has gone forth		
242	He is risen, He is risen		



